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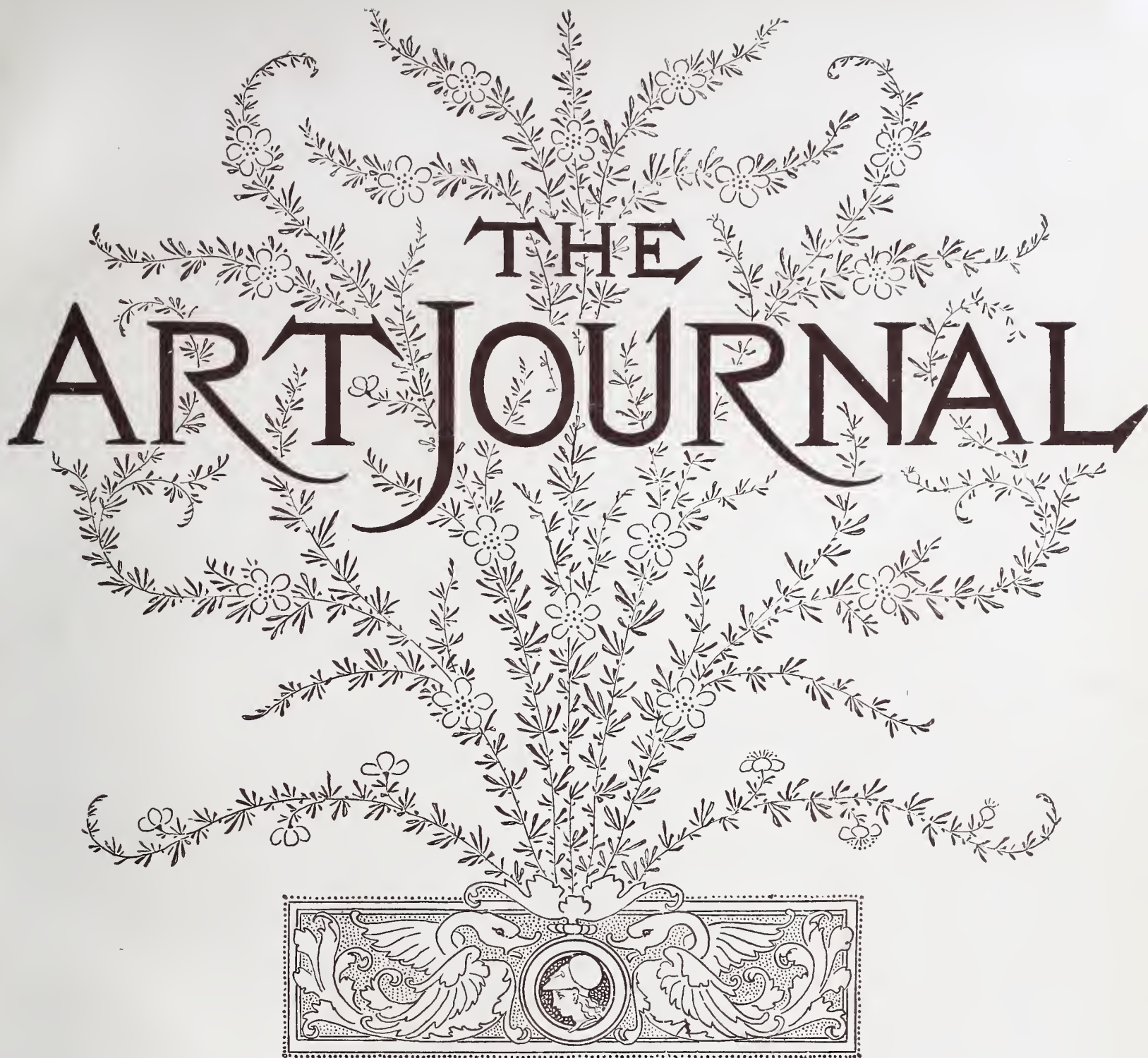
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Fred. Muller, fecit

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Cecilia



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THE ART JOURNAL,

1903.

Back-Window Prospects in London.

LITTLE as there may be in common between the ancient art of Pompeii and the modern art of Japan, there is one point in which they both put us to reproof, and that is the neglect which we exhibit of the outlook from our back windows.

Once upon a time, no doubt, those windows would have looked out upon green fields; later, but at a still remote epoch, when towns could boast a decent gabled architecture, the back and front views may have been reasonably homogeneous by reason of picturesque forms and a properly broken skyline. By-and-by, under the

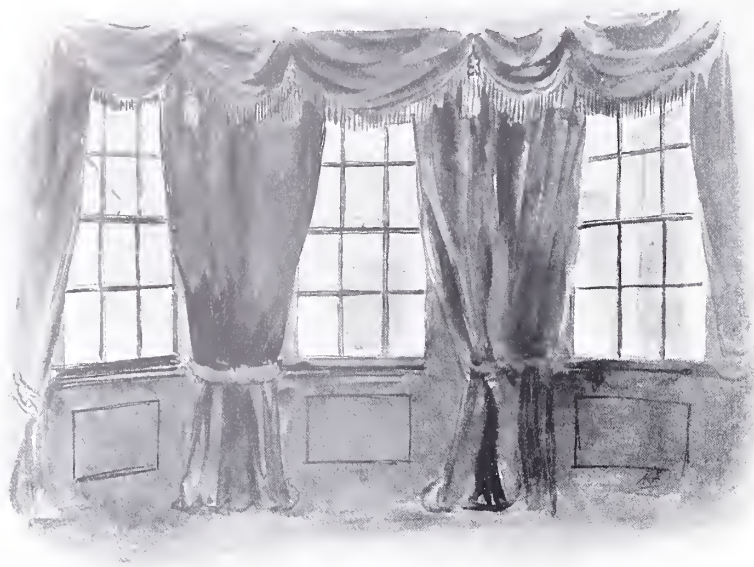
stress of classic fashion, horizontality became the mark of respectability, and architecture sported level rows of windows and parapets of deadly straightness. The craft of building meanwhile lagged behind, and presented a curious medley of high-pitched roofs to the rear. But later still, under Anglo-Dutch influences, this process was reversed, the builder having caught up with the horizontal phase, whilst architecture revelled anew in towering gables. The net result of this final development is that whilst our street views in the better parts of London are tolerable in the main, the outlook from a



Portland Place. A Dining-room after transformation. (See p. 2.)
From a water-colour drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.

back window is likely to offer a most uninteresting skyline and details that are positively painful to contemplate. The former is beyond the power of the individual to modify. The window out of which he looks can, with comparatively little trouble, be made decorative; there remains the intermediate space between the window and the middle distance, a debateable land of squalid features which we either screen away with blinds or abandon in despair, but for which the purpose of this article is to suggest some practical and not necessarily expensive remedies.

Let us take some typical back views and realise them: a chasm of area, a grimy lead flat bounded by mouldering walls, and beyond that the formless slate roof of a mews; or there is a narrow strip of ground between blank walls, gravelled or spotted with nameless vegetation, a promenade for cats. Such sights proclaim a want of resource which the buried beauties of Pompeii or the living art of Japan should have taught us to amend. It



*Portland Place. A Dining-room before transformation (See p. 1.)
From a sketch by Hanslip Fletcher.*

is true that we have an enemy unknown to them in the penetrating dirt of coal smoke, which tends to reduce everything to a dead level of ugliness, and may explain, if it does not altogether excuse, the persistence of a school of architects who regard difference of material—brick, marble, or plaster—as of no artistic account, and deride the cultivation of the colour sense as an amateurish fad. Unhappy

gropers in darkness, ignorant of the past glories of the art they profess, they wilfully abolish a physical stimulus second only to music in its psychological influence. Our painters, at all events, have not allowed this aspect of the classic building to escape them, and in the pictures of Sir Edward Poynter or Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, valuable hints may be gathered for modern courtyard architecture.

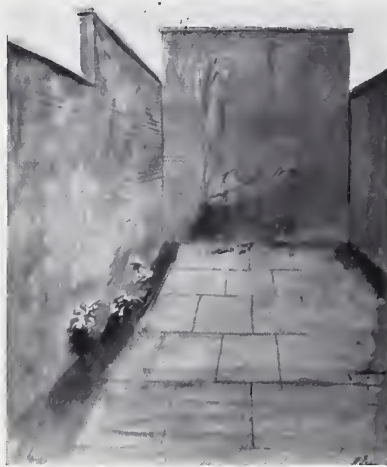
As a rule the power of the individual to modify what we may call his hinterland does not extend beyond the limits of the immediate foreground; but no one without



*Transformed view of a dismal outlook.
From sketches by Hanslip Fletcher.*

experience can imagine how important this is. Slowly, the writer must confess, did it dawn upon a mind deadened by familiarity with their ugliness, that the monotonous grey lead, grey slates, grey brickwork, grey unshapely windows, are not so inevitable as generations of builders have supposed. Gradually he acquired a habit of reconstructing in fancy the squalid outlook; a too-exuberant fancy perhaps at first, but sobering down in time to grasp the possibilities of strictly limited means — whitewash and green paint, tiled flats and tiled roofs, simple trimmings of wood or iron, and a discriminating use of plants and trellis work. By degrees there came opportunities for experiment, some results of which are given here, leading to a conviction that in most cases the transformation from a dingy to at least a tolerable outlook is neither very difficult nor very costly.

In the first place, the paramount need for light dictates an abundant use of whitewash or pale yellow distemper as one's prime resource. Since water trickling down its face is the enemy of colour-wash, we guard against it by a cornice of iron guttering, which may be painted, as a rule, bright green. Occasionally, an extension of the house to the rear presents a side view of wall with windows in it, blank-looking apertures with weak inadequate sash-bars (see companion illustrations p. 2). We run our cornice across the heads of these, and relieve the voids with a simple wooden tracery, which we paint as bright as oil paint can make it, acting on the



*Wilton Place. Original back premises.
From a sketch by Hanslip Fletcher.*

principle dictated alike by economy and effect, of *oil paint for the details and colour-wash for large surfaces.*

It may be that the back of the house is faced by its own stabling or other subordinate premises. Very familiar to all are the grimy brickwork, the slate roof, and the mean dormer windows of such structures. But give them a tiled roof with gabled dormers and an adequate cornice, pick out the arches with red, trim the windows with balconettes, and be liberal with whitewash and green paint; you will be amazed to find with what slight changes the gloomy face is transformed into an aspect of becoming and reasonable

court-yard architecture.

Take another instance, a lead flat battered and grimy with age, backed by a blank wall. A remedy here would be to tile the flat, trim the wall with a few feet of moulding, erect a pair of turned wooden columns, and when the whole has been painted and coloured to

taste we have an outlook at the back at least as cheerful as the view of the street in front (see companion illustrations on page 4).

Having realised that the general aspect of our court-yards can be improved in this way, we may take a further step and cautiously introduce a little sculpture. Merely to nail up a cast from the antique on the wall will not do, it would only intensify the gloom. Whatever we put up must be handsomely framed, or rather enshrined, and the tabernacle work, if I may revive an old and excellent phrase, must be richly coloured to



*Wilton Place. Transformed view of back premises.
From a water-colour drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.*

give full value to the plastic forms within. These represent but a few of the simpler ways in which we may make the best of an existing building, at a cost commensurate with that which is ordinarily incurred at the beginning of a new term of lease. When it comes to a new building the case is far easier, and the wonder grows that the artistic skill of our architects seems to end so often with the sketching of an elevation towards the street in some familiar style. They ignore the resources which the inventive of untutored talents of manufacturers are continually putting at their disposal. Take as an elementary example the common glazed bricks. How many architects seem to be aware of the small but important details of proportion and arrangement which can convert into a pleasant architecture what is usually abandoned to the severe utilitarianism of sanitary engineering?

A common case in London, where a back garden has been occupied by building out a dining room, is one that lends itself to quite successful treatment. Any one can recall the appearance of the lead flat or dome with skylights, and the generally blocked-up effect as seen from the main building. Nothing could be much more unsightly or depressing. Yet we may avoid the ugly chilly skylight, and at the same time give an individual character to the room, by carrying it up into a high-pitched roof, and reinforcing the light from an



Montagu Square. Original view.
From a sketch by Hanslip Fletcher.



Montagu Square. Transformed view.
From a water-colour drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.

ample window by reflection from a white marble pavement in the little square yard—white marble with perhaps a line of red in the border (see p. 3). It is surprising how these decent surroundings enhance the effect of a few plants, palms or bays or flowering shrubs, which adorn them through the summer; for plants, like sculpture, need a setting if they are to make their best appearance in the unfavourable atmosphere of a town. Tubs, railings, trellises, and the like, painted red or green, are the first steps towards transforming a roof flat into a garden on a small scale—not so small, however, that a Japanese could not work wonders with it. Of course whenever possible the lead flat should be tiled over. A builder may tell you it cannot be done, but it mostly can. It

is astonishing what a variety of plants can be got to grow on a London roof, once you catch the trick of it, and yet how little effort is expended in this direction. In the long line of backs of houses on which the rear windows of my own square look, except for a few poor calceolarias and geraniums which grace the sills of a mews, there is not a single plant the whole summer through to rival my tropical arbour and the serried rows of handsome scarlet runner which hide my neighbours' chimney-pots.

The illustrations have been drawn to show by comparison some of the effects of transformation.

W. A. S.
BENSON.



By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

*Landscape.
By John Constable, R.A.*

John Constable, R.A.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED A. EATON.

THIS distinguished landscape painter, the second son of a wealthy Suffolk miller, was born on the 11th of June, 1776, at East Bergholt, in which neighbourhood his father, Golding Constable, owned the two water-mills of Flatford and Dedham, besides two wind-mills. His father intended educating John for the Church, and sent him to a boarding-school about 15 miles from Bergholt, when only seven years old, and afterwards to another school at Lavenham. At this place Constable received considerable ill-treatment from the usher, and apparently learnt very little; he was happier at the Grammar School at Dedham to which he subsequently went, and was a favourite with the master, a Dr. Grimwood. He was then about sixteen years old and had already developed a fondness for painting, a fondness which was fostered by a close alliance he formed with a certain John Dunthorne, a plumber and glazier in the village, who devoted his spare time to painting from nature, and of whom in his studies Constable became the constant companion.

Constable's father was much opposed to his son's choice of a profession, and disappointed at finding him disinclined to the necessary studies to fit him for the Church, he determined to make a miller of him. Accordingly for about a year Constable worked obediently and



*Portrait of Constable.
By C. R. Leslie, R.A.*

* Born 1776; Student 1800; A.R.A. 1819; R.A. 1829; Died 1837. This article is a contribution towards the history of The Royal Academy, which will be continued from time to time.

well in his father's mills, and having a fresh complexion and fine eyes, became known in the neighbourhood as "the handsome miller." The time thus spent was probably by no means wasted, as the intimate knowledge of his business he then acquired served him in good stead in after-life, the intelligence and accuracy of rendering which distinguishes Constable's mills from those of other painters being always remarkable.

An introduction to Sir George Beaumont, whose mother, the Dowager Lady Beaumont, resided at Dedham, took place in 1795. Sir George, much pleased with the young artist's endeavours, persuaded his father to send him to London for the purpose of ascertaining what might be his chance of success as a painter. Here he



Flower Garden of the House of Golding Constable.

From a painting (dated 1810) by John Constable, R.A.

By permission of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart.

made the acquaintance of Farrington, who was much struck with the young artist's studies and predicted a brilliant future for him in landscape painting.

During the next two or three years Constable was allowed to spend much of his time in London, where he made many artistic acquaintances, and became daily more firm in his re-

solution to adopt the profession of an artist. It was not, however, until the year 1799 that he entirely abandoned his father's counting-house, and was admitted, on June 21st, 1800, a Student of the Royal Academy. During his studentship he received much encouragement from the kind old President, Benjamin West, who was at all times ready and willing to assist young artists. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1802, the picture being



Dedham Lock, or the Leaping Horse.

By John Constable, R.A.

By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.



merely described in the catalogue as 'Landscape.' He also about this time painted a few portraits as well as making copies and studies from Ruysdael, Claude, and others of the old masters. Two 'Landscapes' and two 'Studies from Nature' were exhibited in 1803, and though occasionally some of his pictures were rejected, he was from that time a constant contributor to the annual exhibitions. But so little were his early pictures appreciated, that it was not until 1814 that he sold his first landscape, a small one exhibited at the British Institution, to a Mr. Allnutt. The same year, however, he sold a more important one entitled 'A Lock,' which was purchased on the Private View of the Academy by Mr. John Carpenter. These early pictures are in respect of tone, colour, and finish, equal, if not superior, to any of his later and more celebrated productions. They were mostly painted direct from the scenes they represent, and their simple, natural truthfulness is beyond all praise, though it is very probable that it was this latter quality which made them unacceptable at a time when the fashionable taste for landscape was



conventional and artificial in the extreme. Almost all these unsold early works remained in the artist's studio until his death, and since then, on the death of his last surviving daughter, they passed into the National Collection, a good example of the early manner being found in 'Boat Building' (p. 8), now at South Kensington,

which was exhibited in 1815 at the Royal Academy.

On the 2nd of October, 1816, after a long engagement and considerable opposition on the part of the lady's relatives, Constable married a Miss Bicknell, by whom he had four sons and three daughters. Of these only one, Charles, a captain in the East Indian Navy, was married, and all have since died. Constable's wife brought him valuable help as regards his monetary affairs, so that, in spite of the want of patronage for his art, he was at

no time of his life badly off for the means of livelihood.

In 1819 he sent to the Academy the largest and most important work he had yet produced, 'Scene on the River Stour'—better known now as 'The White Horse.' This picture is in Constable's very finest manner, and helped to secure his election as an Associate the same



The original sketches by John Constable, R.A., reproduced on this page by permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy, are to be seen in Burlington House.



In the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

Boat Building.

By John Constable, R.A.

year. It was purchased from the artist by Archdeacon Fisher for £100, and after passing through other hands was sold at Christie's in 1894 for £6,510. Archdeacon Fisher, in 1820, purchased another of Constable's finest

works for £100. It was a view of Stratford Mill on the Stour, with a group of children fishing in the foreground. It was sold at Christie's, in 1895, for £8,925. In 1821 Constable exhibited another large picture,

'The Hay Wain,' which met with no purchaser at the time it was exhibited, and was eventually bought, together with two other works, by an enterprising Frenchman, who sent them to the Paris Salon, where they were much admired, and gained the painter a gold medal.

Among the most important of Constable's other works which now appeared in quick succession year after year, the following may be mentioned: 'Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Garden'; 'The Leaping Horse'; 'The Cornfield,' which, after the artist's death, was purchased by subscription from his family, and presented to the National Collection; 'The Marine Parade and Chain Pier, Brighton,' a sample of many very masterly views of the sea-shore which he occasionally exhibited; 'Dedham Vale,' upright in shape; 'Hampstead Heath'; and 'Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows,' the engraved picture with the rainbow.



Kitchen Garden of the House of Golding Constable.

By John Constable, R.A.

By permission of Sir Cuthbert Quiller, Bart.



From the picture in the possession of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

*Hadleigh Castle
By John Constable, R.A.*



The Edge of the Wood.

By John Constable, R.A.

By permission of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart.

Besides his works in oil-colour, Constable exhibited many beautiful water-colour paintings and drawings from time to time.

The somewhat tardy promotion of this great artist to the full honours of the Royal Academy occurred on the 10th of February, 1829, when he was chosen by one vote over Francis Danby. That he had not been elected sooner was chiefly owing to the low estimation in which landscape painting at that time was held by very many of the members of the Institution, Lawrence himself bluntly intimating to Constable, after his election, that he considered him fortunate in being chosen an Academician at a time when there were historical painters of great merit on the list of candidates.

Constable had lost his wife the year before his election as an R.A., and there is no doubt that this loss, coupled with the mortification he suffered from the continual want of patronage for his productions, greatly impaired his health. Judging from his correspondence, he seems to have been thoroughly aware of his great powers in landscape, and was likewise extremely sensitive to criticism. His pictures were seldom favourably noticed in the newspapers during his lifetime, and it must have been a very painful experience to him to have these large canvasses year after year returned unsold after the exhibitions closed.

In 1833 he delivered a course of lectures on Landscape Painting, at the Assembly

Rooms at Hampstead, and again in 1836 at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. These lectures were never written or published, the only account we have of them being given us from notes and recollections by C. R. Leslie, R.A., in his memoirs of the artist*.

As an Academician Constable, though a landscape painter, fulfilled his duties as Visitor in the Life School of the Academy. Artists who remembered him in this capacity spoke highly of his powers as a teacher, and we are told that he sometimes arranged behind his models a beautiful background of laurels and evergreens which he had had brought from Hampstead.

His death, which occurred on the night of the 31st March, 1837, was unexpected and sudden, although he had been far from well for some years. He was buried beside his wife in the south-east corner of Hampstead Churchyard.

Constable's pictures are now so well known and appreciated that there is no occasion here to dwell on their merits. Of the man himself we obtain a vivid presentment from the admirable memoirs and selections from his correspondence written by his friend, C. R. Leslie, R.A., a new edition of which work, with numerous reproductions from Constable's paintings, was published in 1896.

G. D. LESLIE.

FRED A. EATON.



The Cenotaph.

By John Constable, R.A.

In the National Gallery.

Great Portrait-Sculpture Through the Ages.—I.*

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS,
KEEPER OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION.



Photo, W. A. Mansell and Co.

*The Seated Scribe. (In the Louvre.)
Memphite School. Fifth Egyptian Dynasty.*

two must necessarily differ—in scope, as in limitation? Within the limits of two or three modest articles it is not possible to answer these questions satisfactorily, since they involve, if we take them at their highest and widest, the greatest and most vital principles of art. But it may be possible, while lightly touching upon one or two of the masterpieces which the successive schools of the world—each revealing itself in its own peculiar and outwardly divergent fashion—have left behind them, to furnish some few data, some few arguments towards the discussion of a subject of intense and permanent fascination. It may at the same time be desirable to indicate, rather by induction from great and commanding examples that impose themselves by sheer force and permanence of achievement, than by deduction from theory, which may or may not be universally acceptable, what are and must ever be in all representation, but essentially in the evocation of the human personality, the limitations of the mighty art of sculpture—that is of simplified and amplified representation in the round and in relief—as compared with those imposed upon the sister art of painting. Whether the restrictions which material, place, circumstance, and destination impose, the necessity for obtaining a certain realisation without the thousand aids that painting can and must call in, the necessity for a certain increased intensity and loftiness of presentment with which the most uncompromising realism cannot dispense, whether these things do not—as do the stimulating bonds of form, accent, measure and rhythm in verse—contribute to inspire, even in

WHAT are the essentials of great portrait-sculpture, whether monumental or intimate? How do the essentials of these two distinct branches of one and the same art differ? In what relation does the greatest portrait-sculpture stand to the greatest painted portraiture? And are there any essential characteristics in which the

portraiture, the greatest and most typical achievements of sculpture, is yet another great question, or branch of a great question, which may be discussed, but cannot well within these narrow limits, and in this necessarily tentative fashion, be solved.

No question has more often been discussed than that of the superiority, in hierarchical order to be accorded, as some would have it, to sculpture over painting, or as others contend, to painting over sculpture. None is less profitable, unless the chief object of such a platonic discussion be to elucidate by the way some of the permanent and vital principles that govern the two great modes of plastic representation, and serve to differentiate the one from the other. He would be a bold man who should with any attempt at authority lay down that the series of masterpieces of portrait-sculpture, which will in the course of these remarks be reproduced, are either superior or inferior in rank to the series of masterpieces in portrait-painting that might so easily be selected to compete with them. An exactly parallel series it would not, indeed, be easy to choose among the painted semblances of mortality which have for all time graven themselves in the heart and brain of the world. Only faint traces survive of the painting of Greece and Rome during the great periods when sculpture was at its apogee; and these belong almost exclusively to the classes of monumental art and industrial decoration. If the individual was limned in Greece as he was portrayed in sculpture during the fifth, fourth, and third centuries B.C., we have nothing as yet to show what the conception of painted portraiture was—whether less permanent and monumental than that of portraiture in the round, more purely individual and momentary; or not.

In selecting our masterpieces of painted portraiture we could not safely begin earlier than the fifteenth century. But then what an overwhelming and never slackening stream of riches! The mind's eye reverts at once to the 'Jean Arnolfini and Jeanne de Chenany' (National Gallery); to the 'Jodocus and Isabella Vyd't' (Berlin) of Jan van Eyck; to the 'Chancellor Rolin' (Beaune) and 'Pierre Bladelin' (Kauffmann Collection, Berlin) of Roger van der Weyden; to the 'Niccolò di Forzore Spinelli' (Antwerp) and 'Martin van Nieuwenhove' (Bruges) of Memlinc; to the 'Canon recommended by St. Victor' (Glasgow Gallery), now on good grounds ascribed to Louis XII's court-painter, Jean Perréal; to the 'Hieronymus Holzschuher' (Berlin) of Albrecht Dürer, and the 'Sieur de Morette' (Dresden) of Hans Holbein the younger. And then, for the moment turning southwards, let us recall amidst the many great things that fill our eyes and our thoughts, the 'Condottiere' (Louvre) of Antonello da Messina; the 'Doge Loredano' (National Gallery) of Giovanni Bellini; the 'Antonio Brocardo' (Buda-Pest) of Giorgione; the 'Young Man

* The second and third instalments of this study will deal with the portrait-sculpture of the fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and will be illustrated by works of Donatello, Leone Leoni, Andreas Schlüter, Houdon, Rodin, and others.



Photo, Anderson.

Rameses II. (In the Turin Museum.)
Theban School.
Nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty.

with the Glove' (Louvre) and the 'Ariosto' (Cobham) of the young Titian; the 'Charles V. at the Battle of Mühlfeld' (Prado) of the same master in his maturity; the wonderful interpretations of contemporary humanity left behind by Lorenzo Lotto, Moretto, and Moroni. Florence can boast such things, unsurpassable of their kind, as the 'Old Man with a Boy' (Louvre) of Domenico Ghirlandajo, and the 'Simonetta Vespucci' (Chantilly) of Piero di Cosimo; Umbria, half transformed by Florence, the portrait by Pietro Perugino in the Uffizi, once deemed to be his own, and the two wonderful ones of monks in the Accademia delle Belle Arti; but, above all, the stupendous 'Portrait of

an Elderly Man,' by Luca Signorelli, which has passed from the Torregiani Collection of Florence into the Berlin Gallery.

Alone in art, and in a sense above praise, since it stands now above commonplace criticism and chilling analysis, is the 'Monna Lisa del Giocondo' (Louvre) of Leonardo da Vinci. Quite worthy to be ranked with it, though it shows a more realistic conception and representation of female subtlety and female loveliness, is the so-called 'Lucrezia Crivelli' (formerly 'Belle Ferronnière') of the Louvre, which must be restored to Leonardo, from whom it should, indeed, never have been taken. Nothing by even the greatest of his Milanese pupils or followers approaches it with anything like closeness in kind—to say nothing of quality. No portrait-painter of the world has excelled the gentle Raphael in the fearlessness and intensity of his characterisation, and among the counterfeit presentations of mortals none are more wonderful than the 'Leo X. with two Cardinals' (Pitti), than the groups of portraits in the 'Miracle of Bolsena' and the 'Eliodoro' of the Vatican, than the 'Baldassare Castiglione' of the Louvre.

The seventeenth century is the age of portraiture *par excellence*, and to attempt to designate within its limits particular masterpieces amidst the great crowds that stand ready to compete might be deemed both dangerous and futile. How to choose from the wonderful lists provided by a Velazquez, a Rubens, a Van Dyck, a Frans Hals, a Rembrandt? One may note, in sheer bewilderment at the impossibility of picking out the brighter jewels from such a daz-

zling heap, the 'Innocent X.' (Doria Palace at Rome, and Hermitage of St. Petersburg), the 'Femme à l'Eventail' (Wallace Collection), the 'Cavalier' (Apsley House), the 'Juan Mateos' (Dresden) of Velazquez; the 'Portrait of the Artist' (Uffizi and Windsor Castle), the 'Portrait of the Artist and Isabelle Brant' (Munich), the 'Hélène Fourment with her Children' (Munich), and the 'Portrait of a Man in Oriental Robes' (Cassel), of Rubens; the 'Marchesa Balbi' (Dorchester House), the 'Cardinal Bentivoglio' (Pitti), the 'Philippe le Roy, Seigneur de Ravel' (Wallace Collection), the 'Isabella Clara Eugenia, Regent of the Netherlands' (Earl of Hopetoun), and the 'Princesse de Cantecroix' (Windsor Castle), of Van Dyck; the 'Burgomaster Six' (Six Collection), the 'Portrait Study of an Old Man' (Devonshire House), the 'Portrait of the Artist' in the collection of the Earl of Ilchester, the 'Portrait of the Artist' in the collection of Lord Iveagh—all of them masterpieces of Rembrandt. Not, perhaps, as his most wonderful, but as in the higher sense his most human portraits—as those on which with the greatest felicity not only momentary but permanent character is impressed—one might cite the famous 'L'Homme à la Canne' (Liechtenstein Collection) and 'The Artist with his Wife, Lysbeth' (Ryks Museum, Amsterdam), of Frans Hals.

In the eighteenth century the standard changes somewhat, and flash, brilliancy, momentariness often compete, and less often combine, with weight, dignity, and permanence: with the less immediately captivating yet ultimately more potent charm of the higher and more enduring truth, the graciousness and restfulness that



Photo, Anderson.

Rameses II. (In the Turin Museum.)
Theban School. Nineteenth Egyptian Dynasty.

emanate from the beautiful soul. Hogarth shows the one quality in its most intense and striking phase in 'The Shrimp Girl' (National Gallery); a measure of both in the 'Captain Coram' (Foundling Hospital), and the 'Lavinia Fenton as Polly Peachum' (National Gallery). Sir Joshua Reynolds marvellously combines momentariness with interpretation of permanent idiosyncrasy in the 'Nelly O'Brien' (Wallace Collection), the 'Lady Crosbie' (Sir Charles Tennant's Collection), the 'Lord Heathfield' (National Gallery), and the 'John Hunter' (Royal College of Surgeons). Gainsborough, with his incomparable brilliancy, with that splendid, impatient vivacity of his, has much less of permanent character, of all-round comprehension of an idiosyncrasy. The 'David Garrick' (Stratford-on-Avon), the 'Sir Bates Dudley' (Lord Burton's Collection), the 'Perdita' (Wallace Collection), 'The Morning Walk' (Lord Rothschild's Collection), illustrate the former far more convincingly than the latter quality. Among the French painters of the eighteenth century, the only really great portraitist—if we except Chardin when he draws in pastel his own homely visage and that of his aged wife—is Maurice Quentin de la Tour, who with the utmost cunning and fascination perpetuates on the animated countenances of his sitters the actual moment when they breathe, when they flash life and the desire for life through their eyes; while, without abatement of this unique power, he manages to reveal the solid characteristics, what might be called the architectural sub-structure of their character. As instances of this mode of appreciating the human individuality one would need but to point to the numerous portraits of the artist by himself, to the 'Marie Leczinska, Queen of France' (Louvre), and the 'Maurice de Saxe' (Louvre and Dresden).

Who shall dare to choose among the innumerable portraits that make up the marvellous gallery provided by the nineteenth century? And yet a few stand out, so exceptional in physical force of impression, in mental grip, or in subtle fascination, that there can be no sin, no unfairness to equal genius and ability, in mentioning them. The Louvre contains the noble 'Pius VII.' and the delightfully feminine 'Madame Récamier' of David; the tremendous 'Bertin' of Ingres; the exquisite 'Madame Jarre' of Prud'hon; the superb 'Delacroix,' by himself, that breathes forth stubborn pride and rebellion; while later on in the century come certain portraits, modest in outward semblance, and yet once seen never to be forgotten. Bastien-Lepage translates for us, in a "symphony" of white and silver, the *préciosité*, the highly-strung nervous temperament of Sarah Bernhardt, and, with a harsher realism, the voracious connoisseurship of Albert Wolff; Elie Delaunay, with a wistful pathos for which there is hardly to be cited an exact parallel, shows

the young widow of the composer, Bizet, in the moment of her bereavement. In the earlier and better time of Franz von Lenbach we find him interpreting great intellectual power in its moment of self-concentration and creative energy: as in the 'Portrait of the Artist' (Shack Gallery at Munich), the 'Dr. Döllinger' (Munich), the 'Pope Leo XIII.' (Munich), the 'Dr. Strossmayr' (Brussels).

At home the choice is still more difficult. Millais has given us the tremendous 'Gladstone,' the 'Tennyson,' the 'Hook'; Mr. Watts, some of the loftiest, the most gracious, the most appealing renderings of human intellectuality and human emotion that exist; and among them the 'Dr. Joseph Joachim,' the 'Philip Burne-Jones,' the 'Mrs. Percy Wyndham.' The Anglo-American,

Mr. Whistler, has enriched the world with such admirable things as the 'Portrait of the Artist's Mother' (Luxembourg), the 'Carlyle' (Glasgow Municipal Gallery), and the 'Sarasate.' The Franco-Anglo-American, Mr. J. S. Sargent, both delights and disconcerts the beholder with the presumably ironical but pictorially astonishing 'Madame Gautheureau,' the charming and essentially feminine 'Mrs. Hugh Hammersley,' the audacious portrait-group 'The Misses Wertheimer,' the brilliantly and fearlessly modern 'Graham Robertson, Esq.'

This is a long list, and to some, perhaps, it will be merely a wearisome enumeration. Yet for those who are able to keep the pictures which go to make it up in sight and in memory it will have its uses. It will help to demonstrate where in portraiture the aims and results of painting and sculpture are common, where they necessarily or practically diverge; where what is permissible in the one form of plastic realisation becomes a violation not only of rule but of eternal fitness in the other. In the greatest of the works above cited, such as the Van Eycks, the 'Monna Lisa' of

Leonardo, the 'Leo X.' of Raphael, the 'Innocent X.' of Velazquez, we find, in combination, but in varying measure, the contrasting, yet not necessarily opposite, qualities of momentariness—that is, complete realisation of the moment in body and look—and permanent mental and emotional characterisation. It is easy to see how the latter quality overshadows the former in the 'Monna Lisa,' how the former quality dominates without effacing the latter in the 'Innocent X.'; how the two are held in perfect balance in the best portraits of Jan Van Eyck. But in some of the masterpieces of portrait-painting, such as the most brilliant works of Frans Hals, of Gainsborough, and, among moderns, of Mr. J. S. Sargent, the vitality, the intense characterisation in expression and movement of the moment so overshadow and temporarily efface the permanent characterisation, that this remains veiled from the beholder, as it may indeed have remained veiled from the artist



Photo. W. A. Mansell and Co.

Pericles. (In the British Museum.)
Ancient copy of an original of Fifth
Century B.C., attributed to Kresilas.



Photo, W. A. Mansell and Co.
Nero. (In the British Museum.)
Roman School. First Century A.D.

ment to aid in the realisation of the moment as of the characterisation, the portrait executed in a material by contrast imperishable, and in which super-added colour, if used at all, can play only the most subordinate rôle, *must*, to be great, or even adequate, possess the dominating quality of permanence, of incisiveness and power in the characterisation—as it were from above—of the mental and emotional personality. We shall see this essential quality making the greatness of true portrait-sculpture alike in the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Italian Quattrocento, and even the later French schools; though in certain phases of these periods—notably in the Egyptian Art of the First or Memphite Empire, in the later Greek schools, in certain aspects of the Florentine Quattrocento Art, and in the greatest productions that represent the France of the eighteenth century—the magic of consummate power and skill welded into an indissoluble whole of living truth, of living thought, of living breath, the most convincing characterisation of that which is permanent in humanity, with the most vivid and intense realisation of the moment at which the being represented is brought before the eye of the beholder.

This can only be—must only be—in what, by contrast with monumental and architectural sculpture, may be styled intimate and detached portrait-sculpture. Such an alliance must be more than a marriage; it must be what it has

seeking in the human individuality for something different, and, it may be, pictorially more serviceable. And yet these paintings remain marvellously stimulating and brilliant, if not absolutely great works of art.

Portrait-sculpture executed under similar conditions, and from a similar point of view, could not, however consummately done, be great or even adequate. And here the radical opposition arising from the difference of material and ambience asserts and imposes itself. The portrait executed without the support of chiaroscuro or environ-

already been called, an indissoluble union, a very mingling of essences. And then the greatest is achieved: as we see it achieved in the Egyptian portraits of the Memphite School; in the portraits of the later Greek schools, such as the 'Menander' and 'Poseidippos' (Vatican), the 'Demosthenes' (Vatican), the 'Sophocles' (Lateran), the 'Aeschines' (Vatican), and in those incomparable portraits of Houdon, which graced and lifted the end of the eighteenth century in France—the 'Voltaire,' the 'Franklin,' the 'Gluck,' the 'Mirabeau,' the 'Barnave,' the 'Cagliostro.' The visages of such portraits, the costumes, the materials, the standpoint, the destination may, and, indeed, must, take new and unfamiliar aspects as the ages succeed each other, and the types vary, and the heavens shed a brighter or a gloomier light, and the materials and methods are other, and the globe moves, and the eternal "*werden*" goes on. But beneath these superficial variations, which to the superficial observer make such works seem to differ "by the whole heavens," the same eternal principles will be found to obtain in all great portrait-sculpture, nay, indeed, in all great and imperishable art. A portrait in bronze, marble, or clay, by an unknown Egyptian sculptor of the First Empire, by the great Netherlander, Clauss Sluter, by Donatello, or by Houdon will be found beneath the surface to owe its greatness to much the same vital principles, to much the same assemblage of essential qualities—however differently these qualities may be distributed, however great the outward variations resulting from this distribution may appear to those who appreciate obvious and exterior differences rather than vital interior resemblances.



Agrippina the Younger. (In the Naples Museum.)
Roman School, First Century A.D.

Egyptian sculpture appears ripe and mature, with a long past behind it, in the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Dynasties of the First Empire, when the capital of the Pharaohs was at Memphis. It is at this period essentially an art of portraiture, whether in monumental and decorative or in intimate art. The art of the world can show no greater vitality, no individualisation more intense, or more startling; even though the expression of mere movement is restricted, and all mean and insignificant detail eschewed. Take the monumental portrait figure of the Pharaoh Khâfri (Chephren) and compare it with the later and more formal, the more wholly architectural presentments of Pharaohs of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties. Take the marvellous 'Seated Scribe' of the Louvre (p. 10), that polychromatic statue or statuette of the same Fifth Dynasty, which is fuller of vitality, more "speaking" than a Donatello, more life-like than a Spanish polychromatic statue of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; yet which records not only the moment in the humble life, but the race, the period, and more—the essential elements of mankind, as well as of the individual man. By its side may be placed, as belonging to the same, if not, indeed, to an earlier dynasty, the famous wooden statue of an Egyptian overseer (now in the Egyptian Museum of Boulaq), the 'Sheik-el-Beled,'—so called from the cry of delighted surprise and recognition with which it was greeted by the Arabs who dug it up.

Under the Theban Dynasties portrait-sculpture became more and more monumental and less individual, though all along we find wonderful exceptions which break the rule and the inevitable march towards conventionalisation and purely official expression. Such exceptions are the subtly differentiated portraits of Rahotpou and his aristocratic consort Nofrit, belonging possibly to the Eleventh Dynasty. But, above all, there should be singled out for notice the famous portrait-head of a queen or royal princess, the consort or relative of Harmhabi, to which various names have been attached. This is a triumph in the rendering, at once monumental and intimate, of feminine beauty and hauteur, of coquettish self-consciousness and of a malignity that, taken a step further, would amount to absolute cruelty—the pitiless and insatiable ferocity of the woman.

The art of the Nineteenth Dynasty during the great reign of Rameses II., the Roi Soleil of the Theban Empire, became for the most part eminently Louis-Quatorzian and uninteresting in its stately, monotonous officialism. The portrait-statues, portrait-reliefs and painted representations of the mighty Pharaoh are more numerous and more tiresome in their quasi-uniformity, more dreary in their suppression or subordination of vital truth, than those of Louis Quatorze himself. A wonderful exception and correction to this perhaps rather *risqué* individual opinion of mine, is the 'Rameses II.' in the Turin Museum, of which two reproductions are here given (p. 11). This may, without fear of exaggeration, be described as the most sublime effort of Egyptian genius and Egyptian mastery of the sculptor's art. The king and hero, fashioned for eternity in black basalt, sits now in the cold, neglected hall of the Piedmontese museum, a god in loftiness, in impassibility, in beauty implacable and seemingly eternal; a ruler too high above what he rules, and too sure of the sceptre which is almost the thunderbolt, even for the "sneer of cold command" of Shelley's Ozymandias. And yet beneath the hieratic attitude of him who worships the gods, but is also worshipped, almost as they are, is divined the man in

the bloom of youth, subtle and voluptuous when he puts off the deity and becomes the man, capable of inspiring and of feeling the fiercest and most enveloping of human passions. Place the most wonderful of Greek statues, even those solemn and still hieratic ones of the fifth century B.C., beside this one, and for one brief moment—though for one only—you become unjust to the greatest school of sculpture of the world.

We must now take a great flight and alight in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C., when Greek Art, blossoming forth in a miraculous bursting from the ripe bud, reached in the one final step, for which everything was prepared, the purest and the loftiest beauty that the world has known in Art. The ages when the narrow summit of the ideal has been reached, and for a short moment occupied, have, for obvious reasons, not been those in which portraiture has most flourished; and perhaps fewer striking examples of portraiture in sculpture are to be found in the fifth century B.C., in the thirteenth century A.D., and in the sixteenth, than in any other great period. At each of these moments the strictly individual had ceased exclusively to interest, and the effort was to generalise, to get away from, the individual man in his ordinary mood to the individual man in his extraordinary mood; and onwards again to the type and the race. All the same, there are extant some few noble examples dating from these respective periods which may be utilised for our present purpose. Even the ripe archaic art of Greece—the pre-Pheidian that prepared the way for Pheidias—produced some portrait-busts full of character; and among them the 'Pherecydes' of Madrid, the 'Head of a Bearded Warrior' in the Glyptothek of Munich, and the very similar work in the Barracco collection at Rome.

The golden age marked by the rule of Pericles and the building of the Parthenon has bequeathed to us little portrait-sculpture in the stricter sense of the word. Of the works of this class that remain to us the finest and most typical is the portrait of Pericles himself, probably by Kresilas, of which two later copies exist, the one (reproduced on p. 12) in the British Museum, the other, and the less admirable example of the two, in the Vatican. It is Pericles the ruler that we have here, the mild, the lofty, the gracious; yet with certain subtle touches of realism beneath the ideal presentment. The mouth betokens a strong sensuousness, not to say sensuality, while the eyes and brow dominate this trait of the lower man with their perfectly balanced intellectuality, their suavity, their graciousness. Along with this go, more or less well, certain anonymous 'Portraits of Athenian Statesmen'—lofty types but slightly individualised, of an aspect more unkempt than the Pericles—which are to be found here and there in the European museums. It is not easy to imagine a nobler portrait-statue of the heroic mould, or one more impressive in its idealised truth than the towering, melancholy 'Mausolos' (British Museum), which with the companion 'Artemisia' once filled the chariot that crowned the summit of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus.

But it is the later Greek schools, and especially the Attic schools, that afford some of the most wonderful examples of portraiture in sculpture. Rome has been credited—and justly credited—with one great school of art purely her own, that of portrait-sculpture, both heroic and intimate. Yet it has not been sufficiently recognised that even here the debt owed to the later art of Greece is immense. In the seated portrait-statues of the protagonists of the New

Comedy, Menander, and Poseidippos (Vatican), not only is the physical and mental individuality given, but the fleeting mood, the passing thought. And yet the monumental character is without effort preserved. What tremendous energy is pent up in the rugged 'Demosthenes' (Vatican), who stands restraining the lava-torrent of eloquence that later on is to be set free, much as Gladstone stands in Millais's deservedly famous portrait (National Gallery)! And here, again, the whole man on the one hand, and the great moment of exaltation in his life on the other, are successfully combined. Exigencies of space prevent the writer from describing the great 'Sophocles' (Lateran), which is loftier but also more conventional—a generalisation of the poet and representative man Sophocles, rather than a portrait of the man Sophocles; the 'Aeschines' (Vatican); and even the wonderful 'Zeno the Stoic' (so-called) of the Capitol, that unique representation of the human being, scornful, suffering, self-pitying, yet standing aloof from the comfort that comes from human equality and companionship.

It is to the portrait-art of Rome, the grand and fearless presentment through the centuries of the race tremendous in heroism, in ambition, in implacable cruelty, tremendous in abnegation, in austerity, as in unbridled voluptuousness and all the lower lusts, that the world may be said to owe the modern art of portraiture in sculpture as it has existed from the days of the earlier Florentine Renaissance down to our own. Those who overwhelm all that is Roman with a cheap and foolish disdain, and at the same time worship the Florentine Renaissance, even in its smallest manifestations, too easily forget that the triumphant achievements in this branch of Donatello, Mino da Fiesole, Antonio Rossellino, Benedetto da Majano, and Verrocchio, are after all but grafted on the Roman style and method; nay, that the sublime 'Brutus' (Museo Nazionale, Florence) of Michelangelo himself, is but the development—the transformation that genius alone can effect—of a sturdy, surly 'Caracalla' by an unnamed Roman sculptor (Museo Nazionale, Naples).

It is not so much the works of supreme dignity, elegance, and accomplishment, such as the 'Augustus in Armour' of the Vatican, or the 'Augustus in Civil Costume' of the Louvre; or the long series of Imperial figures standing unabashed in heroic nudity or severely dominant in the armour of the general or the draped robes of the priest, that show to the uttermost the power of the Roman sculptors to stamp for all time on the faces of their sitters the expression of unbounded, soul-withering domination, of unconquerable pride and insatiable ambition, of the lower and fiercer love which is lust. This wonderful power to sum up in strong broad traits a human body and a human soul endures from the first century B.C., onward to, roughly speaking, the fourth

century A.D.—the art becoming ruder and ruder, more and more debased, as we advance, but the power to see and to characterise remaining almost unabated. The portraits of Julius Cæsar, of Augustus Cæsar, of Tiberius, of Caligula, of Nero, of Trajan, are as vigorous and fearless as they are deeply significant in characterisation. That of the dilettante and voluptuary Hadrian is unforgettable in its admixture of native grossness with



The Emperor Conrad III. (Bamberg Cathedral).

By a German Master, about 1270.

the polish superposed by culture. Lucius Verus in his many statues and busts is just the handsome dissolute young Roman, intoxicated with the love of life, who may be seen any day in the streets and cafés of the Italian capital. His elder colleague, the stoic philosopher, Marcus Aurelius, appears in all his contrasting benignity and dignity in statues and busts too numerous for mention; then again, as a victorious leader, in the famous gilt-bronze equestrian statue of the Capitol, still the model of the class to

which it belongs, and the first of a long descent of masterpieces, including the 'Gattamelata' of Donatello at Padua, and the 'Colleoni' of Verrocchio and Leopardi at Venice. The portraits of the empresses and the great Roman ladies are terrible in the simple grandeur, combined with undaunted realism, with which they express hauteur, lassitude, voluptuousness exasperated to the point of cruelty, beauty marred and, as it were, ploughed by lusts, ambitions, unbounded aspirations and desires of all kinds.

One of the noblest, one of the most tragic statues of antiquity, one of the most revelatory portraits of all time, is the 'Agrippina the Younger' (Museo Nazionale of Naples), reproduced on p. 13. That a work of this type may easily be not much more than a gracious conventional presentment, leaving an impression of exalted rank and of beauty official and insignificant, is seen in the seated statue of Agrippina the Elder—the daughter of Agrippa and consort of Germanicus—now in the Museum of the Capitol. This figure that graces the Neapolitan collection is Agrippina the Younger, daughter of Agrippina the Elder and Germanicus, consort to Claudius in succession to Messalina, and the mother of Nero. Reclining at ease in her chair of state, she shows, faultlessly draped as that of a Greek goddess, and so as to cover yet not to conceal its beauties, a body fashioned as that of Venus herself; but crowning this fairness of shape a head youthful no longer, though of noble feature still, and becoming adornment, that in its expression of unutterable bitterness, of infinite lassitude and disillusion, is without parallel in Art. To this have the lusts, the crimes, the soaring ambitions, the consuming anxieties, brought radiant beauty and the loftiest intelligence. And the climax of horror—of matricide requiting the crimes committed in the name of maternal love—cannot be far off. We shall probably never know the conditions under which this wholly exceptional work was created.

And here, at the British Museum, we have the admirable 'Head of Nero' (p. 13), that more than any recital of historian or chronicler serves to bring before us, still in youthful freshness, the imperial dilettante and crowned criminal, who will ever, for all his monstrous offences against humanity, remain one of the most fascinating figures of Roman history. The key-note to his character, indeed, to many of his crimes and excesses, is the outrageous vanity of the amateur striving to be the professional, the outrageous *vanité d'artiste*, the terrible hunger for praise of the dilettante, who in this case



Photo, Neurdein Frères.

The Portal of the Chartreuse de Dijon.

By Claus Sluter.

can and will compel the worship that is not spontaneously offered. The modern critic of decadent type might have described him as "*avide de sensations délicates*." But then he was *un délicat* whom unbounded power permitted to realise every new and odious vision of æsthetic horror that might come into his pseudo-poet's mind. This wonderful bust was found, if I mistake not, at Athens, and so is possibly and even probably not of purely Roman origin. In breadth of treatment, in mingled frankness and subtlety of revelation, it is hardly inferior to the great 'Agrippina' just mentioned.

Between the decline into barbarism of the later Roman art and the climax of the earliest

Gothic and latest Romanesque Art, achieved in the thirteenth century, there is, for obvious reasons, little in the way of true portrait-sculpture that would need discussion from the present point of view. The Byzantine designers in mosaic, with the relatively rude pictorial means at their command, were able to produce some wonderfully vivid portraits, such as those famous ones of the Emperor Justinian and the Empress Theodora with their Courtiers, at S. Vitale, in Ravenna. I am not aware, however, that any parallel to these haunting mosaic pictures exists in Byzantine sculpture in either of its two greatest periods—that is to say, the sixth century and the tenth century A.D.

The apogee of the idealistic Gothic sculpture of the thirteenth century is reached in the monumental decoration of the cathedrals of Chartres, Notre-Dame de Paris, Amiens, and Rheims, which are to France and, indeed, to Europe, much what the Parthenon was to Greece and the whole Grecian world. But it is to the contemporary art of Germany that we must go for the finest examples of portraiture; and these are the outcome not less of the Romanesque in its latest and finest expansion than of the Gothic which in its fullest freshness and beauty arose, rather upon than from it. One of the noblest examples of the school to which it belongs—the school which produced the *Goldene Pforte* of Freiberg in Saxony, the great crucifix of Wechselberg, and the monumental sculptures of Bamberg and Naumburg—is the equestrian statue (p. 15) of the Emperor Conrad III. (1138–1152), by a German master working about 1270. It is now placed within Bamberg Cathedral, at the entrance to the choir of St. George. As the dates at once show, this is not, by more than a hundred years, a contemporary portrait of the Kaiser. Yet in its lifelike character, superadded to, and combining with, heroic dignity of attitude and bearing, it emphatically

deserves to rank as one of the greatest extant examples of monumental portraiture. By the same artist, and of the same period, are the, for the period, wonderfully life-like monumental figures of the Emperor Henry II. and his consort, the Empress Kunigunde, which decorate the southern portal of Bamberg Cathedral. These again illustrate the mode of portraiture of the thirteenth century, though, for obvious reasons, they cannot be portraits from life of the personages represented.

It is at Dijon, the capital of Burgundy, that some 130 years later we find the greatest monumental and the greatest portrait-sculpture produced north of the Alps, whether in the Gothic or the Renaissance period. This is the work of the Netherlander, Claus, or Claux Sluter, who, during the last twelve or fifteen years of his life, worked for Philippe-le-Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, at Dijon; and principally at the magnificent Chartreuse outside its gates. To him, and to his assistants, Claux de Voussonne and Jacques de Baerze, is due the splendid tomb of Philippe-le-Hardi, with his

recumbent effigy, now, with that similar one of Jean-sans-Peur and Marguerite de Bavière, in the museum of the Burgundian city. But his greatest works are the famous 'Puits de Moïse' and the sculptured portal of the Chartreuse itself (pp. 16, 17). In estimating these it should be remembered that Sluter died in 1404 or 1405, and that he was thus two generations earlier than Jacopo della Quercia of Siena, earlier than Nanni de Banco, of Florence; that Ghiberti and Brunelleschi were in budding manhood, that Donatello was but a boy, when the Dutchman's life-work was complete, and death deprived the House of Burgundy of his services. Much as, a little later on, the art of Quercia springs, in all its fire and freedom, from the very heart of the late Italian gothic, so in these last days of the fourteenth century that of Claux Sluter emerges isolated and tremendous from its surroundings: fortified, it is true, by the example of earlier realists among the Flemish and the Franco-Flemish sculptors, but yet without parallel in northern Art for the height of



Photos, Neurden Frères.

Philippe-le-Hardi (protected by St. John the Baptist).

By Claux Sluter.

From the portal of the Chartreuse de Dijon. Netherlandish Burgundian School. Between 1390 and 1400.



The Consort of Philippe-le-Hardi (protected by St. Anne).

By Claux Sluter,

grandeur to which, without loss of vitality or the power that comes of intense individualisation, its rugged but magnificently broad and heroic realism rises. The cast of the exuberant draperies, the architecture, point to the fullest development of the Gothic, while the characterisation of the world-worn, worldly-wise Burgundian citizens, who appear, surrounding and guarding the monumental well, as the Prophets, speaks both of the shrewdness of the Middle Ages and of the disdainful freedom of the earlier Renaissance. The magic touch of genius lifts, without smoothing out their rugged humanity, these burgesses and worthies into the highest regions; but makes them still speak as men to men. So Rembrandt, some two and a-half centuries later, made of the humble Dutch citizen—lifting him only by the moving power of faith—‘The Apostle Matthew’ (Louvre); so he touched the old studio-model, sublime in weight of years and sorrow; and behold, a prophet not less awe-striking in majesty than those of Michelangelo!

The portal of the Chartreuse is technically an achievement even more surprising in virtuosity. The reproductions given on p. 17 render a detailed description unnecessary. The ‘Philippe-le-Hardi’ protected by St. John the Baptist should surely be accounted the greatest portrait-statue that had at that epoch (*circa* 1400) appeared in art, whether the art of the Netherlands or of Italy. Let it be remembered, too, that Netherlandish painting was as yet in its

cradle, that the ‘Adoration of the Lamb’ of the Brothers Van Eyck was not finished until 1432, to which year, as a limit, must be assigned those triumphant examples of realistic portraiture the ‘Jodocus and Isabella Vydt’ of Jan van Eyck. Here, then, in the great Netherlandish school of sculpture, rather than among the primitive and almost infantile precursors among the Flemish painters, may be recognised the true pioneers of that sublime genius and inventor, Hubert van Eyck, of that tremendous and unflinching realist, Jan van Eyck. The ‘Philippe-le-Hardi’ of Claus Sluter is something more, if also something less than the ‘Jodocus and Isabella Vydt’—as great sculpture must be something more and something less than great painting. It is—presented with all the forcefulness and truth of art still exuberant in its freshness, its power and accomplishment—the unflinching portrait of this particular man and ruler. But, more than this, it is what the painted portrait, with all its marvellous truth and power of interpretation, does not aspire to be—the symbol also of the act of worship, the humble appeal of mankind rising to the feet of the Divinity. Jodocus Vydt prays for himself and his homely spouse; the Duke of Burgundy, with that absolute submission, that absolute surrender of self to be realised by greatness alone, prays for himself and his people and race—now and to come.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(*To be continued.*)

‘Cecilia.’

A MEZZOTINT BY FRED MILLER.

ST. CECILIA is patron saint of the art whose origin reaches back to remotest antiquity, the art whose name denotes that for countless days it has been under the special protection of the Muses, those mythological beings to whom the Greeks looked for inspiration, and who may be regarded as protagonists of those who to-day discern in beauty the great mother-force, destined soon or late to be a sovereign over powers which gain temporary triumphs. The art is music. Music had its beginnings in the clapping of hands, the stamping of feet, which served rhythmically to express the untutored emotions of primitive men and women. As none of the arts has so wide a range, so, too, none is so potent to move the human spirit. The musician creates his own language in a sense impossible to the poet, the architect, the painter. With words and forms, whose very definiteness of association is at once an advantage and a drawback, he has nothing to do; moreover, the single note is not his unit, but the created phrase, that sequence of sounds which, gathered from the earth, leaps heavenward as a star. Music has been called the soul of the arts. In no other way can the innermost thoughts and emotions of the human soul be so poignantly expressed. Each may find in the compositions of a master sound-interpretations of that dimly visible sphere, with its passionate seas, its points of lofty aspiration, its shadowed valleys, its plains, glad in the sunlight—the sphere of his own personality. Music has mirrored, too, the moods of the ages: the lyric tragedy of Greece, the solemn message of Christianity, the exuberance of the Renaissance, the complexity of modern life.

St. Cecilia, credited by legend with the invention of

the organ, is, of course, one of the virgin martyrs. A Roman noblewoman of the third century, her secretly Christian parents gave her in marriage at the age of sixteen to a young pagan named Valerian. Vowed to chastity, she told him—

“I have an angel which thus loveth me—
That with great love, whether I wake or sleep,
Is ready aye my body for to keep.”

Valerian, converted, beheld the angel, who bore two crowns of roses from Paradise—the white symbolising purity, the red, love, interfused and inseparable—one for the brow of each. The prayer of Valerian, that the eyes of his brother, Tibertius, should be opened was granted; and the three went about encouraging those who were put to death for the new religion, thus adding fragrance to their crowns. Cecilia, later, was cast into a bath of boiling water, but without hurt; and even the hand of the executioner trembled, so that after giving her three wounds he fled, affrighted.

The earliest representation of the Saint mentioned by Mrs. Jamieson is that in the Cemetery of San Lorenzo, said to date from the sixth or seventh century. In her church at Rome is a mosaic of about 817; there is a Giottoesque portrait of her in Florence; but the most celebrated picture is that in the church of San Giovanni-in-Monte, near Bologna, in large part at any rate by Raphael, wherein she stands, the centre of a group, small organ in hand, pipe, flute, tabor, and other instruments of secular music scattered at her feet, listening ecstatically to angels who sing above. Mr. Miller depicts her as a comely girl, whose smock is ornamented with a Celtic design.

The European Armour and Arms of the Wallace Collection, Hertford House.—III.*

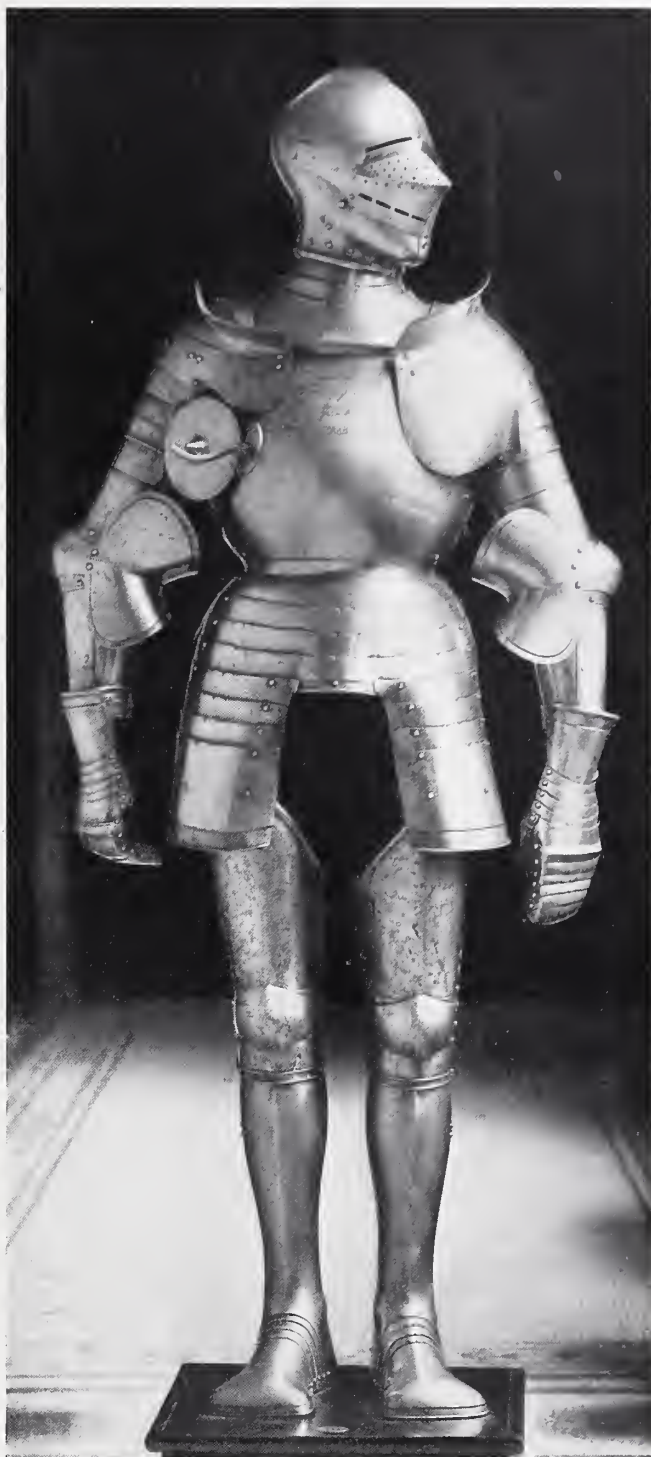
BY GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O., F.S.A.,

KEEPER OF THE KING'S ARMOURY.

A MUCH more complete harness, this time for man and horse, is No. 564, in the centre of Gallery VIII. The whole decoration of this excessively graceful suit is very characteristic of the usually accepted, though somewhat loose, nomination of "Gothic" armour. Such an armour for man and horse of this early period is of the greatest rarity, and one entirely free from restoration of some description it is safe to say is not to be found. The suit under discussion has been restored to its complete form, but a curious fact is that the legs, complete with their sollerets, are absolutely pure; this is a point to be noticed, as almost invariably these are the parts of the harness which are found to be incomplete and subject to modern additions. In this suit the gauntlets are restorations, and it might be not a little unsafe to vouch for the authenticity of the pauldrons or shoulder pieces. The suit came from the collection of M. Pickert, of Nuremberg, from him passing into the collection of M. E. Juste, and thence into the hands of the Count de Nieuwerkerke. The Count purchased this suit in 1867 from M. Juste of Paris for the sum of 30,000 francs (£1,200), at least one-fifth of its present market value.

Following the various fashions in armour from the earliest period, at no time was it found more serviceable or more graceful in form than in the example before us. We may be somewhat spoilt by the remembrance of the more important suits in the Gothic style of the Vienna Ambras Collection, by that made for Sigismund of the Tyrol, by the superb Gothic harness made for the great Maximilian, or the Italian form, the armour known as that of Robert of Sanseverino, Duke of Gajazzo, but the Wallace suit, despite the restorations, is certainly the finest harness of the kind in England. The Tower of London has none to show, save two poor suits of more or less modern manufacture, and in the same category may be placed the cap-à-pie Gothic suit in Lord Zouche's Collection at Parham.

A suit of strong and robust outline, and excellent in manufacture, dating towards the close of the fifteenth century, may be seen in No. 46, the full suit of German make. It is free from any surface decoration, save for an inscription on the breastplate, which runs as follows: JHESVS NAZARENVS REX JUDEORVM, whilst above that is a ribband bearing a curious assortment of initial letters, so frequently used at the close of the fifteenth century, more, it would seem, as a form of ornamentation than to denote any particular cypher or inscription. The same inscription, with a slight variation, runs across the back-plate. This armour is illustrative of that transitional epoch marking the gradual development from the almost effeminate late Gothic, with its refined lines and lace-like tracery, to that of the robust Maximilian

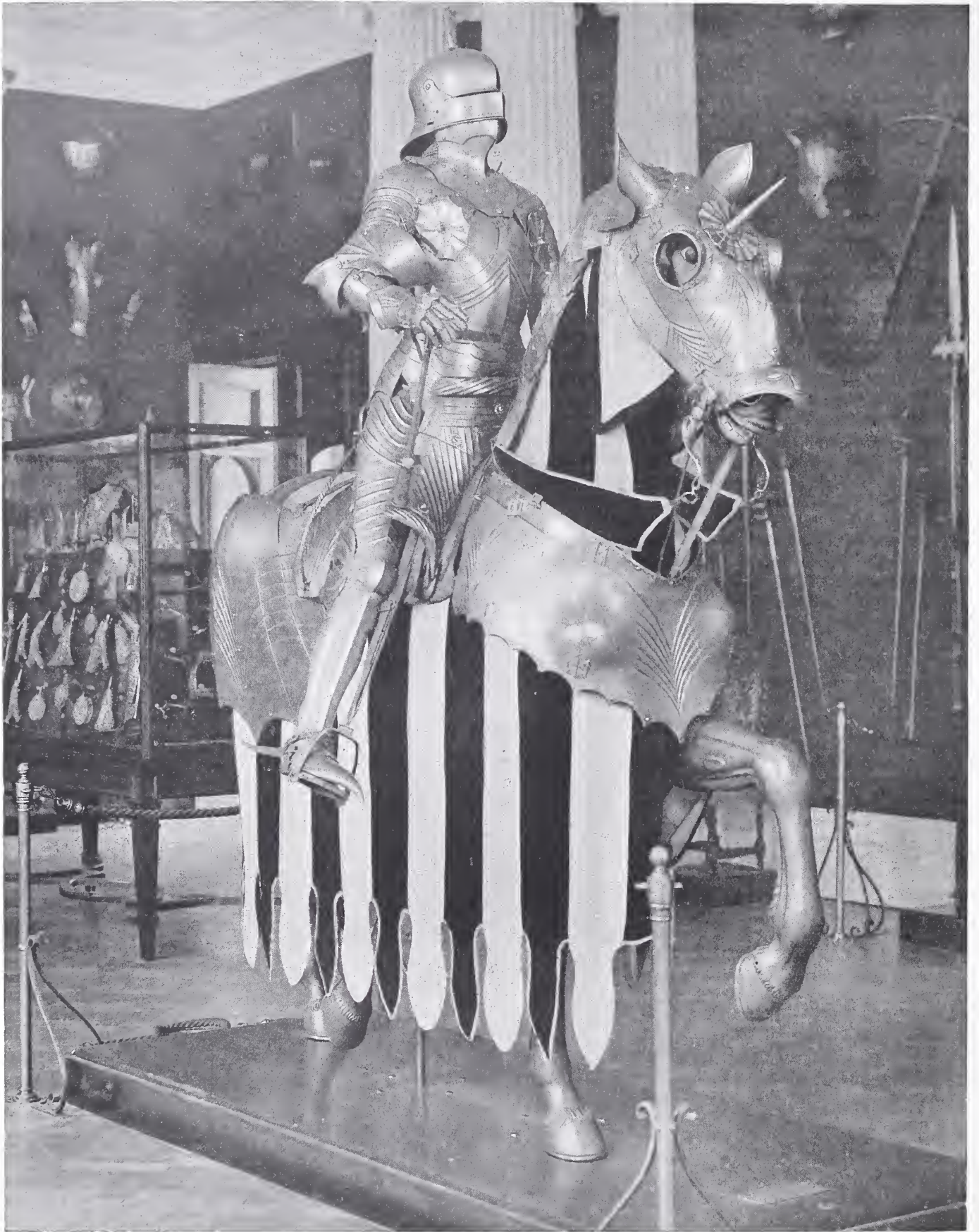


No. 46.—A Suit of Armour, last years of Fifteenth Century.

type, which found favour so quickly in the early years of the sixteenth century. The marriage of these two styles has produced such an armour as the one under notice, satisfactory both as an armament and as a decorative apparel. This suit, like the equestrian suit previously mentioned, is from the collection of the Count de Nieuwerkerke, procured from M. E. Juste.

In Case No. 6, already referred to, Nos. 642, 643, 644, 645, and 646, a series of open helmets founded on classical lines are remarkable, in that they may almost be said to come within a period (1515-1540) which first produced armour with embossing used as a form of surface ornament. Of the group, No. 646 is by far the most interesting, for, from the point of design, it may justly rank as the finest example of the armourer's art

* Continued from p. 278, 1902.



No. 564.—A Suit of Armour for man and horse. German, late Fifteenth Century.



No. 1198.—A Suit of Armour for man and horse, German work dated 1532.



No. 646.—An embossed Casque, first half of Sixteenth Century.



No. 644.—An open Helmet, first half of Sixteenth Century.

in this collection. Pifanio Tacito seems to suggest itself as the name of a possible maker, executed on the principles of the Da Vinci school; but whosoever the artist-armourer may have been who produced this tour-de-force of embossed metal-work, it is clear that he has lost none of the spirit that must have imbued the original drawing; for so little has the stubborn material of iron affected the handling, a freeness of execution has resulted, only to be matched by the wondrous *cire perdue* bronzes of the late quattrocento.

No. 644, an open helmet of the Venetian type, is remarkable rather for the excellence of its workmanship than for the fertility of its curious and almost grotesque design. Two dolphins disport themselves on the front crest of the helmet, relying on a form of gold niello for their surface ornament. This same form of decoration may be seen on a helmet in the Madrid Gallery (No. 459 of the 1898 catalogue), made by Colmann Helmschmied of Augsburg, from the designs of Daniel Hopper.

In Gallery V., No. 1198 is a suit of armour for man

and horse which has, besides certain historical importance, the additional interest of being dated 1532 upon the burr-plate of the saddle. For surface enrichment it has bands of etching, and fire gilding upon a ground that was originally blued or russeted, but is now painted black. The suit, placed astride a horse, can hardly claim to form an harmonious whole, for whilst the back-plate, gorget, pauldrons, gauntlets, chafron and helmet are all one suit, the arms, cuisses, jамbs, genouillères, and the remainder of the horse-armour are from another and considerably finer suit. The equestrian suit as it now stands has a somewhat curious past history, for during the years 1818, 1819, and 1820, it was exhibited at the "Gothic Hall," near the Opera Colonnade, Pall Mall, together with an extensive collection of armour, arms, and ethnological specimens, by Mr. Gwnepps. In the following year the Gwnepps Collection was offered for sale by Mr. Christie, but at the last moment it was withdrawn from the public auction, no doubt having been purchased privately, but we owe



No. 643.—An open Casque, Italian, first half of Sixteenth Century.



No. 642.—An open Casque, Italian, first half of Sixteenth Century.



No. 645.—An open Casque,
Italian, first half of Sixteenth Century.

to the sale catalogue the interesting information that "the suit with its trappings was removed from the Royal Armoury at Munich for Napoleon Bonaparte." It is there described as having been made for the Elector, Joseph of Bavaria. A similar harness for man and horse alike in all the details, save that it is dated 1533, and is more complete in its horse armour, may be seen in the Musée d'Artillerie (No. G. 40); although it must be confessed that the Paris suit, taken as a whole, is more desirable and finer in quality of workmanship.

Possibly one of the most complete suits, and certainly one of the most curious from the point of costume in this collection, is the three-quarter harness, No. 555, in Gallery VI. It is of German fashion, and dates from within the first quarter of the sixteenth century; its interest, it would seem, to a great extent relying on the almost slavish imitation of the "slashed Landsknecht" costume, so much in vogue at that period. In a civil costume of that time, some fanciful allusion to the slashes received in battle was present in the mind of the artist, and the slashes in this suit are most faithfully represented, having hollow cut-shaped cavities etched and gilt, alternating with embossings of cabled form, also engraved and gilt. The "cut," if the word may be used, of the arm-pieces is of great circumference, in order to fit over the large François I. sleeves—the then existing fashion. The inside bend of the arm is protected by a series of laminated plates, only to be found in suits of exceptional quality. In this suit the gorget is wanting, but it has been replaced, evidently in the

days of Sir Samuel Meyrick—from whose collection it came—by a tippet of chain-mail. The helmet, although matching the rest of the harness fairly well, does not actually belong to the suit. In the Tower Collection are portions of a suit similar to those before us. In Paris, at the Musée d'Artillerie, may be seen a magnificent cap-à-pie suit, No. G. 179, attributed to Julian II. of Medicis, and in the Ambras Collection at Vienna is also a suit of similar fashion that even more faithfully copies the civil dress; it is attributed to Wilhelm von Rogendorf.

Of the armour so universally known as "Maximilian," from the close, narrow flutings with which its surface was adorned—a fashion originated by the Emperor Maximilian I. of Germany, and after whom it was named—No. 56 in Gallery VII. is the finest example, the channelling of the various plates being wrought with an almost mechanical correctness. The surface of the suit is smooth and velvety, never having suffered from over-cleaning. It may be said that the duration of this fashion in channelled "Maximilian" armour was from about 1505 to 1540. This example, dating from 1515 to 1525, it will be seen, is not in its earliest form, nor yet in that of the later and more complete fashion, illustrated by the fact that the "espalier" arm-pieces have not been superseded by the developed pauldron as seen in its latest form on the harness No. 224, Gallery VI. That suit is fine and complete from a decorative point of view, and possesses several technicalities that are worthy of notice. The breast-plate, although dated within the second quarter of the sixteenth century, has a revival of the separate placate after the fashion of the Gothic suits of the fifteenth



No. 555.—A Suit of Armour reaching to the
knee, German or Italian, early Sixteenth Century.



No. 56.—A Suit of Armour, German,
first quarter of the Sixteenth Century.



No. 217.—A Tilting Heaume, probably English, first quarter of the Sixteenth Century.

exist in the greater armouries of Europe; indeed, a second example may be found in this gallery, on the half-suit No. 454, the breast-plate of which has also the detached placate and eagle-shaped finial. The cuisses (thigh pieces) are remarkable, for they continue round the back of the leg, protecting it by laminated plates; but I fear we should regard them with suspicion, not so much from their apparent awkwardness, but from the artificial rust oxidization which inclines one to think that they are the work of the restorer. Had they been above suspicion they would have proved of intense interest, illustrating a unique armament on a harness of this period.

century; in this instance the apex of the placate finishes in an outline shaped to the double-headed eagle, which may have caused Sir Samuel Meyrick—in whose collection it formerly was—to assign it to Ferdinand, King of the Romans; but surely there can be no grounds for such a supposition, as so many suits of this type

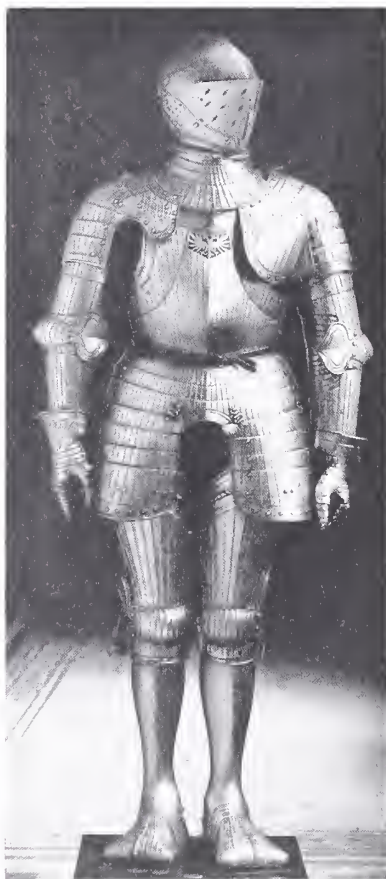
In the same gallery the cap-à-pie suit No. 529 is attractive, owing to its strong and fine proportion; moreover, being of additional interest as the work of Lorenz Colman of Augsburg. Had not the mark of that celebrated maker been stamped upon the front of the breast-plate, a date within the second quarter of the sixteenth century, rather than that now in the catalogue (1515), would have been given to it; but as Lorenz Colman died in the year 1516, that is a decisive point of argument. A good deal of vigour of form is lent to this suit by the formation of the tassets, for each is composed of one plate, and almost on the lines of the graceful Gothic tuilles of a past age, slightly moulded on the concave in order that they may rest with greater ease upon the thigh of the wearer when on horseback. In the present instance each has embossed upon it in low relief a fleur-de-lys, not unlike that seen in the equestrian armour of Francis I., in the Musée d'Artillerie in Paris (G. 117). The remaining decorations of the suit consist of narrow bands and borderings, with designs of terminal figures, grotesques, etc., etched, and with traces of the former gilding.

A harness of great interest and character is No. 21 in Gallery VII., the fine and complete tilting set used in the German "cource." The cource was run in the open field, or list without the barrier between the combatants. Their lances were tipped with the coranal or rebated lance-head, familiar to us in the drawings of Dürer and Aldegrever, but so rarely met with in an existing example. Upon the large heaume, and upon the palettes, are many deep grooves and indentures produced by lance-shocks, all directed at the same plane of the

neck. The great tilting heaume upon the suit affords an excellent example of the type of head-piece that is so often the theme of the heraldic decoration in German art throughout the sixteenth century. As to the craftsmanship, nothing could exceed it in the grandeur of outline and excellence and utility of design. It is quite typically German, belonging to a nation who, as manufacturers of tournament armour, had no equal in Europe during the first half of the sixteenth century. The breast-plate is, on the right-hand side, shaped to a rectangular form, and has at its extreme corner a strong lance rest, attached by a screw and two guiding staples. Beneath the arm passes the steel "queue," under the end of which fitted the butt of the lance, but which in turn rested upon the lance-rest, it being thus held most rigidly at the desired angle. This was a necessary precaution, for occasionally the lance used in the *Deutsche Stechen* was composed of nothing less than the main trunk of a fir tree, oftentimes five inches in diameter, and weighing considerably more than it was convenient to couch without the guiding assistance of the queue and lance-rest. Many of these lances are to be seen stored in the Schloss Ambras, near Innsbrück. Upon the left shoulder hangs the small wooden shoulder-shield, "stechlarsche," covered with leather, tooled and emblazoned with



No. 529.—A Suit of Armour made by Lorenz Colman of Augsburg, first quarter of the Sixteenth Century.

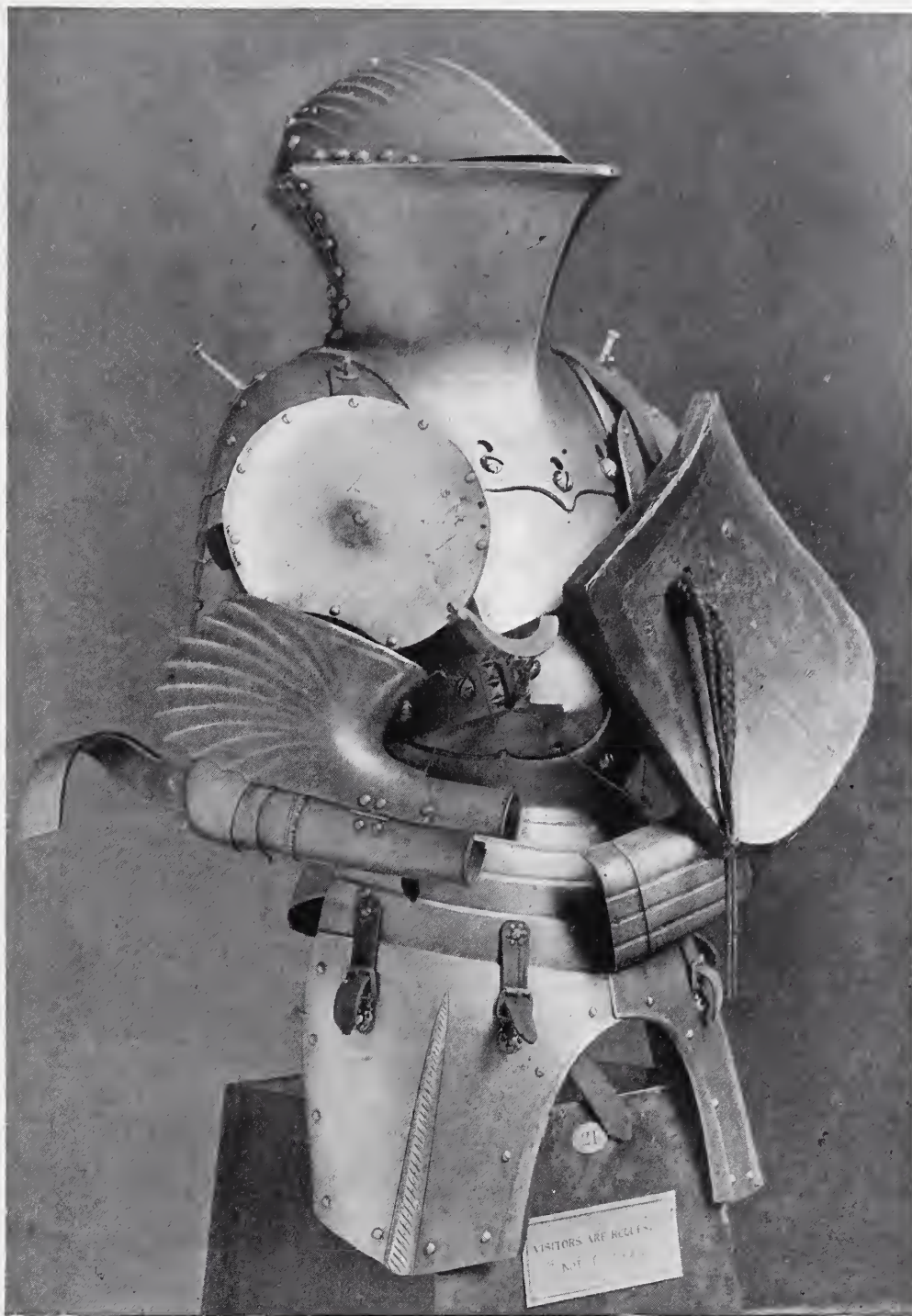


No. 224.—A Suit of Armour, German, second quarter of the Sixteenth Century.

the arms or insignia of the owner, which was, in most cases, the principal target for the lance of the adversary. The whole suit weighs, inclusive of the heaume, 96 lbs. It is safe to say that this harness is the only true one to be found in England. The Tower of London can show no example, and no private collection contains a genuine set, but the Rotunda at Woolwich is fortunate in possessing a magnificent tilting heaume of the type upon this suit. It has already been mentioned. This heaume and one in the collection of Mr. Edward Barry, of Ockwells Manor, are the only ones that may rank with the Wallace specimen as regards form; but Mr. Barry's example may be considered Italian rather than of English or German workmanship or fashion.

In No. 217 we have again in the Wallace Collection a tilting heaume, which, however, differs considerably in form, and is somewhat later in date than the former examples (possibly within the first quarter of the sixteenth century). It would seem from documental and pictorial evidence to have a right to be styled English both in form and manufacture, as a heaume of identical form may be found hanging over the tomb of Sir William Barendyne, in Haseley Church (he was the High Sheriff of Oxfordshire in the time of Henry VIII.); another in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, of identical type, hanging above the tomb of King Edward IV., and erroneously considered to have belonged to that monarch; whilst a fourth, now in the Bargello of Florence, forming part of the magnificent

bequest of the late M. Louis Carrand, corresponds line for line to the three heaumes mentioned. M. Carrand, whose judgment was seldom at fault, always considered



No. 21.— A Tilting Harness, German, first years of the Sixteenth Century.

this example to be of English workmanship, although, curiously enough, he was unaware of the circumstantial evidence of the other existing specimens.

GUY FRANCIS LAKING.

(To be continued.)

The New President of the Royal Scottish Academy.



Photo, Annan.

Mr. James Guthrie.
President of the Royal Scottish Academy.

MR. JAMES GUTHRIE, R.S.A., has been unanimously elected to fill the Presidential Chair of the Royal Scottish Academy as successor to Sir George Reid, LL.D., R.S.A., who intimated to the Academy that he did not desire to be re-elected. Thus the highest honour which his brother artists could confer upon Mr. Guthrie has come to him at an earlier age than to any of

the former occupants of the honourable position. We may say, as the Ettrick Shepherd said to Wilkie, "I am happy to see you are so young a man." This remark was also quoted by Sir Walter Scott, when B. R. Haydon first met Scott in Edinburgh. In fact, at the age of forty-three, Mr. Guthrie cannot be said to have as yet arrived at his full prime. Consequently even more matured work is still possible from his easel.

Mr. Guthrie was born in June, 1859, at Greenock. His father, Dr. John Guthrie, was one of the ministers of the Evangelical Union denomination, and had charges in London and afterwards in Glasgow, where the future president was educated at the High School and then at the University, where he took the degree of M.A. As in many other cases his parents' wishes did not coincide with the son's desire in the choice of a profession. The father, however, did the wise thing in not thwarting his son's idea to follow after art, so instead of becoming a barrister as his father inclined, Mr. Guthrie followed the more fickle mistress and got leave to develop his artistic faculty by study. This art education he obtained in private schools in London and Paris. Strong evidence of the influence of the French instruction prevailed in his after work—even to this day the strain is visible. In many of the earlier pictures he produced there was a striving after the completion of values and tones rather than a devotion to realising the idea of form, which gave an impression of incompleteness, as all the qualities should be existent in sound art.

After giving some time to landscapes and genre subjects, many of which show a mastery though having the above objection, they did not entirely fulfil his intention or satisfy the perhaps too fastidious critic. An exception to this was the picture of 'To Pastures New,' which was exhibited in the year 1885—the subject being a girl tending a flock of geese; this work was very outstanding, full of quiet harmony in soft greys.

From pictures such as these, in which a dreamy generalisation prevailed, Mr. Guthrie turned his attention to portraiture, in which line his triumphs have come to him. As Sir Walter Scott says of Dick Tinto, "Dick had recourse, like his brethren, to levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste."

Mr. Guthrie in his work attacked some daring problems and fully succeeded in realising his motive; notably as an example in this departure is the Diploma work which he deposited with the Royal Scottish Academy, when elected a full member of that body. This picture is a masterly effort to depict brilliant sunshine; the title is 'Midsummer,' a bevy of young girls at tea in a garden; the rendering of the flickering shadows of some trees on the figures is quite *viant*. At first sight to many this picture was thought rather bizarre, but it grew to be liked on better acquaintance with the dexterous accomplishment of a most difficult task. One of Mr. Guthrie's earlier works was that of a Highland funeral, not a pleasant incident, yet there is much fine delineation of character in the faces of the mourners in their sombre garments. In some of his portraits, especially those of ladies, there is considerable distinction and much delightful management of colour introduced into the draperies, while in likenesses of men a certain dignity is given though a very general choice of profile pertains; sometimes the faces have the appearance of being overworked and toned unnecessarily low, which age will assuredly add to, so that time on such works will too soon leave its mark. Some of the less worried-looking portraits have a fine directness, such as seen in the likeness of a boy shown in the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition, which was a revelation of swift brush-work most interesting to artists.

Mr. Guthrie was one of the band of painters in Glasgow who combined to form a group of aggrieved, oppressed, and down-trodden artists. They appealed to the Press and enlisted assistance from that quarter; with this help and with determined advertisement, both at home and abroad, they came to be known as the Glasgow School. This so-called combination is now a thing of the past, most of its members are all working independently, and nearly all of them are now members of the Royal Scottish Academy, and here we have the most talented adherent occupying the chair vacated by Sir George Reid. The fact that contributed to the extinction of this alliance was the election in 1888 of Mr. Guthrie as an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy; other elections followed, and the brotherhood seemed to melt away, Mr. Guthrie always appearing as the leading power among them.

In the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition of the year of his election Mr. Guthrie had a fine picture, titled 'The Orchard,' the subject being, as the title shows, an old garden with fruit trees, under which a group of children are gathering the apples. This canvas is an example of the tender greys so much in evidence in the artist's work, combined with subdued but still sufficiently delightful flesh-colour, full of pleasing harmonies. As a relief from more serious work, a relaxation from the strain of severe application, Mr.

Guthrie enjoys the change by an *excursus* in the freedom given by the use of pastels, wherewith he has done some works which can be remembered with great acceptance. Mr. Guthrie has exhibited works at many foreign exhibitions; his talent has been acknowledged in Germany and France. In the capital of the latter country he has been made Sociétaire of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and other honours have been his. There is one honour in Scotland which has not been bestowed since the demise of Sir Noel Paton, R.S.A., LL.D., that of the King's Limnership; whether that will also be conferred on the new President remains to be seen. Horace Walpole gives a quaint note regarding this honour. He says "that from Scotland came a man, Michael Wright, who did paint not a bad portrait; he solicited the appointment of King's Painter in Scotland, but was told that a shopkeeper had been preferred," the qualifications of the latter not being stated.

Mr. Guthrie has a strong personality, his manner in private life is most enjoyable; well read, and able to communicate of his stock of knowledge, which he does in a clear melodious voice, suave, and without what the modern slangy word "side" expresses so well. When introducing or speaking to a motion in business matters

his ideas are clearly expressed, always to the point, irrelevancy being sternly avoided, while though having the *suaviter in modo*, still there is evidence of the possession of the *fortiter in re*. The new President comes into possession with many traditions around him, but with the loyal support of the members of the Academy his position is assured. While having a reverence for the past, he for the future should hold the *ariston metron*.

Among the many fine portraits painted by Mr. Guthrie the following may be mentioned. A full length of Archbishop Eyre in all his canonical robes; Major Hotchkiss; the late Mr. E. Martin, in profile, full length, in hunting dress; Mrs. Garraway, Master R. Garraway, Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Guthrie, mother of the President, a most pleasing work; Mrs. MacLehose, also a delightful picture; Mrs. Watson, Bailie Osborne, Dr. Whyte, Provost Macpherson of Grangemouth, J. Milne, W.S., a very distinguished production—all showing that Mr. Guthrie, since he entered into the practice of portraiture, has been a most indefatigable worker, as all these canvases are the result of careful thought and show much evidence of thorough craftsmanship. The impulse of his new honours may give him still more power and enable him to rise to greater heights.

GEO. AIKMAN, A.R.S.A.

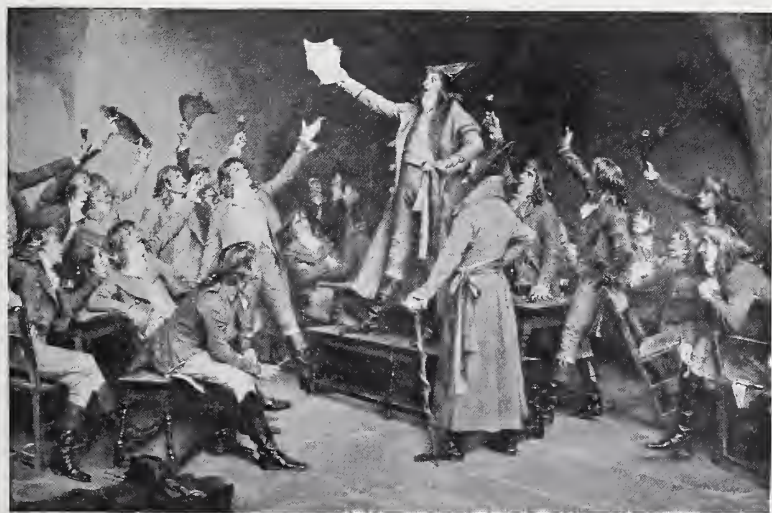
The Romantic Pictures of Mr. John A. Lomax.

THE position of the painter who employs Art to tell short stories with picturesque motives was probably never more secure than it is to-day. It rests upon some of the highest and most venerable precedents in the history of art, and assuredly needs no defence nor apology of mine. When one finds that a painter like Mr. Lomax sells every picture as fast as he can paint it, and never has anything on hand unsold, one realises that there is no occasion to worry about the genre painter; on the contrary, it looks as if things were "coming his way." It will not be gainsaid that the equipment of the painter who concerns himself with story demands artistic and intellectual qualities of no mean order. It involves plenty of hard work—but so



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After the Duel.
By John A. Lomax.



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The Marseillaise.
By John A. Lomax.

does anything worth achieving. More, it needs a creative imagination and high powers of composition, and affords fullest scope for poetic and romantic colour. It involves the closest study of historical costume, knowledge of the habits of men and women and insight into their characters, and that instinct for the dramatic and pictorial which leads the artist to choose unerringly the right moment and the best way to present his mental vision. It will never be taken up by the man who wants to do something easy; and it is beyond the reach of those hundreds of good painters who, having no imagination, must just realise what they see.

Mr. John A. Lomax may be designated as a painter of what is called historical genre. He has marked out and cultivated

a plot for himself in that wide field of artistic activity where Meissonier and John Pettie worked, and Mrs. Alma Tadema, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Marcus Stone, Mr. Dendy Sadler, Mr. Haynes Williams, and many more are still delving. The period in which he is most interested and to which he has devoted the closest study is the reign of George III.; roughly speaking, the latter half of

the eighteenth century, from 1750 to 1800. The emotions which make pictures dramatic are, of course, common to all times; but that was an age when dress was more picturesque and vice more magnificent than in our own, and Mr. Lomax knows how to make the most of these advantages. It is a well-bred refined set to which he introduces us. The people in it belong to the world of elegance and fashion, and they are presented with vivacity and much subtlety of characterisation. The illusion of actuality is produced, and the sense of mere antiquarian reconstruction avoided, by the artist's knowledge of the exact proportion in which to combine his study of the costumes and belongings of past times with his observation of human nature in the present; and this is the only way in which the past can be made to live again. He chooses his story with dignity and good taste, tells it ably and with point, and with an unfailing grasp of pictorial situation. Each is a true 'arrested incident,' containing the germ of the entire idea, telling just enough and no more. He differs from some of his fellow-workers in that he never deals with actual history, or veritable historical personages. His characters, as well as their situations, are always imaginative.

The illustrations given here have been chosen to represent as fully as



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Finishing Touches.

By John A. Lomax.

not be so much felt. Readers of this journal will remember also the plate which formed the frontispiece to our number for December, 1897, taken from Mr. Lomax's picture, 'The Squire's Song.'

I have referred to the period in which Mr. Lomax has made himself most at home, but he has by no means confined himself solely to it. 'Trapped,' in which the Puritan soldiers are examining the despatches of a captured Cavalier, is, of course, an incident of the Civil War. 'After the Duel,' again, belongs to the time of Queen Anne. Here is tragedy touched with sure yet reticent hand. The whole meaning is conveyed in the eloquent attitude of the victor, fresh from killing his man, quite independently of any facial expression or bodily action. It is a vivid pictorial homily upon the insanity of a practice that produces in the victor a sense of remorse so awful as almost to amount to envy of the victim.

'The Mar-seillaise' was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1899, and represents a group of revolutionary spirits singing Rouget de Lisle's famous hymn with all the passionate enthusiasm of the time when it was composed. In 'Seeking the Will,' with its fine low-toned lighting, there is a conscientious realism and a delicate sentiment that recall Meissonier. Very dramatic is the gambling



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Final Instructions.

By John A. Lomax.



Trapped.
By John A. Lomas.

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incident depicted in 'A Fortune on the Throw' (R.A. 1900). So tremendous is the amount the desperate gamblers at the middle table are risking upon a single cast, that even their reckless associates leave their own game to watch the play, and it is that moment of breathless interest before the dice are uncovered and the result made known that the artist has chosen.

Mr. Lomax seldom paints women, but he *can* paint them, and pretty ones at that, as 'Final Instructions' proves. The old man's daughter is perhaps leaving for a visit to town. At least it is very evident from her expression that radiant pleasure of some kind is in prospect. It is with visible effort that she controls herself to listen respectfully and reply demurely—her mind already half away—to her father's final words of counsel—"And don't break too many hearts." "No,



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Over the Border.

By John A. Lomax.

papa." "And don't forget to be most attentive to the wishes of your aunt and uncle." "Yes, papa." "And don't spend all the money I have given you." "No, papa."

"Well, good-bye, my dear; we shall expect to hear from you each week."

'Finishing Touches' shows an artist in his studio sur-

rounded by a group of friends, and engaged upon completing the picture on the easel from a study above. A pleasant air of good fellowship and Bohemian refinement pervades the scene.

'Over the Border' takes us into the famous smithy of the Gretna Green blacksmith. He stands up, a fine and almost venerable Scottish type, in the act of uniting in holy wedlock a pair of runaway lovers. On the anvil is the register, with pen and ink, ready for signature when the brief ceremony is over. At this final moment the lady's emotions overcome her, and



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A Fortune on the Throw.

By John A. Lomax.

with a pretty air of diffidence she clings to her lover for support, and he manfully reassures her. The old blacksmith has seen this kind of thing before, and waits calmly for her to recover herself before resuming.

What is in some respects the artist's favourite picture, is entitled 'Where rust and moth doth corrupt.' The idea is fascinating yet ghastly. In some hiding place, the secret of the entranceto which perished with him, lie the remains of a wretched miser, amongst the scattered coins, the cobwebs and the dust of time. One who laid up treasure on earth, he was called away in the act of gloating over his hoard; and is revealed, a withered mummy, a hundred years or so later.

It was painted in 1892, and the influence that inspired it was derived from Dickens.



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Seeking the Will.

By John A. Lomax.

The appeal of his pictures is immediate; each tells its story in the only possible way that a picture may tell a story, with keen pictorial effect; and they were not intended, and do not really require, to be accompanied by literary comment or explanation. It may be safely laid down as a general rule that the man who paints pictures which require a guide-book or an essay to make them intelligible is simply an author who has mistaken his medium.

Mr. Lomax, who is a member of the Society of Oil Painters, was born at Manchester in 1857.

He was educated at Stuttgart, and studied art at the academy at Munich. He moved from Manchester to London about fourteen years ago, and at

present resides in St. John's Wood.

HAROLD W. BROMHEAD.

Some London Exhibitions.

IT is four years since, at Gutekunst's, an important series of Méryon etchings was put on view. In the interval, connoisseurs have paid increasing attention to the finer of his works. The collection lately exhibited in Bond Street, comprising some 168 examples, is that which belonged to Sir Seymour Haden, later to Mrs. Wunderlich, of New York, and augmented as opportunity offered by Messrs. Obach. If by virtue of two or three masterpieces only, Charles Méryon must be acclaimed as one of the greatest etchers since the days of Rembrandt. He stirs us to delight by the lofty realism of his interpretations, by a gravity that

touches the sublime, by an imaginative insight that strips the apparently commonplace and reveals the indwelling soul. In first state, on light green paper, 'L'Abside de Notre-Dame,' the largest of the famous Paris set, is a work of perfect rhythm, unerring of balance, charged with noble thought, noble feeling, as delicate as strong, mighty in its impassioned control. Each part has the quality of joy realised, the whole is a celebration of beauty. For all time, again, Méryon visioned 'Le Stryge,' the devil of desire, carved in stone high up on Notre-Dame, which watches gloatingly over Paris as, unseen of him,

birds in lyric flight enhance the tragic intensity of the imagining. Méryon was a master etcher.

The twenty-seven pictures by British artists, arranged at Messrs. Lawrie's galleries in aid of the King's Hospital Fund, are from the collection of Sir Cuthbert Quilter. His eclectic taste embraces examples by Mr. Leader, Professor Herkomer, Landseer, as well as Mr. Holman Hunt—sight of whose 'Scapegoat,' so eager and un-deviating in its realisation of a conviction, is welcome—Fred. Walker, G. J. Pinwell, Constable, Romney, Turner. The maxim of discerning good in everything, from the pictorial point of view, may be carried too far. Turner's 'Departure of Adonis for the Chase' was unmistakably painted under the influence of Titian, and suggests in part that master's destroyed 'Peter Martyr,' in part the superb 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of our National Gallery. Of special interest are three of the very few portraits painted by Constable—those of his father, his brother, and, pleasantly grouped as country girls, of his sisters Anne and Mary. By the courtesy of the owner, we reproduce, on pp. 6, 8, and 9, some of the Constable pictures from this Collection.

The forty-first exhibition of the "Old" Water-Colour Society had no distinctive feature. Mr. Albert Goodwin, to whom the transient splendours of sunset threaten to become an obsession, held a separate show in Vigo Street; Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Messrs. E. A. Abbey, John M. Swan, and Arthur Melville were absentees.

Miss Fortescue-Brickdale's 'Three Daughters of Time'—I will hazard no guess at their identity—has ample inventiveness, but the eye passes from the composition to the fine old frame; Mr. R. Anning Bell's 'Rose Water,' beautiful in parts, is not imaginatively knit; the ambitious 'Dream Idyll' of Mr. E. R. Hughes—a nude figure, with streaming hair, passing by moonlit clouds over the city of Florence—possesses literary and topographical rather than pictorial interest; Mr. Louis Davis' colour sketch for the altar-piece in the Chapel of the Universities' Mission, Westminster, an 'Adoration of the Magi,' is far more

spontaneous and personal than the Morris-Rossetti-like 'Strawberry Thief'; Mr. Edwin Alexander's 'The Dove Cage' has the charm of freshness and sobriety; the landscapes and marines by Mr. W. Matthew Hale are quiet, unforced. Messrs. Napier Hemy, J. W. North, George Clausen and Sir Ernest Waterlow sent drawings of interest.

Many of the twenty-nine recently executed pastels by Mr. Will Rothenstein, exhibited at Carfax's, not alone testify to versatility, but possess delightful qualities. Mr. Rothenstein was among the first to show at the New English Art Club the austere furnished room, with a figure or figures, such as has now become the vogue. In this direction he can probably go no farther at the moment, but in eager study of dissimilar and unanecdotal themes he has found new sources of inspiration. Yet again the pastel medium has proved immediately responsive; the drawings are sincere, unlaboured. The little exhibition included faithful, stylistic portraits of Adolf von Menzel; sympathetic renderings of courtyards and many-gabled houses in old-world Hildesheim, under the transmuting influence of light and shade; landscapes, solemn of form and of atmosphere. Relatively few artists discern and can express the hundred simple charms of baby life. Mr. Rothenstein's series in this kind serves to give him a definite place among the pictorial interpreters of the nursery. The requisite spontaneity is united to new and significant forms, to

harmonious colour. Beauty is manifold of aspect, and each aspect demands special forms for its expression. 'Spring'—a mother tossing high above her head and there upholding the little one—is lyrical; the pose of the seated woman, right arm encircling a golden-headed child, their figures in the glow of an unseen hearth, is charged with tender protectiveness; 'The Reel of Cotton' and 'First Steps' are intimate revelations of transitory beauties, seen naively, spontaneously expressed. We reproduce 'Before the Bath,' the rhythmic grace of whose design is related to a quiet harmony of colour.

FRANK RINDER.



Before the Bath.

A Pastel by Will Rothenstein.

Passing Events.

SIR E. J. POYNTER, before distributing the prizes to Students of the Royal Academy on December 10th, announced that the Examiners desired him to record the very great advance and the much higher average in the quality of the work submitted in competition in subjects from the life. It was noted that several young artists took two and three prizes, and that in only one case was the award withheld, a fact which elicited the congratulation of the President. The medals are plain on one side, but each will be exchanged in due course for one with the King's head embossed upon it. The subject for the Creswick prize, a tangled hedgerow treated as a foreground, inspired many pastoral compositions; the successful one had a coast scene ingeniously introduced as a background.

THE Artistic Copyright Society is governed by the following officers: Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. (President), Mr. F. Dicksee, R.A. (Vice-President), Mr. George Agnew (Chairman), and Mr. D. Croal Thomson (Hon. Secretary). Several meetings of Painters, Engravers and Publishers have been held to form the constitution of the new Society, and measures for mutual protection are under discussion.

A RICH collection of pictures will be on view till the 5th February, in the new Fine Art Galleries of the Corporation of Brighton. Among the 228 works there are exhibited a splendid Van Dyck, lent by the Duke of Norfolk; a Holbein, lent by Mr. Henry Willett; and several beautiful Barbizon pictures, lent by Sir John Day and Mr. Morley Pegge.

THE Municipality of Venice has published the conditions of an International Competition for the best design, modelled, for a large Gold Medal to be awarded to the most important work shown at the Art Exhibition of 1903. The premium offered is 3,000 lire (£120). Judgment will be given by a Commission composed of the Mayor of Venice, President of the Exhibition, the General Secretary, and three artists. Models must reach the Committee not later than the 31st January, 1903.

THE Premium Plate of THE ART JOURNAL for this year will be after a new picture by Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., entitled 'There are none so deaf as those that won't hear.' Particulars will be found elsewhere.

New Artistic Publications.

Dr. Corrado Ricci's work on "Pintoricchio," translated by Miss Florence Simmonds (Heinemann), has been produced with the careful attention to detail which marked the same author's life of Correggio (1896), and equal intimacy is shown with the subject. The book in the two languages appears simultaneously in London, New York and Paris. Late of the Parma Gallery, and now Director of the Brera at Milan, Dr. Ricci's special knowledge has been devoted to an elaborate essay of a master whose work had not been adequately recorded, although the original examples and the Arundel Society's copies in the National Gallery have afforded opportunities of study in London. Symonds called Pintoricchio "a kind of Umbrian Gozzoli, who brings us here and

there in close relation to the men of his own time and has in consequence a special value for the student of Renaissance life." This opinion is emphasised by the present large monograph. The many excellent reproductions give to the book a monumental character; the photogravure and other plates are satisfactory, and exceptional success has been obtained with the coloured facsimiles. This is an interesting work of considerable importance.

Sir Martin Conway, in his illustrated treatise on "Early Tuscan Art" (Hurst and Blackett), traces the advance of art from the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries. He writes of the Byzantine influence, of the conditions which affected styles of architecture, sculpture, and painting, and he concludes with an appreciation of Fra Angelico. The work shows the wide knowledge of the travelled student, and the deductions are given in an entertaining manner.

Mr. Lewis F. Day, in "Lettering in Ornament," (Batsford), enquires into "the decorative use of lettering, past, present, and possible." His plausible observations, supported by the right illustrations, make a welcome addition to his earlier books on companion topics.

Hollar's views have been of great assistance to Canon Benham in his book on "Old St. Paul's Cathedral" (Seeley), but other records have been laid under contribution. Altogether this is a useful publication on a topic of absorbing interest.

In "Egypt," painted and described by R. Talbot Kelly, R.B.A. (A. and C. Black), is given a picturesque impression of the life and scenery of the country, by one who has once before in book form proved close acquaintance with the subject. The original pictures are well reproduced in colours, and the fascination of the letter-press more than justifies the modest pretensions of the artist-author.

"Twelve Portraits," by William Nicholson, represent in the artist's characteristic manner Queen Alexandra, The Kaiser, Pope Leo XIII., President Roosevelt, Eleanor Duse, Li Hung Chang, Lord Kitchener, Joseph Chamberlain, Thomas Edison, Sada Yacco, "Mark Twain" and Henrik Ibsen.

We gladly renew acquaintance with "Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton (Hurst and Blackett), but without experiencing the increased interest which a number of photographic illustrations are presumably designed to give. The one exception is the view of Rossetti's Studio at Cheyne Walk, from the sketch by H. Treffry-Dunn. — An American story by F. Hopkinson Smith, "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" (Newnes) has not enthralled us. The hero neglects his legal studies and in time becomes successful as a painter. At a School of Art he befriends the only girl student, with the inevitable sequel. There are some murky illustrations by W. A. Clark.

Herrick's "Hesperides and Noble Numbers," reprinted in the Caxton Series (Newnes), make two elegant volumes of diverting fragments. The subjects of the illustrations, by R. Savage, are not so well realised as those chosen by Mr. Abbey in his 1882 Selections.



Photo, Manseli.

Reading Aloud.
By Albert Moore.

Albert Moore: An Appreciation.

ALTHOUGH the time has hardly yet come for defining the exact place which Albert Moore is to occupy among the masters who have made the history of the British School, there are already signs that a considerable section of the art-loving public is beginning to form a juster estimate of his claims to attention than that which existed during his lifetime. It cannot, it is true, be said that he was at any part of his career an absolutely unrecognised genius, or that he suffered as other great painters have from the neglect and indifference of picture collectors. He had always a following, small indeed, but enlightened and enthusiastic enough to secure him against that distressing struggle with adverse circumstances which has darkened the days of so many artists of memorable capacity. Yet there is some element of reason in the often-quoted argument about him that he lived and died a disappointed man. He had certain peculiarities of temperament which were occasionally the cause of difficulties in his dealings with the practical details of existence and prevented him from reaping the full results of his activity. But there was to him a much more real source of disappointment in the fact that though there were purchasers for practically all the pictures that he produced, he never enjoyed the consciousness that his æsthetic aims were generally appreciated, or, indeed, understood outside the limited circle of his particular admirers.

It must be admitted that he did not try to gain popularity by the devices commonly employed by artists who wish to be reckoned as public favourites. He had no idea of being accepted on any but his own terms, and he refused consistently to depart from what he held to be his right course so that he might secure the support of people with neither the will nor the power to be



The Open Book.
(A water-colour version of a figure in 'Reading Aloud.')
By Albert Moore.

influenced by the higher artistic principles. So strongly had he convinced himself about the mission of painting, and so firm was he in his belief that the forms of expression which he had adopted were correct, that he would make no concessions to anyone who had studied the subject less closely than he had. But the inevitable consequence of this attitude was that the great majority of so-called art lovers, whose knowledge is at best superficial, and whose taste is solely governed by fashion and convention, never took the trouble to enquire whether he was right or wrong. They simply passed him by as a painter who did pretty things in an unusual way but without proper consideration for the popular demand. It never occurred to them that he had claims to rank as a master and as a great leader in the art world. His work required more thought than they were capable of giving to it; and it was easier to ignore his real meaning than to exert themselves to amend their convenient prejudices for the sake of understanding him.

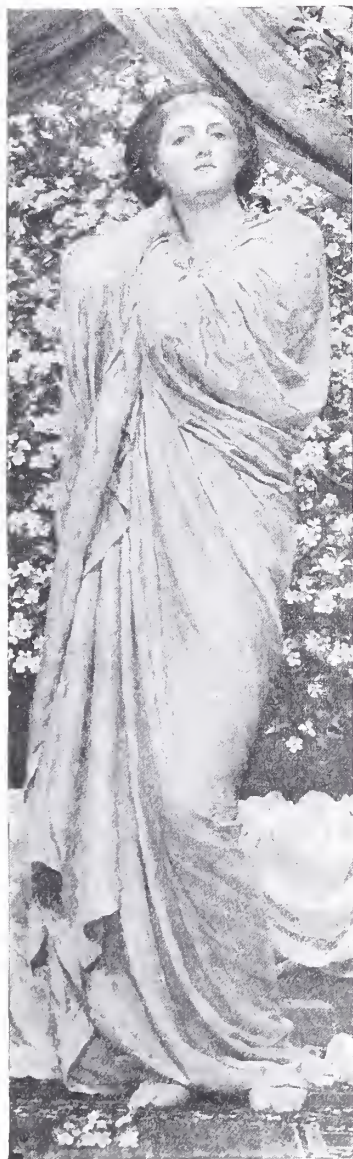
Yet it is not difficult to find reasons for arguing that Albert Moore should be ranked as one of the greatest exponents of pure æstheticism. In the highest sense of the word he was an artist; and he conceived and practised what he believed to be the noblest form of pictorial

art. It was with him a deep conviction that the subject picture, the illustrative representation of some incident which could be or had already been expressed as effectively in words, was the outcome of degraded taste, and that it existed only to satisfy the commonplace people, who, lacking in artistic perception, sought only for literary meanings in the works of art presented to them. This belief induced him to rigidly exclude from his own work all traces of emotion or dramatic suggestion, and to depend absolutely upon the sensuous possibilities of the motives which he selected. He never tried to tell a story; it was enough for him if his canvas had in full measure those beauties of composition, colour, and æsthetic sentiment which he held to be the supreme essentials in the painter's production.

The commonest

criticism on his pictures is that they are "merely decorative." The people who use this term intend it without doubt to express some degree of disparagement and to imply that the artist has failed in some way to do what they presume to be his duty. But everyone who believes that the chief function of art is to decorate will accept the phrase as not inappropriate. Albert Moore was indisputably a decorator supremely qualified by the peculiar sensitiveness of his organisation to deal with the most complicated and subtle problems of design. His sense of beauty may well be said to have been infallible. It led him not only to choose the most perfect types of faces and figures for representation in his pictures, but it also enabled him to put together arrangements of line which were always exquisitely right in adjustment, and to make harmonies of colour which are inimitable in their chromatic balance and brilliant delicacy. But though he owed much to his natural qualifications for the career that he followed, his actual direction was settled by deliberate choice and by intentional study of certain schools.

Early in his life he became profoundly impressed by the perfection of Greek Art, and soon after he arrived at manhood he began to try and realise in painting the characteristic impersonality and dignity of the finest type of Greek sculpture. In his first exhibited pictures he showed, like so many of his contemporaries—he was born in 1841—an inclination to follow the Pre-Raphaelite movement. In 1863 he painted his 'Elijah's Sacrifice,' one of his few dramatic canvases, in which the struggle between Pre-Raphaelitism and his growing classical conviction is very apparent; but his fresco of 'The Four Seasons' in 1864, 'The Marble Seat' in 1865, and most of all his 'Pomegranates,' 'Apricots,' and his admirable drawing, 'Somnus' (p. 35), in 1866, marked emphatically his definite finding of the way that he was to tread for the rest of his years. In these his intention to



Photo, Mansell.

Blossoms.

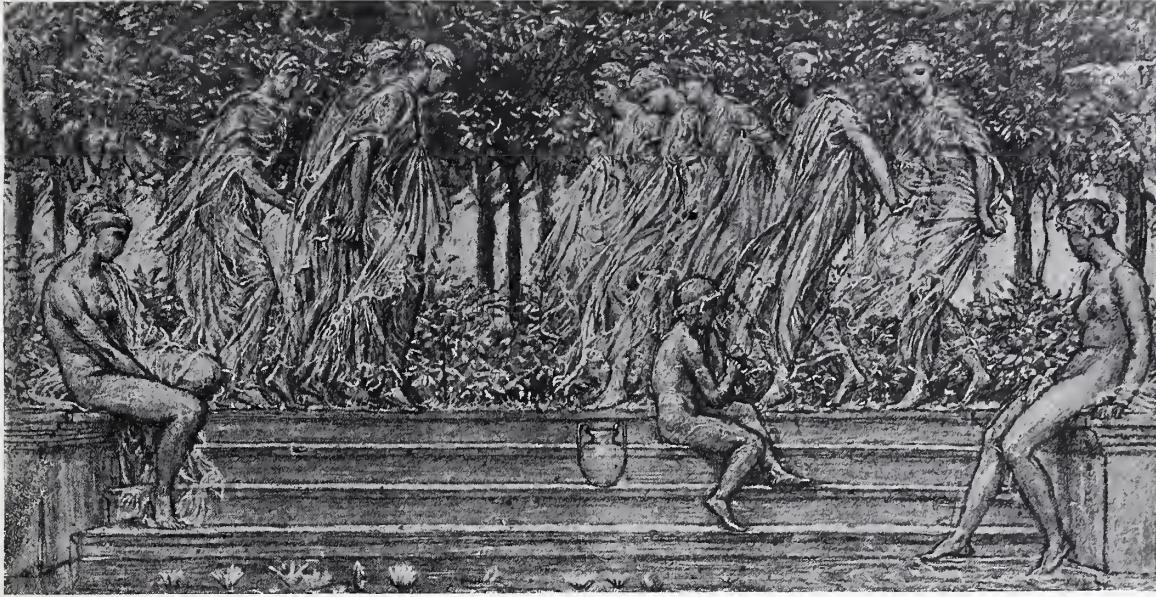
By Albert Moore.



Cartoon for Blossoms.

By Albert Moore.

By permission of W. Connal, Esq.



In the Victoria and Albert Museum (under the title of 'Nymphs Dancing').

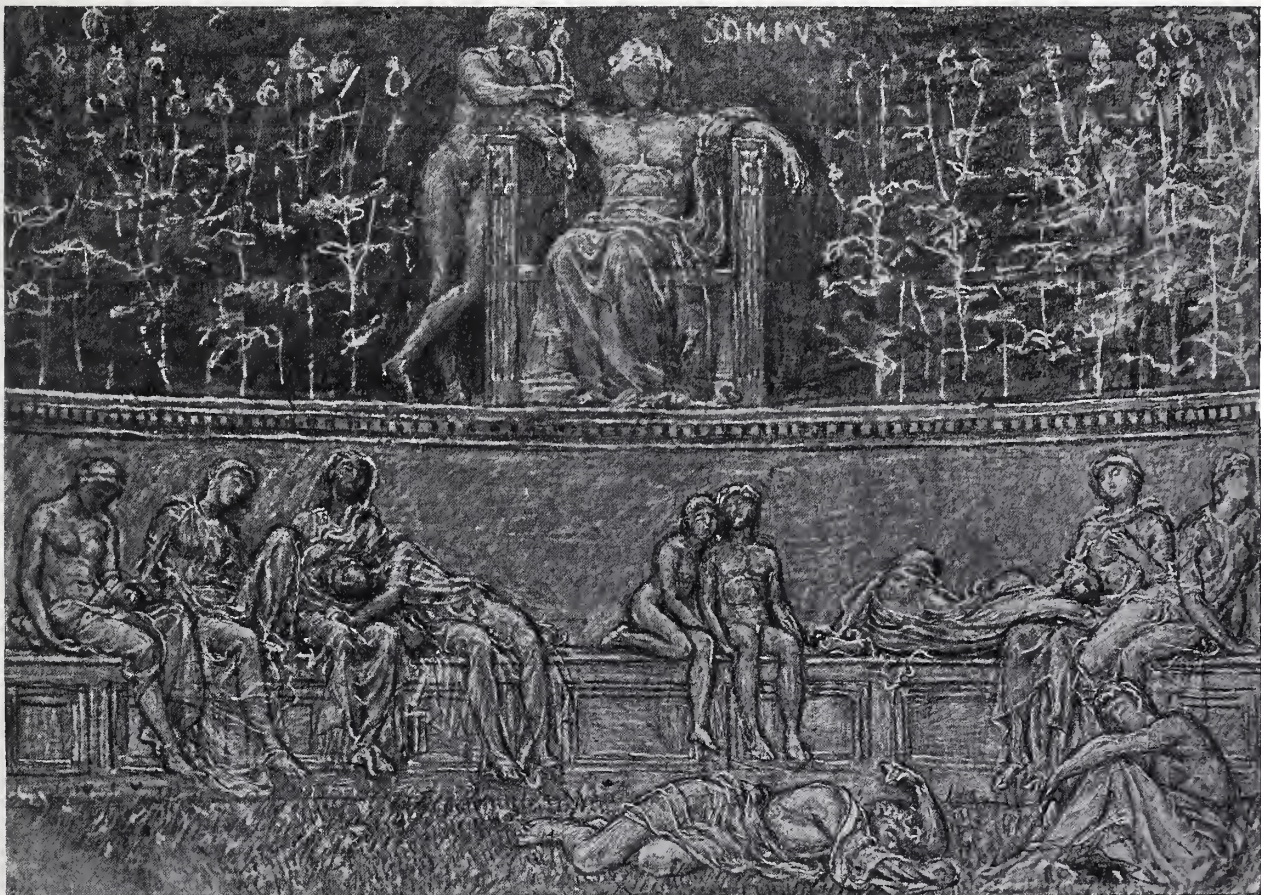
Study for a Picture.

By Albert Moore.

avoid what he looked upon as the taint of story-telling is not to be mistaken. They are neither illustrations of episodes in human activity nor allegories with veiled meanings, but simply statements of an æsthetic creed from which had been eliminated everything which

might diminish its purity or draw off attention from its essential principles.

For nearly thirty years he worked as if he were an actual reincarnation of one of the ancient Greek artists. His classicism was absolute; and yet, unlike other



In the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Somnus.

By Albert Moore.

painters of what are popularly called classic subjects, he never attempted futile reconstructions of the life of long-past centuries. He had so soaked himself with the spirit of Greek art that he could bring into his work the true classic atmosphere without making useless professions of archæological study. He painted with the mind of the Greeks, and it was immaterial whether the objects represented in his pictures were relics of the past or modern manufactures, so long as they fitted appropriately into his pre-eminently classical system. If a tulip, for instance, would give him the accent he wanted in one of his colour combinations, he attached no importance to the fact that it came from Haarlem and not from Athens. It was beautiful, it touched the right note in his scheme, and in his view of his duty to art those were the only points which he had to consider.

No one who will, without prejudice, try to estimate the value and significance of his pictures can deny that he showed always the consistency which is the distinguishing mark of a strong nature. It is sufficient to examine a series of his canvases to discover that he never wavered in his beliefs, and that he never doubted the correctness of his conviction. His 'Quartette' (1869), 'Sea-Gulls' (1871), 'Shells' (1874), 'Blossoms' (1881), 'Dreamers' (1882), 'Reading Aloud' (1884), 'The Open Book' (1884), and 'White Hydrangeas' (1885) may be taken as some of the most definite avowals of his purpose to reach by the use of the noblest principles of decoration the highest level of practice to which an artist who lives for the sake of his art can hope to attain. In them all the sincerity which guided his thought and controlled his hand is evident to every honest observer, and the masterly completeness with which the problems he set himself have been solved can be realised by any one who cares to study him as he should be studied.

Perhaps the highest development of his genius is reached in 'Blossoms,' 'Reading Aloud,' 'Dreamers,' and 'The Open Book.' They were painted at a period

when his cultivation of his capacities had been in uninterrupted progress for some thirty years, and before the suffering and broken health which hampered him during the last decade of his life had seriously affected

his energies. In these canvases he is completely himself, with all his faculties under equable control and with no distractions to diminish his power of concentration. They are full of serenity of thought, and their noble simplicity of treatment implies a confidence with regard to technical details which comes only to a man whose prolonged experience has enabled him to master the mechanism of his craft. In design, in colour, and in subtlety of contrivance, they rank as the greatest of his achievements, and they sum up most perfectly of all his pictures the principles which directed his practice.

It is a fortunate circumstance that three of these canvases, 'Dreamers,' 'Blossoms,' and 'The Open Book,' should have found their way into public collections, where they are permanently accessible, for from them all students of Albert Moore's work can form correct conclusions as to the manner in which he reasoned out his responsibilities. They, and the others, like 'A Summer Night' and 'The Shunamite,' which are also public property, have already influenced the popular taste, and have done much to give the artist that wider reputation for which he laboured so honestly and devotedly while he was alive. If they lead, as they should, to a proper examination of his methods, and to a recognition of the spirit in which he followed his profession, their effect upon the art of our school ought to be of infinite value. But it is not sufficient merely to admire them for their rare and remarkable beauty, or to regard them simply as the expression



White Hydrangeas.

By Albert Moore.

By permission of W. Connal, Esq.

of a peculiarly gifted temperament; the science and the learning which controlled every touch in them, and the studious care with which every detail was made to take its right place in a carefully devised scheme, must be understood as well.

A. L. BALDRY.

The Salt Broom, London's Hilt and Company, Limited



Painted by Silvest. Moore.

Engraved by G. Smith.

The Dreamers.

From the Picture in the Pitt Gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham.

Two Beautiful Ruins.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

BOLD, overbold, rash, even sacrilegious, the man is often accounted who, even on the most solid grounds, whether technical or historical, or both, ventures to upset, or even to call in question, attributions of great works of art consecrated by time, by the vanity and ambition of owners, or by the admiration of the many, that makes around them an atmosphere of veiled transfiguring radiance and a halo deceptively enlarging their magnitude and their significance.

It is unnecessary on the present occasion to cite the names of the proto-martyrs of the newer and more scientific criticism, whose first steps have been strewn, not with roses, but with the stones and bricks of denial and contempt. They have survived, and their audacities have become commonplaces. On the solid substructure laid down by them and consolidated with the sweat of their brows, if not, indeed, with their heart's blood, free lances, more audacious still, and not less well equipped, have advanced to fight the good fight; to separate great men and great works from men and works less great; to group the schools and the influences anew. The battle has raged so long now, the din of combat has been so unceasing, the revolutionary chiefs and the lesser *francs-tireurs* have been so many and so insistent in self-assertion, that the world has become accustomed to the noise, and has come to recognise the new state of things, to accept the toppling down of temples, shrines and monuments, and even to look for these catastrophes as a matter of course. It submits and accepts in the long run; yet, not unnaturally, is something less than grateful to those whose strenuous efforts for art—and a little, too, it must be owned, for themselves—have destroyed cherished illusions, to show naked in the daylight a truth not always as fair or as alluring as fiction.

But what fate might the hapless wight deserve who—in these days, when the tendency is all to subtract from the *œuvre* of great masters and not to add to it—should venture, unsupported by historical evidence or by tradition, even tentatively, to ascribe to two of the greatest masters of all time works wholly unknown? What doom would properly fit the enormity of *his* offence? Should he be pierced with the sharp-pointed arrows of scorn and sarcasm, or in the distressing atmosphere of contemptuous pity little by little be frozen to death? Yet this is what in all trepidation, and with a due sense that the venture is one of unheard-of and punishable audacity, I dare to attempt. What does it matter, after all, if the critic be a little and not too vindictively kicked, so that the world get the benefit of the halfpence, which, patiently piled together, may in time mount up and make a goodly, a precious heap.

We have to do with two portraits, both of them here reproduced in such fashion that they speak for themselves and render detailed description unnecessary. Both belong to the same years, when the Renaissance was just fully achieved, when it was in its dazzling yet still youthful and unimpaired maturity. The portrait of the smooth-

faced, full-lipped subtle young man I ascribe to Raphael; that of the *grand seigneur*, not precisely youthful, yet still young, whose blazing eyes, vigorous physique, and haughty aggressive mien, show him no common personage, even of the stirring time to which he belonged, I give, though with far more hesitation, to Giorgione.

And now let the thunderbolts fall! Yet not until I have given a few reasons for what might otherwise be deemed a rashness wholly unpardonable. Let us take first the picture which I have ventured to give to the Urbinate. Of its history I own that I know absolutely nothing. On a recent visit to Coombe Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Craven, near Coventry, I amused my leisure with the examination of some of the pictures put away in odd holes and corners, as unworthy, on account of defective condition, or it may be for other reasons, to mate with the show-pieces in the presence chambers. High up in one of the staircases I lighted upon this picture, all neglected, forlorn, and alas, in a shocking state of dilapidation. Even thus, in the very first moment of acquaintanceship, the ghost of something great appeared to me to lurk half hidden in this ruin, and to lure the beholder on to some further investigation of a mystery. To the back of the panel—for such it is—a strip of paper was attached with “Giorgione” in a modern handwriting. Yet this is no Venetian painting or personage, no portrait such as those Veneto-Roman works of Sebastiano Luciani, which were so long put down to Raphael, though even the most Raphaellesque of them all—the famous Sciarra ‘Violin Player,’ now in the collection of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild at Paris—shows unmistakably, in the scheme of arrangement, as in the conception of the sitter’s physical and moral being, the Venetian mode. The technique, so far as it can be followed in this Coombe Abbey panel, unfortunately so terribly, so irremediably injured, is emphatically not Venetian. Nor is it Florentine or Romano-Florentine, but rather, for all its maturity, Umbrian, or, shall we say, Umbro-Florentine? Indefinably, yet, to me with the strongest appeal, the great spirit of Raphael appears to speak from the still beautiful ruin of his work—or what I hold to be his work. I date the picture—on internal evidence only—somewhere between the years 1508 and 1512; that is, in the early years of Raphael’s Roman period. His Umbrian time is marked in portraiture by the singularly individual, the almost cynically outspoken ‘Portrait of a Man’ in the Borghese Gallery—exuberant in the strength, yet sinister in the subtlety of the characterisation. The ‘Angelo Doni’ and ‘Maddalena Doni’ of the Pitti are the typical pieces of their kind for the Florentine years. For the earlier years in Rome, when the time of the god-like young Umbrian was fully taken up with his great labours in the *Stanze* of the Vatican, we must take as our safest guides the wonderful groups of portraits and character-heads in the ‘Miracle of Bolsena’ and the ‘Expulsion of Heliodorus from the

Temple.' A little later on in the Roman time we get the 'Navagero and Beazzano' of the Doria collection at Rome—if, indeed, this latter piece be wholly from the master's hand, which quite lately I have a little come to doubt—and the incomparable 'Baldassare Castiglione' of the Louvre. Throughout the material developments of this great portraiture the standpoint remains much the same. The divine suavity, the lofty idealisation, which are the very essence of the master's art, when he creates, fall into the background; human warmth and the sympathy of the painter with the individuality of his sitter as he conceives it are much less obvious and much less accentuated than with the protagonists of contemporary Venetian art. What evokes the passion of Sanzio, what he reveals with a penetration so extraordinary, is the grandeur, the concentration, the essential personality, not necessarily the sympathy or the appealing charm, of a human being at this great moment of development. This is, perhaps, the reason why, when the so-called 'Fornarina' of the "Tribuna," the 'Dorothea' of Blenheim and Berlin, the 'Legate Carondelet' of the Duke of Grafton's collection, were one by one taken away from Raphael and restored to their lawful owner, Sebastiano Luciani—afterwards Sebastiano del Piombo—many still clung to the consecrated attribution to the Urbinate, under which the life-loving, yet self-controlled, 'Violin Player' of the Sciarra Palace had become world-famous. Yet apart from purely technical considerations, and the nearer approach in this piece to Florentine-Roman methods in the flesh-painting, the conception is here no longer purely Venetian. The amorous languor, the tragic passion of youth, that knows itself a centre of love and admiration, are already tempered by an intellectuality distrustful of others and thoroughly master of itself. When Sebastiano entered upon this phase he had already more than half put off the Venetian and assumed the Roman; he had assimilated Raphael, and was preparing to advance to the foot of Michelangelo's throne.

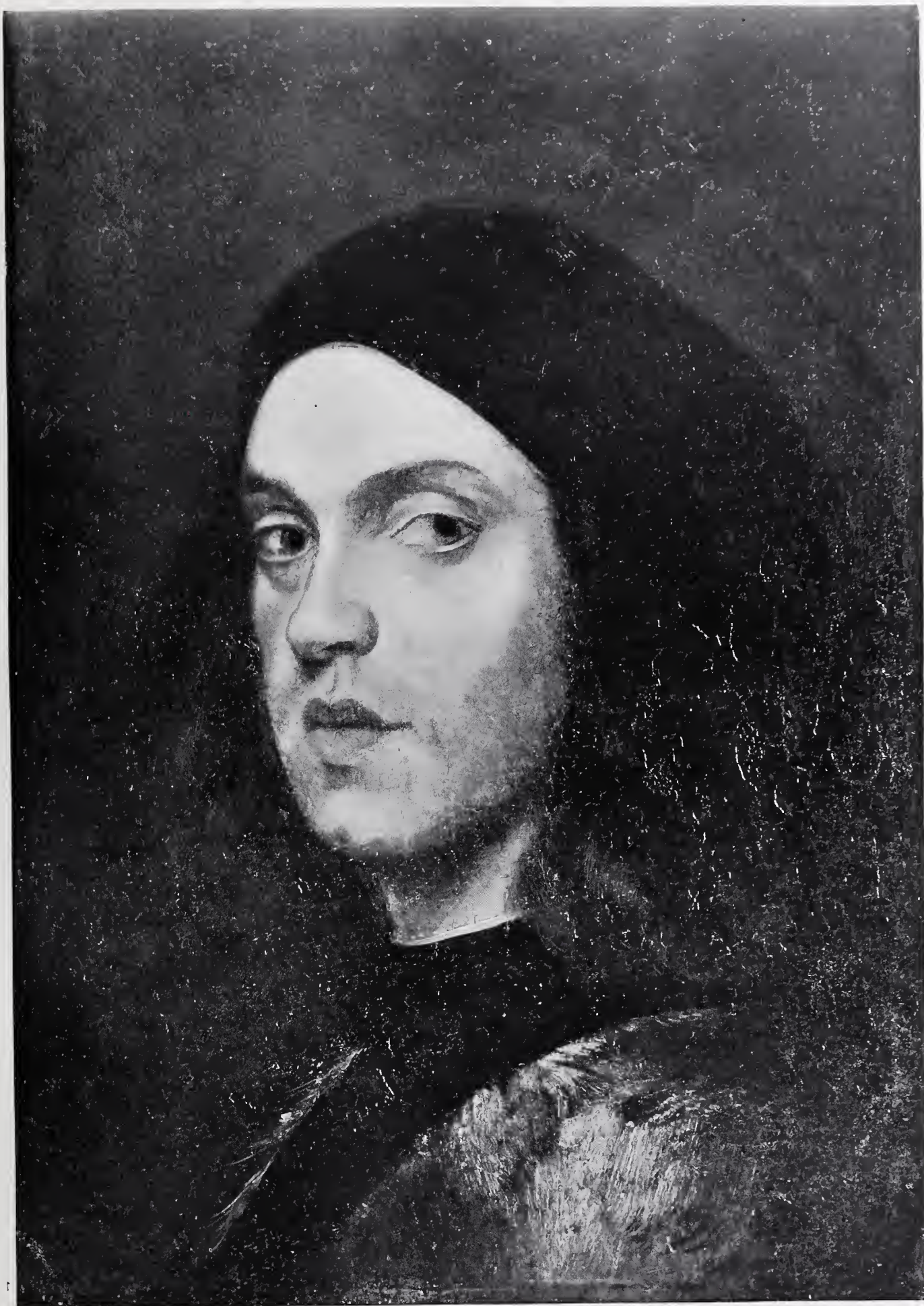
But to return to the Coombe Abbey portrait, which I now seek to present to the reader not less than to the onlooker. In the few passages where the surface has not been irreparably injured—as in the foreshortened curves of the right cheek, some portions of the hair, and a great portion of the fur of the robe—the technical execution appears to me to be the master's own. The conception, it is true, in its simplicity, its vitality, and its penetrating truth, in its curious suggestion of a strong physical temperament moderated by a controlling intellectuality, much more emphatically suggests his authorship. Who is this young *gentiluomo* who cannot at the utmost number more than twenty-five summers? I am unable, alas! for the moment to give even the faintest indication as to his name or condition; and it is here, above all, that I may hope for aid from the outside. I can only suggest the possibility that he might be discovered in the *entourage* of Julius II., among the officials, the nobles, or the courtiers of the papal circle. Enough remains of what was once a superb work to make a complete solution of this portion of the problem possible.

What here emboldens the student treading hesitatingly a perilous path is that no name suggests itself—forms itself half unconsciously on the lips—as that of a painter to whom alternatively with Raphael this interesting portrait might with any degree of verisimilitude be ascribed. Far otherwise is it with the Venetian canvas, which I have ventured to bring forward in its company. Here we have, to guide us, but also to

cause hesitation as regards authorship among a number of distinguished contemporaries, a whole series of admirable and delightfully puzzling portraits, all of them produced—to speak approximately only—between the years 1505 and 1515.

As in the case just now discussed, we are, most unfortunately, met by the initial difficulty that the condition of the picture renders what might be called a physical diagnosis most difficult and dangerous. That the canvas is Venetian, and of the early years of the sixteenth century, may be asserted without fear of contradiction. But how make any absolutely positive assertion as to the authorship, when the subtler glazings of the face, the hair and the rest have been rubbed away, when even the modelling, what may be called the architectural foundation, is sadly impaired?

The names that suggest themselves in competition with that of Giorgione are those of Titian, Palma Vecchio, Bernardino Licinio, and Cariani; and among these, students of the school will probably agree with me in the opinion that only Titian and Licinio need be seriously considered in this connection. Palma Vecchio, as great a magician of the brush as any of them in his own particular way, had not, even in his most notable portraits—such as the 'Portrait of a Man' (once 'Ariosto') of the National Gallery, the pathetic 'Portrait of a Man' in the Querini-Stampalia collection at Venice, and the 'Donors' in the respective 'Holy Families' of the Louvre and the Colonna Gallery at Rome—this strong grip of a human individuality at its highest. Nor, indeed, are the technical methods, so far as we can still recognise them, his. Bernardino Licinio can be Giorgionesque enough—sufficiently, indeed, to deceive any but the most penetrating observer—in such works as the beautiful 'Portrait of a Young Man' (once absurdly mis-named 'Portrait of a Female Professor of Bologna') in Lady Ashburton's collection. Commendatore Adolfo Venturi even goes so far as to give to him the magnificently exuberant 'Schiavona' of Signor Crespi's collection at Milan, which I take to be an early and very Giorgionesque Titian, while some critics, including especially Mr. Bernard Berenson and Mr. Herbert Cook, ascribe it to Giorgione himself—the former deeming it to be a fine copy, the latter a fine original. In the case of Signor Crespi's treasure, however, I must confess that I hold the attribution to this fine yet less than first-rate master to be absolutely untenable. Licinio was not big enough or individual enough either to see or to paint thus. The same reasons—especially that of want of complete originality and directness in the material and spiritual vision—appear to me to shut him out in the present instance. The name of Cariani would be even more inappropriate in this connection. In his finest portraits and portrait-like works—such as the splendid 'Portrait of a Man of Letters'—in the Lochis collection at Bergamo, and the mysterious 'Bravo,' in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, his style is either Giorgionesque with a difference, or frankly Palmesque; but not loftily and grandly Giorgionesque, as is this ruined yet still most fascinating work. There remain but two names, those of Giorgione and Titian, if—as I do—we are to accept Lord Bristol's picture as a Venetian original belonging to the earliest years of the sixteenth century. With Titian the case is very different. The family resemblance which at once "jumps to the eyes"—as they would put it on the other side of the Channel—is with the so-called 'Ariosto,' in the Earl of Darnley's collection—that most exquisite and most strikingly Giorgionesque of the early Titians,



From the picture in the Collection of the Earl of Craven, at Coombe Abbey.

A Portrait of an Italian Gentleman.

By Raphael?

which comes, indeed, so near to Barbarelli, that Mr. Herbert Cook has actually claimed it for him in a recent monograph. There is obviously striking similarity between the two portraits in the pose and general arrangement. In Titian's portrait it is not any strong personal character in the beautiful head, but the felicity of the pose and the splendour of the execution, that chiefly arrest the attention of the beholder. In Lord Bristol's picture the seemingly simple arrangement is superlatively fine and significant; but it is the evocation of the singular personality that chiefly draws and holds us. In this respect the so-called 'Alessandro de' Medici' of Hampton Court—a Titian of somewhat later date than the 'Ariosto'—comes nearer to our picture. The force and fascination, the typically Renaissance quality of this wonderful painting and sinister portrait in the Royal collection are irresistible. With other Giorgionesque portraits by Titian of this early time, such as the 'Baffo' of the Antwerp Gallery, the beautiful 'Portrait of a Young Man' in Mrs. Meynell-Ingram's collection at Temple-Newsam, and the famous 'Jeune Homme au Gant' of the Louvre, the portrait in Lord Bristol's collection has little or nothing in common, save that we are dealing with the same school, and, very nearly, the same period. Among the portraits which with a pretty general assent of the instructed are ascribed to Giorgione the points of resemblance—above all of spiritual resemblance—are on the whole greater; though here, again, it is necessary to point out a detail not without importance, which might fairly be counted in favour of Titian. Half visible to the left, in the upper corner of the picture, is seen the lower half only of a kind of *tondo*, or sculptured circular relief, the legs but not the heads of the personages being visible, and the subject thus remaining obscure. As is well known, sculpture more or less of this type is often found as an adjunct to early works by Titian, though, it is true, only as surface enrichment of some marble well, pedestal, plinth, or balustrade. In this connection one needs but to recall the 'Baffo' of Antwerp ('the Bishop of Paphos presented by Alexander VI. to St. Peter'), the 'Medea and Venus' (formerly 'Sacred and Profane Love') in the now State collection of the Villa Borghese, and 'La Schiavona' of M. Crespi's collection, the last-named of which works show, in relief on the marble parapet, the profile portrait of the lady of whose opulent charms the canvas itself gives the full-face view. Still, I prefer, for reasons which it is not very easy to define in words, to give the portrait now under consideration—with such large measure of hesitation as the prudent should obviously exercise in consequence of its deplorable condition—to Giorgione in his last and broadest phase of execution rather than to Titian—even to the Giorgionesque Titian who is answerable for the beautiful 'Ariosto' (so-called) of Cobham. The design, so noble and assured in its simplicity, might fit either the one or the other of these masters, at this moment when it is so difficult to fix upon technical or spiritual characteristics which would serve securely to mark out and differentiate the work of the one from that of the other. The technique, or what remains of it, belongs certainly to this moment of early prime when the century, still in its youth, showed already the germs—nay, more than the germs, the perfumed blossoms—of the finest that it was to give forth at the very climax of the later Renaissance, at the moment when the perfume and the pathos had, in a measure, evaporated, but the fruit was in all its mature and dazzling splendour. The characterisation appears to me to be here more

deeply-rooted in the very being of the sitter than it is in any similar work of the young Titian; even in the best of the admirable series of early portraits above enumerated. The flame of the physical and the spiritual life burns, if not brighter, yet with a deeper and more penetrating heat and glow. Until Titian reached that wonderful period of his old age when the passion of his youth was revived with a tenfold intensity, when he saw deeper and farther, by the lurid light of his awe at the inscrutable mysteries of religion, of humanity, of Nature, than he had ever seen before—until this climax of his art, renewed and transformed, had been touched he did not dig as deep below the beautiful surface of beautiful things as did his master and companion in art. And in this Ickworth portrait, which can hardly date much beyond the years 1510-1512, the painter, whatever we may hold, or be able to guess, as to his technical mastery and his place among the great ones of this great moment, must be acknowledged a seer whose vision not only lights up with its radiance the outer envelope, but intuitively, and without calculation, flashes all-penetrating rays into the very depths of the individuality recorded and interpreted for the beholder with no less authority than kinship and sympathy. If we put aside, as we must, Palma, Bernardino Licinio, and Cariani; if we put aside, as we are not so imperatively bound to do, Titian in his Giorgionesque phase; to whom but to Giorgione can we attribute this fascinating and puzzling portrait, this "beautiful ruin," as with an unkind yet wholesome truthfulness I have been compelled to call a picture which will, nevertheless, to the student and the lover of Venetian art be infinitely precious?

It may not be altogether reasonable to claim for such "ruins," even if they be, like these, of supreme interest, a place of honour among the more intact masterpieces of public museums and private galleries. Still it would be in the highest degree unwise to minimise their undoubted importance to the student and the art-historian, as serving sometimes to complete a great personality in art, sometimes further to illustrate a great period. Who would venture to deny that the world would be the poorer were such landmarks of art and art-history as the ruined 'Cenacolo' of Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan, or the ruined 'Rosenkranzfest' of Albrecht Dürer, in the Strahow Monastery at Prague, to disappear, even though these famous productions tell us little or nothing, in their present state, whether as to their former beauty or as to the technical powers of the divine masters to whom they are respectively due?

The museums of Europe are full of the remains of Greek, Græco-Roman, and Roman statuary of exquisite beauty still, and of an interest, a significance that cannot well be exaggerated, although they have lost their virginity of surface, although they are mutilated of their most vital and expressive portions, although they have too often been restored with the most ruthless sacrifice of true motive and meaning, so as to make a fair show and do duty as so much sumptuous artistic furniture. And yet these priceless fragments with their beauty obscured, yet not wholly obliterated, deservedly attract the reverential attention, even the worship of the archæologist, the student, and the æsthetician. Why should this be denied to the beautiful ruins of pictorial art, which to those who know and those who feel will be all the more interesting, all the more attractive, because the sacrilegious energy of the picture-restorer has not replaced ruin by renovation?

CLAUDE PHILLIPS



From the picture in the Collection of the Marquis of Bristol, at Ickworth.

Portrait of a Venetian Gentleman.

By Giorgione?

The
European Armour
and
Arms of the
Wallace Collection,
Hertford House.—IV.*

By GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O., F.S.A.,
KEEPER OF THE KING'S ARMOURY.

IN the second quarter of the sixteenth century the artist-armourers, who up to that time were but in the infancy of their art as regards surface ornament, began to produce masterpieces that to-day have made their names and their works famous throughout Europe. Encouraged by the splendour and pomp of the European courts, they found in Charles V., Henry II., and the nobility of Italy, France, and Spain, patrons for whom no work was too elaborate or costly; small wonder was it then that, with such a stimulus, masterpieces such as the Bartolomeo Campi suit of the Madrid Armoury, the helmet of the Morosini family, or the Giorgio Ghisi shield should have been produced. For a convincing

Continued from p. 25.



No. 1283.—An open Casque, Italian (Milan), second half of Sixteenth Century.

illustration of such almost jewel-work of this date, turn to the shield No. 1308 in this collection, where every form of enrichment has been applied to the surface, but always within the limit of fine and true taste. The shield is oval in form, and somewhat convex; the entire surface is embossed with a composition of figures representing Scipio receiving the keys of Carthage, after the Battle of Zama, in B.C. 202. The repoussé or embossing is executed, as in all cases of such work, by hammering from the back; the surface being afterwards elaborated with a graving tool, and then damascened, or otherwise enriched with gold and silver. In this case all the known methods of surface gold ornamentation are employed, either by azzemina, ordinary inlaying of gold and silver, or by plating with the same metals. This work, together with the rich russet colour of the



No. 1258.—A Helmet, Italian, second half of Sixteenth Century.



No. 690.—A Helmet in the School of Sigismund Wolf, first half of Sixteenth Century.



No. 1308.—An oval Shield, Italian, first half of Sixteenth Century.

exposed portions of the steel, has produced a grandeur of effect and richness of design that could not be surpassed, no doubt to an extent due to the spirit and broadness with which the various groups of figures have been treated, for they are almost Giorgionesque in their simplicity. This breadth in the drawing will often be found lacking in the more highly-wrought shields of a later date, and for proof, compare this shield to the one seen in the Rothschild bequest at the British Museum, for infinitely superior in quality of workmanship as that shield undoubtedly is, it fails to give the satisfying sense of dignity and completeness so apparent in the example we are discussing.

To this shield an additional historical interest is lent by the introduction of the oval cartouche worked in the floral design of the border, charged with three interlaced crescent-moons, the accepted insignia of Diane de Poitiers, the all-powerful mistress of Henri II. To connect this cipher of royal importance with the undoubted Italian workmanship of the shield would, could it be established, be a labour of considerable interest, for it might even form the foundation of an unwritten page of history.

I have been unable to trace the shield further back than the year 1770; for about that time it was purchased by a Dr. Ward, in Italy, for £500, a sum which must have been considered very excessive in those days, but to-day hardly a tenth of its value. In 1784 it passed from Dr. Ward's collection into that of Gustavus Brander, Esq., of Christ Church, Hants, and while in the possession of that gentleman was engraved by N. C. Goodnight, to be used as a frontispiece to almost one of the earliest works written on ancient weapons: "A Treatise on Ancient Armour and Arms," by Francis Grosse, a folio book published in 1786. The shield disappeared for more than half a century, coming to light again in the collection of the Count de Nieuwerkerke, and passing from that to its present, and now permanent, resting place.

In the same case as the shield, No. 11 in Gallery V., is a circular plaque of convex form, which must once have formed the central boss of a shield. It is in some respects similar in quality and design, but inferior, showing the deterioration of later workmanship.

In the centre of Case 11, No. 1283, is a helmet or

casque, fashioned on the lines of the open helmet of antiquity, superb in quality of workmanship, embossed, chased, damascened, and plated with gold to a high degree of richness, but still withal a little unsatisfactory, for the ornamentation is applied with too free a hand—a failing of the later Milanese school. Sir Richard Wallace purchased this helmet in 1882 for the sum of £2,300, from Mr. Durlacher, who had acquired it in Italy the year previously.

Case 10 is exceptionally rich in the highly-wrought pageant armour of the middle and second half of the sixteenth century, containing, among other exhibits, a helmet, No. 1258, which shows

excellent workmanship, and remarkable fertility of design as regards the composition of the various combating figures, but which is rather too much overcharged to be entirely pleasing.

This helmet, in some respects, recalls the breast-plate and tassets, a mass of rich repoussé work, that was in the possession of Sir Richard Wallace, but which, in the great fire at the Pantechnicon of 1874, was almost destroyed.

This half-suit suffered so much by the effects of fire that at the salvage sale it only realised £100, Sir Richard valuing this same suit at £12,000 before the disastrous event. The wreck of it was purchased by a well-known dealer, Mr. Pratt, who, after devot-

ing much care and time, and not a little money, to it, sold it to the late Mr. Spitzer, in whose sale in 1895 it realised £1,880.

There is also in this case (10) a circular convex shield, No. 1279, an attractive item, which depends upon the embossing in low-relief for its surface ornament. The battle-subject upon it was construed by Sir Samuel Meyrick into a representation of the retreat of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in his march on Paris. It is of French workmanship, dating, I should think, towards the end of the sixteenth century. This shield was exhumed in France, and although suffering considerably from the rust oxidisation, and from the pickaxe that was stuck through it, breaking it into three pieces, it still remains as a record of the ultra-refinement of embossed iron-work. We are able to see, from the slight traces that remain, that its whole surface was originally enriched with gold and silver, overlaying and damascening; this, however,



No. 1279.—Circular Rondache,
French, second half Sixteenth Century.

according to Mr. Skelton, "was removed in order to gratify the avarice of the finder." It was rescued from entire destruction by Count Vassali, into whose collection it passed, and under whose guidance it was most carefully and skilfully restored. From his keeping it passed into the collection of Sir Samuel Meyrick, and may be found depicted in "The Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Armour and Arms," by Joseph Skelton, F.S.A.

vol. i., pl. xlix, A and B. Sir Samuel states that it was the shield of Francis I., to whom it was presented by the people of Paris, and was in all probability executed from a design by Giulio Romano or Primaticcio. This supposition, however, cannot now be accepted, as, from its general style and workmanship, it would be impossible to give it an earlier date than that of about 1560.

We must now go back to the middle of the sixteenth century and examine carefully a half suit of armour, No. 908, in Gallery V., for it is possibly one of the most beautiful of the many suits of defensive harness to be found in this gallery. The proportions are small but most shapely, and seem to suggest the carefully-developed form of some youthful athlete. The decoration consists of scale ornaments and the like, embossed in $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch from the brightened ground, and most effectively enriched with etching and gilding, after the fashion so extensively used by Sigismund Wolf, the Landshut armourer, who died in 1557. This same artist armourer made suits for Philip II., two of which still exist in the Madrid armoury, Nos. A 243 and A 263 of the 1898 catalogue.

In this collection may be found three other exhibits which come under the same category of workmanship, viz. the helmet No. 690, in Case 7, the small half chanfron, No. 1079, in Gallery V., and the set of tilting pieces, No. 383,

evidently made for the suit that is now in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle at Alnwick Castle. This half-suit, though claiming to come within the order of decorated sixteenth-century pageant armour, has all the charms of a production of earlier date, its simple ornament being used with such restrained, yet such telling effect.

The helmet, which is of the form so characteristic of the early years of the sixteenth century, dispenses with gorget plates, but in their place it fits closely by means of a hollow roping, the top plate of the gorget ensuring a free rotary movement of the head, and forming an almost impenetrable neck-guard.

We have now passed through the first half of the sixteenth century without any reference to offensive weapons, whether sword, halberd, arbalest, or arquebus, but the excuse lies in the anxiety not to omit any of the more important examples of the defensive armour displayed.

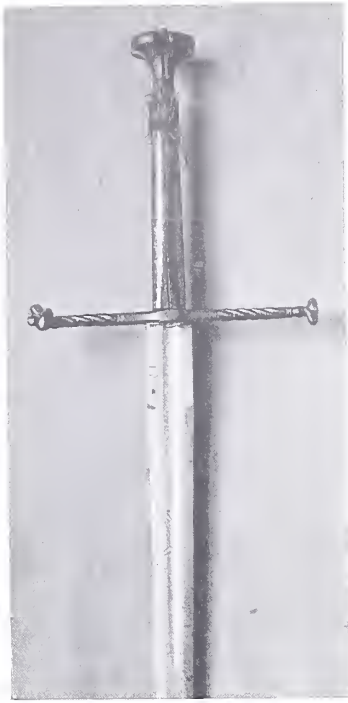
Within the first quarter of the sixteenth century, the briefest list of the more important swords must suffice. No. 897, a hand and a-half sword, is a typical example, for the proportions are admirable, and the conditions eminently satisfactory. It was formerly in the collection of the Count de Nieuwerkerke.

This sword has been described and illustrated in the "Mobilier" of Viollet-le-Duc, vol. v., p. 392, as dating from the first years of the reign of Louis XI.; however, that assertion is somewhat open to comment.

The hand and a-half sword was known in England, and was described by contemporary writers as the "bastard sword," being a weapon the blade of which varied from between 38 inches to 48 inches in length, equally serviceable for cutting or thrusting. The length of the grip is perhaps its most noticeable feature,



No. 908.—A Suit of Half-armour, probably by Sigismund Wolf, first half of Sixteenth Century.



No. 897.—A "hand and a-half Sword,"
German, early Sixteenth Century.

for it usually takes the form of a flattened cylinder, swelling to a ridge a third of the distance between quillons and pommel, to which it suddenly tapers. The use of this formation of the grip can be explained by reference to the name of the sword, "hand and a-half." It was a weapon of sufficient lightness to be used effectively with one hand, but in a swinging downward cut the left hand could be brought into use to reinforce the blow. The tapering top of the grip and base of the pommel gave sufficient room

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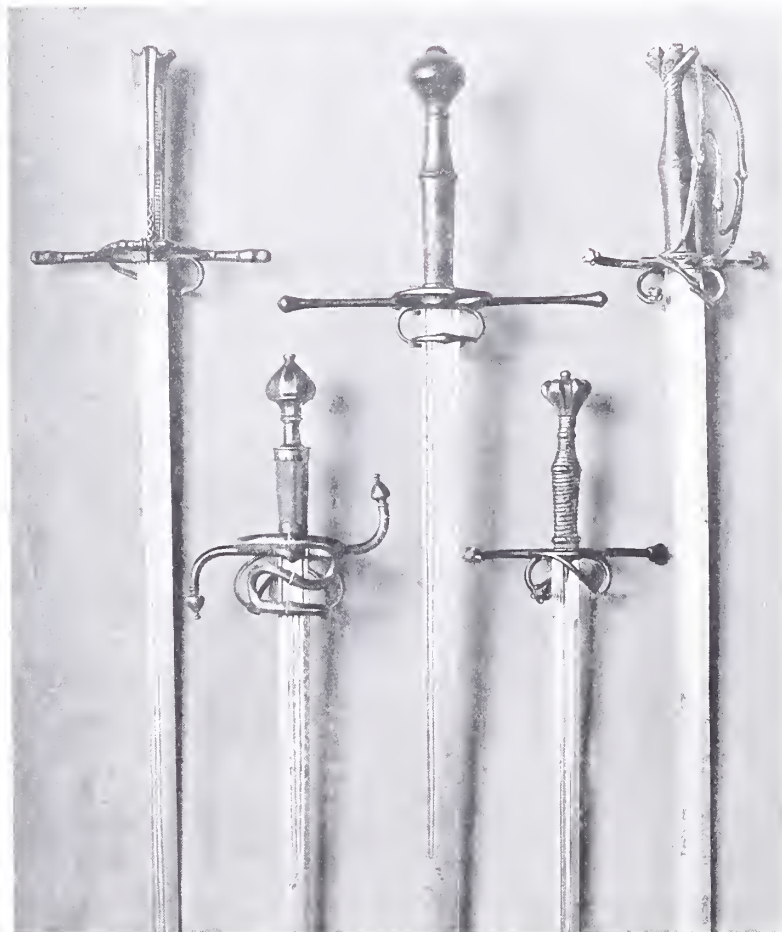
tury. Other types of this sort of weapon may be studied in Nos. 26, 140, 60, 327, and 998. The exposed surfaces of these five swords retain their original blue-black colour, which to the collector means so much; for, apart from its attractiveness, it proves the true outline of the hilt has not been tampered with by filing or overcleaning. It is remarkable that these "hand and a-half," dating as they do well within the first half of the sixteenth century, are to be found in purer and more untouched condition than the rapiers of the seventeenth century



No. 1001.—A two-handed Sword, late
Fifteenth or early Sixteenth Century.

to obtain a firm hold by the left hand. Its birthplace was probably Germany, in the latter years of the fourteenth century; it appears thirty years later in England, where its usefulness being universally appreciated, it remained in vogue throughout the fifteenth century, until its simple form of hilt was discarded for the more intricate rapier types in the second quarter of the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century the "bastard" sword is also spoken of by Vulson de la Colombière, also by Joseph Swetman.

A sword of good outline and large proportions is No. 1001, a specimen from the Nieuwerkerke collection. The hilt is blackened, and in form it recalls an earlier fashion than the date attributed to it, which should be within a few years of the sixteenth cen-



No. 60. No. 140. No. 998. No. 26. No. 327.

- No. 60.—"A hand and a-half Sword," German, early Sixteenth Century.
No. 140.—"A hand and a-half Sword," German, first half of Sixteenth Century.
No. 998.—"A hand and a-half Sword," probably Spanish, early Sixteenth Century.
No. 26.—"A hand and a-half Sword," German, early Sixteenth Century.
No. 327.—"A hand and a-half Sword," probably Swiss, first half of Sixteenth Century.

or even later date. This can be explained by the fact that when the "hand and a-half" sword was superseded by the more elaborate rapier, its various parts, being largely proportioned, were not adaptable to the later fashion of hilt, and so the whole weapon was thrown aside in some storehouse or arsenal as useless lumber, to so remain for centuries unsought and uncared for, but still untampered with, save for the inevitable destruction, always progressing, from the effect of time. Gradually they are being discovered and greedily appreciated by the collectors as a valuable and complete record of a bygone armament.

GUY FRANCIS
LAKING.

(To be continued.)

The Bequest of the late Mr. Charles Gassiot to the City.

BY A. G. TEMPLE, F.S.A.

ON the 1st December last the Lord Mayor, in the presence of a distinguished company, formally inaugurated the Exhibition, at the Guildhall Art Gallery, of the Bequest recently made to it by Mr. Charles Gassiot, of his collection of pictures.

The Bequest was subject to his widow, Mrs. Gassiot, retaining the pictures during her lifetime; but with great kindness and magnanimity, she decided a short time ago to put the Corporation into possession of them at once.

This is the second occasion, within the last decade, of the Gallery in question becoming the recipient of important works. In 1893 the late Sir John Gilbert, R.A., intimated his readiness to present certain of his works to the Gallery, having been stimulated to do so at the suggestion of Lord Leighton, by reason of the great appreciation which the public had shown of the two loan exhibitions which up to that time had been held there, and the Director of the Gallery selected five important oil paintings from those placed at his disposal by the veteran academician, together with thirteen large water-colour drawings and thirty sketches. The value of the gift was computed to be about £13,000. Now, an eminent citizen of long standing, and a prominent and popular liveryman of one of the chief City companies—the Vintners—has bequeathed to the City his entire collection, formed gradually over a period of some forty years, and consisting of over a hundred examples, of a value estimated by Sir William Agnew at not far short of £90,000. What was proph-

sied at the earlier stages of the Guildhall Gallery seems about to be fulfilled, viz. that wealthy citizens will be induced to come forward and support it, by gifts or bequests, just as they have done, in very munificent ways, in regard to similar institutions in Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds, and other great Provincial centres.

That whatever weeding out was necessary had already been done, is evidenced from the present state of the collection, scarcely a single example of the large number of canvases he has left being other than a desirable addition to any public or private gallery.

The masterpiece of the collection is of course the Constable, which in size and force ranks high among the painter's works. It recalls to mind the composition of the Salisbury picture and is almost identical with it, if in place of the square-walled castle we imagine the

splendidspire. The major part of it seems to be the work of the palette knife in its vigorous energy, the strength of the artist's purpose being in every part of the canvas, more especially perhaps in the wind-blown clouds.

Four fine specimens of the art of Constable's contemporary, Patrick Nasmyth, are seen. one of which, 'The Severn off Portishead,' is destined for the National Gallery, but all are typical pieces of the painter's power of portraying English scenery, and three of them are of unusual size, 27 by 36.

John Phillip's work had a great attraction for Mr. Gassiot, and he possessed as many as seven examples. Two of these, 'The Prison Window' and 'Gossips at a Well,' he bequeathed specifically to the National Gallery,



"Too young to be married."

By Thomas Faed, R.A.

By permission of the Corporation of London



Gillingham, on the Medway.

By W. F. Muller.

By permission of the Corporation of London.

which hitherto had not possessed an example of his work, but 'Faith,' 'Dolores,' 'A la Reja,' 'The Huff,' and last and greatest of the seven the 'Chat round the Braserio,' come to the Corporation of London. Rich and brilliant is its colouring, and the theme is an attractive one. The story the old priest is telling is evidently not fit for all ears, but the chief one in the audience, the comely, vigorous girl, leaning back in her chair, makes no attempt to disguise her enjoyment, but laughingly abandons herself to the wit and merriment of it.

William Collins, too, he regarded with an interest that might be termed almost affectionate. Of the seven examples he possessed, he left the Trustees of the National Gallery the choice of one. 'Borrowdale' and 'The Nutting Party' were especial favourites of his. The first sketch of the last-named work is in the possession of Mr. Bausuire of Birkenhead, and is a most complete little work and full of depth and colour. The 'Sunday Morning' (p. 50), which is the one chosen for the National Gallery, and 'Barmouth Sands,' are fairly large oblong works. He had had them for very many years. Indeed, only one of the seven was acquired at all recently. That was 'The Kitten deceived,' which for a long time was in the collection of Mr. Roberts. It is a work of excellent finish and bright, pleasant colour.

No Turner, or Wilkie, or C. R. Leslie is in the collection, but on the other hand there are two excellent specimens of Muller's work, neither of them an Eastern scene, but both showing him in his best and most agreeable light among the scenes he loved, in his favourite county of Kent. Often had he been tempted to part with the scene on the River Medway. The beautiful harmony of water and sky, and the exquisite touch or truth in the buoyancy of the ducks on the gentle swell made by the boat, make this an especially attractive work. The 'Gillingham, on the Medway' (p. 48), an upright work, as strong as a Constable in its treatment, was acquired within the last three or four years, and is a very fine and attractive example.

Then the collection is useful in having two good examples of that characteristic Scotchman and theoretic painter, William Dyce. Mr. John Edward Taylor, of Kensington Palace Gardens, is one of those discerning connoisseurs who know fine work when they see it, irrespective altogether of fashion or market prices, and he possesses several of Dyce's works, notably one, 'The Departure of the Knights in Search of the San Grael,' and it was owing to a gift from him in 1894 that the National Collection first became possessed of a Dyce, in the 'St. John leading the Virgin Mary from the Tomb.' Mr. Gassiot's examples were the 'Henry VI. during the Battle of

Towton,' which he purchased at the Sir John Pender sale, and 'George Herbert at Bemerton,' a very highly finished work which we reproduce on p. 49. It is painted with Pre-Raphaelite precision and care, and full of deep and tranquil sentiment. The scholarly divine is represented as speaking the first lines of a very beautiful little poem he wrote:—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

A curious story is told of this work. At first the painter had not only George Herbert in the picture, but Isaac Walton as well, whom he placed sitting on the bank of the stream, fishing. When told that the two men lived at different times and that he must take out one, he decided to take out Isaac Walton; "but," said he, "I'm — if I take out his basket," and in the picture the fish basket remains, a beautiful specimen of Dyce's clean and finished handiwork, over which he had spent much pains.

Tom Faed, again, had much charm for Mr. Gassiot, and the four works he possessed were all of that character of domestic scenes in humble life with which his art is almost wholly associated. 'Forgiven' is a touching

piece in its dramatic effect. The pretty girl of peasant origin has returned to her parents' roof after a misguided absence, and with the head of golden hair bowed on the homely table, she knows that she is forgiven by those humble occupants of the cottage, to whom her return brings relief and happiness, albeit happiness with regrets. The little work 'Too young to be Married' (p. 47) is quite a gem, both in completeness of composition and in colour. Mr. Gassiot had it for many years, and on one occasion the painter had it back at his studio and worked further upon it, bringing it, if anything, into richer and fuller condition.

Landseer is seen in two small examples, one of which is the somewhat humorous 'Travelled Monkey,' which



The Travelled Monkey.

By Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.

By permission of the Corporation of London.

is here reproduced; and the late Sidney Cooper by a fine cattle-piece of the usual kind, painted 1869, just on the eve, it might be said, of his decline; while Millais's art is represented by the two popular pictures of the First and the Second Sermon. Of Clarkson Stanfield there are seven examples, the chief of which is the fine upright entitled 'Old Holland.' It possesses all the finer characteristics of Stanfield, in pleasant colour, finished technique, and interesting composition. It is quite a representative example, and hangs as such in the centre of

the South Wall of the Gallery. The 'Gulf of Venice,' which hangs next to it, though smaller, is equally fine as a painting, and exhibits what may be termed "the beauty of finish." Mr. Gassiot derived much enjoyment



George Herbert at Bemerton.

By W. Dyce, R.A.

By permission of the Corporation of London.

from these works of Stanfield—in-
deed, there were very few of his
pictures he could have borne to be
deprived of. His leaning toward
Hook, for in-
stance, and the
intense pleasure
he derived from
his breezy sea-
pieces, was re-
markable. One of
them, 'Caught by
the Tide' (p. 51)
was painted
thirty-three years
ago. The sea is
washing broadly
in, irresistibly
breaking on the
outlying rocks.
To the sail in the
offing the little
holds aloft his
slender signal for
help, a crab-hook
with a rag at the
end of it. He and
his young com-
panions have been
cut off by the ad-
vancing sea, and
have climbed to
the highest point
they can reach
among the débris
at the foot of the
cliff.

Besides the
painters we have
noticed there are
many other fami-
liar names that
one encounters
in the collection.
The veteran
Goodall is seen
in a small, very
early work, of the
Webster type, and
in two later exam-
ples illustrative
of the East. Of
G. D. Leslie there
is one, 'Sun and
Moon Flowers';
of Boughton, a
dainty little scene
of Dutch life,
which comes with
such charm from
his hand, in which
he shows a grand



Sunday Morning.

By permission of the Corporation of London.

By William Collins, R.A.

lad, with no semblance of fear, painted many years ago, and a very earnest study

lady returning
from church, her
sumptuous train
held up over the
snow by a pretty
page; of Alma-
Tadema there are
two; of Marcus
Stone, two—one
of them the fin-
ished study for
the large work.
'Claudio accusing
Hero,' which was
instrumental in
bringing the
painter promi-
nently forward
some forty years
ago—while of
Leader there is a
work which will
delight many.
'The Churchyard
at Bettws-y-Coed,'
indeed of nature,
in her mountains,
her trees, and her
ever-changing
sky.

The late Mr.
Gassiot by no
means confined
himself to the
services of one
particular firm,
in the acquisition
of the works
which from time
to time he added
to his collection,
but it is very well
known that it was
the firm of Messrs.
Thomas Agnew
and Sons through
whom most of his
possessions were
acquired, and who
were consequently
his chief advisers
in the collection
he formed. There
were instances,
however, in which
Mr. McLean, of the
Haymarket, and
Mr. Gooden, of
Pall Mall, were
instrumental in
making an addi-
tion now and
then to his collec-
tion.

A. G. TEMPLE.



Faith.

By permission of the Corporation of London.

By John Phillip, R.A.



Caught by the Tide.
By J. C. Hook, R. A.

By permission of the Corporation of London.



View in the Studio of Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

Sir Ernest Albert Waterlow, R.A.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.



Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

FEW living artists have a more charming personality than Sir Ernest Albert Waterlow. Physically he is the beau-ideal of his own aphorism, "Nearly all painters are tall and thin—the result of lofty aims and narrow means!" A friendly chat in his noble studio, over a cup of coffee and a cigarette, is a delightful revelation of nervous sensibility,

sympathetic urbanity and polished manliness.

Ernest Albert Waterlow was born in London, on May 24th, 1850. He received his early education at Eltham Collegiate School. Later on, young Waterlow was sent to Heidelberg and Lausanne. The magnificence of the scenery of the Lake of Geneva and the splendid effects of sun and shade inspired him with the desire to be a painter. He never tired of making sketches of the lake-shores and the mountains. These early efforts



The Way to the Mill (Suffolk)

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

were considered so promising that he was allowed to become a pupil of M. F. Bocion, of Ouchy. Returning home in 1867, the lad entered Carey's School of Art in Bloomsbury. The methods of the School, however, soon became irksome to the young student, and he determined to go into the country, where he might study Nature in her own shrine.

Thus was the die cast which determined young Waterlow's *métier*, and which revived a talent latent in his family for two hundred years.

Anthonie Waterloo, born at Lille, in 1610, painted landscapes with extreme simplicity and truthfulness. He worked, for the most part, at Utrecht. At the British Museum is a characteristic drawing by him. It is very interesting to note how closely Sir Ernest Waterlow has followed in the footsteps of his Dutch ancestor.

In 1870 Waterlow travelled again in Germany and Switzerland, adding immensely to his facility in depicting scenes from Nature. Once more in London, in 1872, he entered the Royal Academy School, and settled down to two years' steady work. The same year realised for him the dream of every rising artist—the acceptance at the Royal Academy of his first picture. Certainly his contribution, 'An Evening in Dove-dale,' was "skied," but there it was all the same.

The next year was marked by Waterlow's gaining the Turner Gold Medal for his picture, 'The Land Storm'; 'Passing Showers—Forest of Glentana, Aberdeenshire,' was hung in the same year's Academy. He had now made his mark, but very wisely he sought out influences with which to strengthen his individuality.

The works of George Hemming Mason and of Frederick Walker were worthy of his choice. The first exhibited truthful insight into rural subjects with a harmonious colour-scheme and a suggestive *clair obscur*; the latter showed deep feeling and pathetic beauty in his figures, and simplicity of composition added harmony and finish.

In 1874, Waterlow found himself at Newlyn, where he worked *en plein air*. The vivid colour of his palette, however, had nothing in common with the mannerisms of the men who some years after founded the so-called Newlyn School. His 'Rock-Bound Coast' is a composition which displays warmth and breadth of treatment.

Sir Ernest was a constant contributor to the Old Dudley Gallery, in common with Briton Rivière, Marks, Calderon and Leslie. Many of his earlier pictures there found

admirers and purchasers. In 1876, he was elected a member of the Committee; and in the same year he became a member of the Institute of Painters in Oils.

In 1880 he became an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, by which Society he was received as a member in 1895, and in 1897 he was elected its President, in succession to Sir John Gilbert.

One of the most charming of his pictures is entitled 'A Resting-Place' (1891). It was painted in Rothenburg, in Bavaria, and shows a beautiful landscape, with a church, and in the foreground peasants resting by a wayside shrine.

Many excellent compositions depict the peculiar features of the marshy lands of Picardy. "One of my best pictures"—as Waterlow calls it—is 'Golden Autumn.' It was painted in 1896, and gained the gold medal at the Berlin Academy of Fine Art.

This canvas, and others of the series, display unmistakably a new and beautiful influence, that of Corot. Waterlow fell under the spell of that idyllic brush during his sojourn at Barbizon, the landscape painter's sanctum, "just on the fringe of the great Forest of Fontainebleau," as Charles Jacque described it to Millet. 'Green Pastures,' painted in 1895, in Picardy, might, for all the world, be a genuine Corot, with a dash of the peasant poet-painter's brush in the figures.

In 1896, Waterlow founded, with five other painters, "The Landscape Exhibition," at the Dudley Gallery. At the great Paris International Exhibition in 1900, Waterlow was awarded the Silver Medal for a large picture called 'La Côte d'Azur,' painted,

along with 'A Land of Olives' and 'Pastorale Provençale,' at Antibes in 1900.

Public bodies, both at home and in the Colonies, have not been slow to appreciate Waterlow's work; and many of his best pictures are now in public galleries, where they can be seen and admired.

Ever since 1872 Sir Ernest has, with one exception, been an annual exhibitor at the Royal Academy. More than fifty oil paintings, in all, have been hung in its picture galleries. To the Grosvenor Gallery and the New Gallery he has contributed more than thirty canvases. Among these was 'Essex Oyster Fishers' (1888), one of his most simple and at the same time most convincing compositions. Quite three hundred water-colour paintings have come from his versatile hand; whilst the



Afternoon, Berkshire.
By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

number of studies—for the most part complete pictures—exceeds two thousand.

Although in early years he worked much *en plein air*, he was never an advocate of that system. He contended that it is impossible for a painter to keep to his original idea, and to preserve the unity of a composition, amidst the distractions of ear and eye, and under the ever-changing effects of Nature. On the other hand, he has given much time to the collection of numbers of carefully made studies of effect and detail in order to elaborate them in the quietude of his studio. Sir Ernest's remarkably retentive memory has fixed each locality, circumstance and date—and has rendered these studies of even greater value than his finished pictures. They reveal the anatomy of the painter's brain and hand.



Cottage Gardens, Suffolk.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

He makes it a rule—and a very wise one, too—never to work in oils and in water-colours at the same time. Each has its time and season.

With respect to subjects, at first landscape, pure and simple, inspired his art, and moved his pencil and his brush, and he resented the introduction of figures into his compositions. Smiling rather sardonically, Sir Ernest tells the old, old painter's story of how inspiration and *métier* had to yield to the exigencies of a depleted exchequer! Peasants, cattle, sheep and country pursuits came to be his "pot-boilers." Then he goes on to say, "Now, I have no need to fill my canvas with what others require. I paint in my own way, and people appear to be content with what I give them."

Sir Ernest's treatment of his subjects, although uniformly simple and truthful, exhibits in a very interesting manner the various artistic influences which have successively affected him. If Mason and Walker were the teachers of his young idea, certainly Constable

helped his British and his Irish pictures, and Corot was his master in Picardy, Fontainebleau and in the Riviera. His method of work is very simple. "I much prefer," says Sir Ernest, "canvas as my medium; it is more sympathetic to the brush than a panel. I have used panels for my smaller pictures, but I have not been satisfied. A panel is hard and unyielding; whilst I can feel the canvas bend to my touch."

He has never made use of pastels or crayons. He usually makes, nowadays, an elaborate charcoal drawing upon his canvas: this he fixes with a spray, and then proceeds to work over it in oils.

As a colourist, Sir Ernest is quite remarkable among British landscape painters. "I have always used," he says, "a generous palette, my colour scheme has a wide range."

His Palette, published in "Notes for Artists," is surprising by its length and variety. To a full range of Browns, Blues, Reds, Yellows, and Greens, Sir Ernest adds, to his oil colours, such brilliant tints as Chinese-Vermilion, Rose-doré, Deep Lemon Yellow, Oxide of Chromium (opaque), Flake-white and Blue-black. Among his Water-colours he includes such emphatic hues as Transparent Golden Ochre, Cobalt-Yellow, and Orange-Cadmium.

It does one good to sit down quietly before one of Sir Ernest Waterlow's cheerful canvases, and note his delicacy of touch and his regard for trifles. In his landscape the orchard trees are blossoming quickly under the warm sun, much as do those of J. F. Millet; his sheep and cattle, whilst lacking the curry-comb of Sidney Cooper, are correct in anatomy

and habit. His figures are animated—a smile or a frown is exactly phrased, and their occupations are quite vividly rendered. The adults tell their own story, and the children are rollicking and gay.

Sir Ernest's lights and shadows and his illumination are admirably caught at the exact moment when their distinction makes them actualities. Very skilful is his catching of a sunbeam and the falling of a shower. There is something of Ibbetson about his clouds and threatening rain. Gainsborough and Vicat Cole have painted golden autumn sunshine, so has Waterlow; theirs seems almost super-heated; his is exactly as *he felt it*. His 'Cloudy Day in June'—a beautiful Sussex landscape—and 'La Côte d'Azur,' are the delightful bounds of his aerial effects; within which are the misty glow of the red sun of Galway, the silver-tinted poplars of Picardy, and the bronze-tipped forest trees of Fontainebleau.

Sir Ernest's *clair obscur* is soft and soothing; and there is about the finish of his pictures, both oils and



The Land of Olives.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.



A Resting-Place, Bavaria.

By Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

water-colours, something of that delicious indecision and mystery which Mariette—speaking of the work of “Guerchino” and of Watteau—calls *une certaine vaguette*.

His plan of elaborating sketches has developed the quaint poetry of his art; for his imagination quite naturally filled in lines and points and spaces which were obscure or undefined in the spot-studies. He is always keenly alive to the possibilities around him and never allows a striking “bit” to escape him. He used to say, “You see it is sure to come in some time or other.”

Sir Ernest's most striking characteristics are harmony in composition, truthfulness in drawing, brilliancy in colouring, a sympathetic touch with accuracy in form and balance, and last, but not least, a poetic and convincing finish.

His whole work forms an entrancing Panorama of Nature, wherein all that is bright, healthy and delightful combine to attract, to charm, and to transport the spectator. He was elected a Royal Academician on the 21st January this year.

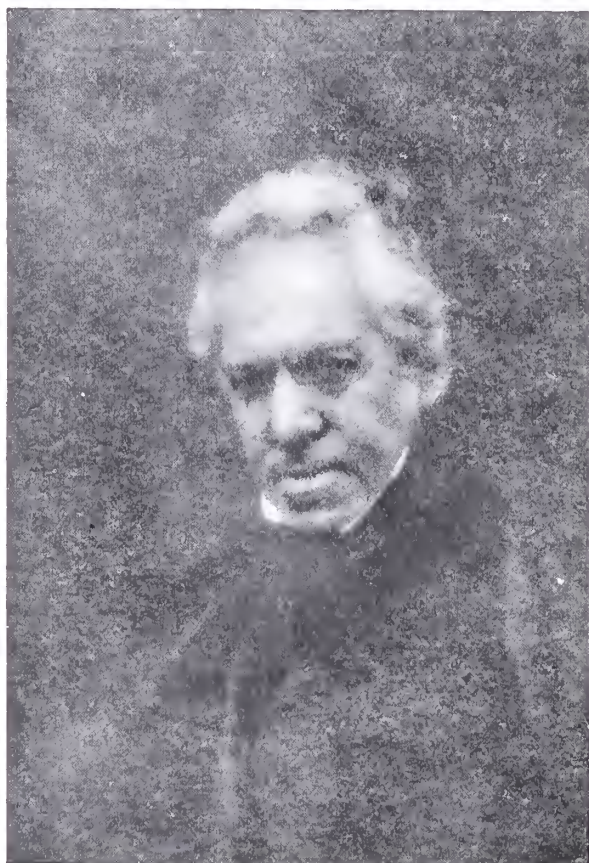
EDGCUMBE STALEY.

The Presidents of the Royal Scottish Academy.*

II.—SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, P.R.S.A., R.A.

SIR WILLIAM ALLAN was born in Edinburgh in 1782, was educated at the High School, and afterwards apprenticed to a coach painter, at the same time attending the Trustees' Academy, which was conducted by Graham, and where he had as fellow-students Wilkie, Burnet, Lizars, and others. He also was in the school of the Royal Academy, London. In after years he was master of the Trustees' School, which position he occupied from 1826 till a few years before his death. He was abroad for nine years, and at St. Petersburg he met and was befriended by an enthusiastic Scot, Sir Alexander Crichton, who was physician to the Imperial family of Russia. While on his travels he made studies of Tartars and Circassians and accumulated a mass of material which he afterwards turned to good use in his pictures. On his return to Edinburgh he painted a number of Scottish subjects, such as ‘The Death of the Regent Murray,’ and ‘Murder of Archbishop Sharp,’ which were succeeded by a series of Eastern works, notably ‘The Slave Market,’ most of which have been engraved. In 1826 he was elected A.R.A., in 1835 R.A., and in 1838 P.R.S.A., succeeded Wilkie as Limner for Scotland, and was knighted. His last effort was the large unfinished picture of the ‘Battle of Bannockburn.’ He had his bed removed into his studio, where, wrapped in a blanket, he sat and worked, attended by his faithful Skye-terrier, so that it

may almost be said that he died at his work, 23rd February, 1850, at 72, Great King Street, Edinburgh. His diploma work is titled ‘The Stirrup Cup.’



Sir William Allan, P.R.S.A., R.A.

From a Callotype by D. O. Hill, R.S.A.

In the first number of the *Scotsman* newspaper, 25th January, 1817, there is a column of criticism on Allan's pictures, which were on exhibition at that time. The critic says, “His subjects are adapted to his style of painting, and his style to his subjects, his anxiety is to gratify, not to astonish, his colours never pain by opposition, nor distract by variety. In grouping, we think him extremely felicitous.” Such was criticism at that time. Lord Cockburn writes in his diary, March 12th, 1838, “I attended a public dinner on the 9th, given to Mr. Allan, painter, on his being made President of the Scottish Academy. Lauder was in the chair.” Allan was intimate with Sir Walter Scott, and a frequent visitor at Abbotsford; he was on a visit when Wordsworth was also a guest. At J. G. Lockhart's invitation, he made some drawings at Abbotsford, and was present and shared the watching with the family when the great Scott passed away.

A fine sidelight on Allan's popularity occurs in the life of the late Lady Martin (Helen Faucit), on her first appearance in Edinburgh, when, unknown to her, Charles Dickens wrote to Allan asking him to get to know Miss Faucit and show her kindness, which no doubt was done, to the satisfaction of novelist, painter, and actress.

G. A.

* Continued from p. 16, 1902.



*Vases.
By W. Moorcroft.*

The Art Pottery of Mr. W. Moorcroft.

MADE AT THE WASHINGTON CHINA WORKS, BURSLEM.



*Tea Caddy.
By W. Moorcroft.*

those who would see the arts that minister to our every-day wants once more expressive of our higher aspirations.

In Mr. Moorcroft's own words, "This pottery was the outcome of my great admiration of some of the pottery of the East. I have always been charmed with the sense of freedom and individuality that characterises their work. It was after long dreaming of what was possible in this direction, that in 1898 I was first able to express my own feeling in clay. Perhaps no other material is so responsive to the spirit of the worker as is the clay of the potter, and my efforts and those of my assistants are directed to an endeavour to produce beautiful forms on the thrower's wheel, the added ornamentation

ONE is always glad to chronicle the effort on the part of a craftsman to escape the torpid uniformity that is so often the mark of manufactured art, the product of the factory system; and in the pottery executed by and under the direction of W. Moorcroft at the Washington China Works, Burslem, we have an instance that merits attention on the part of

of which is applied by hand directly upon the moist clay. This, I feel, imparts to the pottery the spirit of the art-worker, and spontaneously gives the pieces all the individual charm and beauty that is possible, a result never attained by mechanical means."

A laudable and ambitious programme, you will say, which, if carried out, will lead to interesting results, and the reproductions of a few examples of "Moorcroft" ware accompanying these notes will enable the reader to gain some slight idea of what this "fine phrenzy" becomes when it has "a local habitation and a name."

Mr. Moorcroft is the designer of this pottery, and though he must be ably seconded by the staff of assistants whom he has trained, apparently he does not allow his potters to do something on their own, as the master potter wishes the ware to maintain the particular



*Bowl.
By W. Moorcroft.*

character which his ego has imparted to it.

The decoration is executed entirely by hand on the "thrown" pot, and each piece is examined and corrected, if necessary, by Mr. Moorcroft before being passed to the oven. Such supervision as this keeps the staff on the stretch and the pots up to the standard set by the master craftsman.

The specimens of Moorcroft ware I have examined are characterised by a particular tone of colour which may be described as a pale celadon with deep mazarine blue enrichments, while yellow and green are sparingly introduced. The general effect is grey green and dark blue, and as all the colours are under the glaze a softness and depth are secured which yields a harmonious result. The patterns are based on nature, though no direct reference to individual forms is made, and are outlined in clay so that these outlines are in relief and remain whitish. The colours are then flowed into the spaces formed by the raised outlines, and the whole is then subjected to a very high fire, after



*Thrown Vase.
By W. Moorcroft.*

which the ware is glazed with a very hard transparent glaze which brings out the colour and secures permanency. The body of the ware is cream and the glaze identifies itself with it so that there is no crazing or porousness, which is the fault of so much so-called artistic pottery, where the glaze does not contract in the same ratio as the clay. The glaze of Moorcroft ware is as hard as salt-glazed ware, and the palette is therefore restricted, there being few metallic oxides that will bear the high

fire to which this ware is subjected; but this is no drawback where harmony of colour is aimed at, as the limited palette helps to secure this, and the commonness, almost vulgarity of much "art" pottery is avoided by this enforced reticence.

In the patterning Mr. Moorcroft aims at breaking up his surface without overlaying the whole with ornament. Though, as I have said, based on nature, and happily not on worn-out motifs still seen on pottery decorated under Continental influences, a highly ornamental character is imparted to the design, so that the decoration does not assert itself too much and so destroy the contour of the pot. I imagine the raised outlines are produced by squeezing "slip" out of a fine orifice, the decorator guiding the tube so that the design is thus outlined with clay just in slight relief. Mr. Moorcroft has apparently trained his staff to good effect, for the lines on some specimens I have examined have

a nice swing about them and flow with a certain nervous freedom which is too often absent in pottery.

It may be the ideal after which potters should strive, to give an employé a pot and leave him to decorate it; but until art becomes once again an intuition it were wiser to leave some artist-craftsman to plan out the decoration and then see that it is carried out with spirit, as Mr. W. Moorcroft succeeds in getting his staff to do.

FRED.
MILLER.



*Thrown Vase.
By W. Moorcroft.*



*Thrown Vase.
By W. Moorcroft.*

The London Galleries.

THE first picture exhibition opened in 1903 was that of the Society of Oil Painters, arranged in the Institute, the glaring red carpet of whose spacious central gallery time and the passage of many feet will mellow, it is to be hoped. This twentieth show of a society once associated with almost uniformly commonplace exhibitions, marks a hopeful start of the new year. True, a large proportion of the 391 works can be dismissed in a phrase: as pictures they are non-existent. Yet there is a leaven of excellent things. Some months ago the Oil Painters elected to membership several of the younger Scottish artists, one of whom, Mr. Austen Brown, resigned almost immediately. The Scottish element is undeniably dominant in the present exhibition, and the English section must look to its laurels in this friendly rivalry. Sir George Reid has seldom, if ever, sent to London a finer portrait, and he is supported by fellow-countrymen as accomplished as Messrs. D. Y. Cameron, Leslie Thomson, John Lavery, and others. Two of the noteworthy absentees have influenced three contributors. We discern something of Mr. Brangwyn, surely, in the 'Idlers' of Mr. Dudley Hardy; but for this, indeed, the opulently coloured Oriental scene would leave a deeper impression. The influence of one man's endeavour on that of others is more happily exemplified in the flower studies of Messrs. James S. Hill and H. M. Livens. Each artist has, one conjectures, seen and admired the admirable still-life pictures of Fantin, has, perhaps unconsciously, observed the roses and the peonies through a memorised Fantin atmosphere. But the resultant pictures have personal excellences.

Sir George Reid's portrait, which by the courtesy of the artist we reproduce, is that of Principal George Clark Hutton, D.D., well known in the North as a prominent disestablishment divine. It is a worthy successor to the series of scholarly portraits by Sir George, from that of Dr. George Macdonald, painted in the late fifties, to those of Professor Blackie, Professor Mitchell, and other Scotsmen. For long the artist studied in Holland, and in 'Dr. Hutton' we have a triumphantly forceful issue of these studies, informed, however, by an unmistakably individual note. The picture—for it is a picture no less than a portrait—was painted with a full brush; the personality of the sitter—his determination, courage, singleness of aim—is fathomed and expressed, almost as much in the simple momentariness of the attitude as in the massive, ably-modelled head, a thought reminiscent of that of President Kruger, and in the features, whereon light is controlledly focussed. A faithful likeness this is,

without doubt; but, pre-eminently, it is charged with pictorial qualities.

Immediately to the left hangs one of two canvases by Mr. D. Y. Cameron. 'Dark Angers' is among the most impressive exhibits at the Institute—impressive, that is, as distinct from enchanting. In design it is new and dignified: river spanned by four-arched bridge in the foreground, towers and old-time buildings crowning the background height. The colour-scheme is one of low tones—snuff-browns and greys, reminiscent of Velasquez. It is in the not sufficiently sombre lighting of the bridge, in the rendering of the unshadowed water, that Mr. Cameron has introduced conflicting elements into an otherwise fine work. He would have made an etching on this motive with no such flaws. 'Spring Blossoms, Touraine,' reproduced on p. 61, is regarded by some critics as little better than an echo of 'Early Spring in Tuscany,' illustrated in THE ART JOURNAL, 1902, p. 90. This is a mistake. Centuries ago Botticelli created his 'Primavera,' spring-like in



*Principal George Clark Hutton, D.D.
By Sir George Reid, R.S.A.*

form but not in colour; in this country Richard Wilson gave us a lyric interpretation of the Seasons, personified, dancing to the music of Apollo; Corot painted idyll after idyll of the spring, and his contemporary, Daubigny, may be studied in the Louvre in a dramatic presentment of blossom-time. But, as in nature each recurrent spring has its peculiar beauties—for never does the rejuvenescence of the earth unfold itself in identical way—so is spring a perpetual source of inspiration to artists of whatever age. Mr. Cameron has not repeated himself, but has tried more adequately to interpret his vision of the elemental beauty, of the myriad significances, of the season when, at call of the sun, tree, hedgerow, all the brown world awakens to new and joyous life. A wide, sunlit road is again flanked by grass of virginal green, and poplars, less slender than those which in last year's picture receded in gracious sequence towards the distance, now divide the dissimilar design into two unequal parts, while other poplars lift their dusky heads above the rising ground beyond the red-roofed town. Beneath the spacious, but, it may be, somewhat too pale blue sky, the central château is surely and exquisitely placed; to left and right, and by the white-fronted houses, are glad blossoms, white and red. I hold that Mr. Cameron has gone farther in this florescent vision towards celebrating pictorially the rapturous uprising of nature, and with nature of the spirit of man, when, after winter, spring comes, pregnant with promise.

Had Miss Fortescue Brickdale been born half-a-century earlier, she would have been a not undistinguished member of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Perhaps by reason of an unjustifiable prejudice, we are apt to regard her art as belated. The skill with which she has painted the white satin gown, the plaid shawl, the moss-grown rock, and other details in 'Proud Maisie,' is so great that, had it been exhibited in the fifties, it might have been taken for an early Millais. It may be unfair to dismiss it with the remark that but for Millais it would not exist. Mr. Byam Shaw, a second artist with pre-Raphaelite proclivities, is not at his best in 'The Poet'—Chaucer, for strange choice—moving with pondering gait, hound at heel, by the banks of a stream. Did not Chaucer write his 'Canterbury Tales' after discerning many truths in the hearts of his fellows? I must direct attention to Mr. James S. Hill's 'Near King's Cross,' wherein we look over a network of railway lines towards a gasometer and other not particularly attractive buildings, in a smoke-hung atmosphere, wrought to genuine beauty; to Mr. Arthur G. Bell's 'Market Day in the Fen Country,' a grey day effect, Boston 'Stump'—inept name for the lofty church tower—dominating the design; to Mr. L. R. Garrido's brilliantly realistic 'All Alive—O!' and his sympathetic figure study; and to Mr. John Lavery's interesting experiment in the decorative kind, 'The Bridge at Grès.'

At the Dudley Gallery the Eighth Annual Landscape Exhibition was no less excellent than its predecessors. The personnel of the distinguished little association has not altered since 1902, prior to when Mr. J. S. Hill resigned and Mr. Mark Fisher took his place. We did not allude to Mr. Leslie Thomson's two pictures at the Society of Oil Painters—an eminently good 'Stream, New Forest,'



E. J. Van Wisselingh, Esq.

By C. H. Shannon.

flowing between green banks clad with gorse, and the admirably composed 'Water Meadows,' with its winding silvery stream, in which boys bathe—because at the Dudley there are five examples from his brush. 'Gylen Castle' frowns from its rocky height on an expanse of silvery sea; the 'Norfolk Bridge,' dull red, is remarkable for its subtly gradated and imaginative sky—Mr. Thomson is a magician in skies. Mr. Mark Fisher may be studied to signal advantage in his vibrant orchard scene—a vision of spring interesting to contrast with that of D. Y. Cameron—in the sunlit 'Summer Time,' a variant of the small masterpiece reproduced in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1900, p. 178, and in other of his vivid renderings of glad nature; Sir Ernest A. Waterlow's big 'October Evening, Picardy,' sensitive and decorative, is less personal than the deep-toned 'On the Ouse'; Mr. R. W. Allan depicts, in addition to sea and landscape, Venetian fishing craft with the splendour of the South in their noble sails; Mr. A. D. Peppercorn remains loyal to nature wrapped in a uniform atmosphere of grey; Mr. J. Aumonier has seldom if ever painted to better purpose than in two or three pictures of his group of nine. The motto for the year, an apt one, translated from Goethe, is: "The head cannot understand any work of art without the aid of the heart."

The twelfth exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters contained 125 pictures and drawings by living artists. One of these, and perhaps one only, has enduring appeal. Mr. Watts' 'Joseph Joachim, Mus. Doc.' is rightly regarded as among his most remarkable achievements. It is at once the pictorial realisation of a personality at a definite essential moment and of a type. Violin to chin, the musician with right hand moves the bow over the strings, with left grasps the instrument, while

fingers slide from place to place in search of the self-made notes. We have no right to demand of a painter that he shall concern himself with this or that mood only—of creative inspiration, for instance. If the mood, whatever it be, is apprehended, expressed, that, within its limits, suffices. As I think, Mr. Watts here shows the talented violinist intent on the just rendering of an already existent beauty, not at a moment when the creative, in so far as we can separate it from the interpretative, spirit holds sway. Dr. Joachim is wrestling with a particularly difficult passage; he is not, as is the player in the Giorgionesque picture of the Pitti, relating as never before into sublime companionship some of the hundred notes or phrases which wait ever for the immortality of true union. The head of the massive figure is thoughtfully and surely modelled; the concentrated earnestness of the face shows that Mr. Watts did not shrink from questioning, and succeeded in bearing away a pictorial secret from life at its sources; the controlled colour-scheme is other than an echo of Venetian triumphs; the lighting enhances significance and beauty. It is a great Watts, a fine picture. The artist sent, too, 'Garibaldi,' whose pigments have not perhaps withstood the onslaught of years; 'The Countess Somers,' in blue dress, against a gold-brown tapestry, primarily decorative of aim, surely, the form of the right hand, resting on knee, worthy of special study; and belonging to a later time, 'Mrs. Josephine Butler.'

On the opposite wall were two pictures by Mr. C. H. Shannon, who has more than once been taxed with too close allegiance to Mr. Watts. 'The Mother and Child'—baby lying to the left, mother kneeling on the right—possesses a measure of the grace inseparable from work by this artist; but while isolated contours and passages please, the unreposeful attitude of the child finds no pictorial justification in the *ensemble*, we look in vain for the link between the two figures. Moreover, the colour-scheme is an already faded harmony, partakes too much of far-off forgotten things, or at the least does not point sunward. On the other hand, Mr. Shannon has seldom or never used the oil medium to better purpose than in

his portrait of Mr. Van Wisselingh, which we are enabled to reproduce. The unusual design at once arrests attention. Mr. Van Wisselingh, cigarette in left hand, leans forward slightly, and the somewhat bewildering contour downward from the right shoulder—to me unbeautiful—is accounted for by the fact that the right hand is in the pocket of his trouser. Again Mr. Shannon reveals his love of dim illumination, but the deepest shadows of the background are here felt to be in relation to life and light. True, we may be inclined to desire that the artist should emerge from the dreamy obscurity, if not actual gloom, of this and other of his works; that he should not so often lay himself open to the charge of lack of ardour in his realisations, so to say, of taking refuge in twilight. Thus much allowed, however, the portrait is undeniably distinguished. Purposeful thought is everywhere evident, thought interpenetrated by æsthetic sensibility. The modulations of tone are subtle; the sitter, in meditative mood, has character, albeit some of the vitality of the admirable charcoal study for the head has been lost. Here is a picture which, allowing for limitations, is the sincere, disciplined expression of a man sustained by a vision of beauty, towards the realisation of which his each work is an endeavour. A third portrait is of special worth: that of Mr. Douglas Cockerell, in black and white, by Mr. William Strang. It is one of those apparently simple things which are yet infinitely difficult of accomplishment. There is economy of line, just massing of black in the hair, controlled, refined technique, a firm grip of the personality of the sitter. The drawing is complete, final.

To create an illusion of the third dimension has hitherto been regarded as one of the tasks of the pictorial artist. Signor Mancini, however, protests in practical way against any such limitation. His portrait of 'Harold Ponsonby' might be characterised as in low relief. In places the paint projects perhaps one-eighth of an inch, silver and gold foil are stuck on, once, at any rate, with a pin. Yet that this brilliant experimentalist—and we hope none will follow him—

can put the brush and palette to proper use is proved by the finely rendered head in an otherwise bewildering portrait of his father. The noticeable exhibits included Monsieur Carolus Duran's immense compilation of no fewer than sixteen figures, 'En Famille,' much discussed at the Salon last summer; Mlle. Thérèse Schwartze's 'Paul Kruger,' the ponderous figure rendered with a frankness almost cruel—in THE ART JOURNAL, 1900, page 92, her portrait of Commandant-General Joubert was reproduced; a scholarly, matter-of-fact 'Sir Bartle Frere' by Sir George Reid; 'James Mylne, Esq., W.S.,' excellent save for the somewhat forced lighting, by Sir George Reid's successor as President of the Royal Scottish Academy, Mr. James Guthrie; and, not least, Mr. Whistler's 'Little Cardinal,' an exquisitely filled narrow upright in "garnet and gold."



Spring Blossoms, Touraine.
By D. Y. Cameron.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.



ORD CURZON'S speech at the opening of the art exhibition in connection with the Delhi Durbar was far more than the apt utterance of an accomplished statesman. He emphasised a too often overlooked truism: that inspiration issues only from fidelity to inward impulses,

that it is useless to expect inspiration from the mere working out of foreign ideals. In forgotten days India had its distinguished craftsmen, who expressed some of the mysteries discerned by Eastern seers. In the native monuments of the past, present-day artists may find a language capable of being revitalised, a language which may be charged with characteristic beauty.

THE interesting exhibition of drawings and sketches, for the most part acquired subsequent to 1895, which for some months has been on view at the British Museum—dealt with in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1901, p. 287, Michael Angelo's matchless Piëta being reproduced—may be expected during the summer to make way for what promises to be one of the most attractive exhibitions of 1903: a selection from the valuable series of mezzotints bequeathed to the nation by the late Lord Cheylesmore.

APROPOS of the collection of pictures bequeathed to the Guildhall by the late Mr. Charles Gassiot, it is worth mentioning that several of them have from time to time made large sums in the sale-rooms. John Phillip's masterly 'Chat Round the Braserio' came from the Fowler Collection, 1899, at 2,700 guineas; William Collins' 'Sunday Morning' from the same sale, at 1,380 guineas, as against 280 guineas paid for it in 1845. From Baron Grant's gallery, dispersed in 1877, are Mr. Frederick Goodall's 'Head of the House at Prayer,' 1,150 guineas, and William Dyce's 'George Herbert at Bemerton,' 1,040 guineas. The *clou* of the whole collection, Constable's 'Fording the River,' does not appear to have occurred at auction.

THE money-value at any given moment of a work of art is not of necessity a trustworthy index of its æsthetic worth. We may cite an instance or two. Méryon, when poor, sold a proof of his enchanted 'L' Abside' for 1½ francs; to-day it could hardly be bought for £350. A portrait by Frans Hals, which a year ago realised 3,600 guineas, reputedly cost the owner £20. Gainsborough's presentment of his two daughters, sold in December for 5,600 guineas, changed hands fourteen years ago at 211 guineas. Yet, however misleading money-values may be, the public takes keen interest in details of the kind.

STEADY progress is being made at Northampton towards the foundation there of a permanent art

gallery. Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., who was born in the town, is one of the chief movers in the scheme, and his plan of occasionally addressing Northampton folk on matters artistic, as he did at the beginning of the year, undoubtedly makes towards the desirable end. Members and Associates of the Academy might well follow Mr. East's example and help to keep alive in their native places "the sacred fire."

BY general consent Mr. William Strang is one of the foremost etchers of the day. The example set by him of explaining to a company of amateurs some of the technical difficulties of that exacting art is commendable. That knowledge is power has long been recognised; the corollary that knowledge enhances appreciation is frequently overlooked.

DURING 1902 the Municipal Art Gallery at Whitechapel was put to varied uses, ranging from exhibitions of work by Scottish and West Country artists, to one embracing examples of the arts and crafts of Japan, and finally, to an assemblage of works by Board School pupils in the Tower Hamlets. That 60,000 persons gained admission to the last-named show indicates the interest of East-End folk in matters outside the sphere of mere utilitarianism.

SEVERAL noteworthy pictures were purchased from the autumn exhibition for the permanent collection in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Among these were Sir Ernest Waterlow's 'Forest Oaks, Fontainebleau,' and Mr. Alfred East's 'Gibraltar from Algeçiras.' Of several additions to the Manchester Art Gallery, mention may be made of Landseer's 'Fallen Monarch,' presented by Sir William Agnew, and of Raeburn's 'Alexander, Fourth Duke of Gordon,' acquired by purchase.

ONE of the most sumptuous picture-sale catalogues recently issued is that of the collection of the late Mrs. S. D. Warren, of Boston, U.S.A., dispersed in New York at the beginning of January. Many of the photogravure plates are on Japanese paper; at the beginning is an appreciation of the pictures by Mr. Charles H. Caffin; at the end a series of biographical notes anent the various artists works by whom are included. In the United States important art sales are held in the evening, not, as here, early in the afternoon.

MR. SARGENT was one of the few who last year availed themselves to the full of a member's right to exhibit eight works at the Royal Academy. It is hardly probable that in May he will be so plentifully represented, for during the next few months he will be absent from England. He goes to Boston, there to complete the series of decorations, one group only of which has been publicly seen in London—the tensely imagined crucifix, sent to Burlington House in 1901. It is regrettable that the completed design, dominated by a symbolical group of the Trinity, will not be exhibited in this country.

IT is authoritatively stated that during his visit to the United States Mr. Sargent—as well as a prominent French artist—will paint a portrait of President

Roosevelt, king in all but name of the New World to which, by parentage, the artist owes allegiance. Even though the original may never find its way to London, a replica may be executed as a courtesy gift for King Edward, who as Prince of Wales, at the Academy banquet of 1900, alluded to the portrait group of Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane, and Mrs. Tennant as "the Three Graces by that great artist, Sargent." If the 'President Roosevelt' does come to England, it would be instructive to juxtapose it in an exhibition to Mr. Luke Fildes' presentment of our King, seen at last year's Academy.

WHATEVER virtues some may be inclined to credit to the Commonwealth, a fostering of the Arts cannot be included. 'The Nine Muses in Olympus,' one of the most magic works in existence from the brush of Tintoretto, lent by the King from Hampton Court to the exhibition at the Royal Academy, there, in good light, splendidly to assert itself, was acquired by Charles I. with the Mantuan collection. By the Commonwealth it was sold for £100. Fortunately it did not follow another surpassingly beautiful picture, Giorgione's Venetian pastoral, out of this country.

IT were unwise to suggest that art exhibitions in London, already too numerous, should be added to in this way or that. Yet a small and judicious selection of works by promising students would be by no means void of interest. The Milletesque bronzes of chubby babies, from the hand of Mr. R. F. Wells, who has been through the South Kensington curriculum, and exceptionally clever water-colours like those of Mr. W. Rankin, who, at the age of twenty, is still at the Slade, would certainly be included in such a scheme. On a rainy day in the summer Mr. Rankin observed Sloane Square in remarkably individual fashion—what is more, he pictorialised his observations with great skill.

AT Padua is Donatello's immortal equestrian statue of Gattamelata, at Venice the Colleoni monument by Verocchio, at Verona the elaborate tombs of the Scaligers. London is looking forward eagerly to the completion of Mr. Aston Webb's scheme for transforming Buckingham Palace and the Mall into a national memorial to Queen Victoria. An integral part of this will be the group of statuary, surmounted by a winged Victory, to be placed in the piazza in front of the Royal palace. Mr. Brock, R.A., the sculptor, has made considerable progress with the central figure—of course, a statue of Queen Victoria.

MR. G. D. LESLIE, R.A., writes as follows: "DEAR SIR,—I beg to be allowed to say that the three small reproductions from works purporting to be by John Constable, in the possession of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bart., which appear in the article on John Constable (pp. 6, 8, and 9), were inserted without the knowledge or consent of either Mr. Eaton or myself. As our names figure conspicuously, both at the beginning and at the end of the article, I feel it is but fair for me to make this disclaimer."

THE organisation of the Artistic Copyright Committee having now been definitely settled, consideration is being given to a scheme to urge the legislature to enact precise laws governing the rights of all parties. It is felt that the artistic copyright question ought no longer to be left where it now stands,

and if by fresh action the promoters can bring about this consummation devoutly to be wished, they will remove one of those irritating causes of friction between the various classes of art-workers. Subscriptions to the funds necessary to sustain the cost of immediate action should be sent to the Hon. Secretary of the Committee, 39B, Old Bond Street, London.

LAST year we had occasion to refer to a picture by Mr. Wyllie from which a flash of lightning had been removed by a hack artist, and now much the same liberty has been taken in a picture by M. Gérôme. It seems almost incredible that these acts should occur during the artists' lifetime, yet the fact is being continually brought to our notice that such alterations are fairly common. It is a form of slander which is particularly bitter to the artist.

Reviews.



WITH the large volume on "French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the Eighteenth Century" (Bell), Lady Dilke completes her great task in dealing in four important books with French Painters, Architects, Decorators and Engravers. This last volume is necessarily less easy to illustrate than the others,

which naturally lent themselves to reproduction. A very successful effort has, however, been made to overcome this difficulty, and the book is a worthy sequel to its forerunners. Now that Lady Dilke has successfully accomplished the work which has occupied her so many years, we would venture to suggest that she should make a similar series on the English Miniature Painters; not only on the Olivers, and Cosways and others of the fashionable world, but going right back to the missal painters of nearly one thousand years ago, of whose little-known works examples are to be found in the rich illuminated manuscripts scattered throughout the country.

Mr. Langton Douglas, in his *History of Siena* (Murray), has succeeded well in an attempt to provide a book "useful to the historical student and not without interest to the general reader." Considerable space is devoted to a description of battles and other political concerns of the citizens, and the works of the artists who made the district famous are fully recounted. The reproductions of pictures have been chosen particularly because of their historical significance, and the volume contains, as well, maps and photographic views.

The current volume of *Who's Who* contains, as usual, much good biographical information. The selection of artists is representative, though still not so perfect as it might be. It is not easy to detect errors, but a noticeable mistake occurs in the inclusion among the living of William Cosmo Monkhouse.

"The Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church" (Bell) afford Mrs. Arthur Bell much scope for industry and research in a most fascinating subject. This volume is one of a series which will probably take the place of older books on church stories and legends. They deal mainly with subjects made additionally famous because of their having been chosen as themes by the great artists, from primitive to present times, from Memling and Fra Angelico to Burne-Jones and Puvis de Chavannes. Mrs. Bell relates the legends with a full knowledge of their application to works of art, and thus her volumes are particularly well adapted for a place in the art-lover's library. For example, the story of St. Nicholas is given in some detail, and will be found very useful in interpreting the remarkable pictures by Gerard David, which Lady Wantage has been exhibiting in the Burlington Fine Arts Club. St. Geneviève is another saint whose history is traced at some length, serving to explain the grand decorative panels in the Pantheon, Paris. We print one of the illustrations in the book from the celebrated work by Puvis de Chavannes, wherein St. Germanus dedicates the little maid, afterwards the patron saint of Paris, to a life of industrious sanctity.

Mr. R. Rolland's little book on "Millet" (Duckworth) is a translation of a very parochial estimate of the great artist's work. It is unfortunate that the writers in the excellently illustrated series of which this is one should have been chosen in so hap-hazard a way. J. F. Millet might have been, and in fact has been, presented to the English reading public in a far more instructive way.—J. F. Millet and Rustic Art, by Henry Naegely (Elliot Stock) has been re-issued in a cheaper edition.

Five lectures by Arthur Jerome Eddy, published under the title of *Delight, the Soul of Art* (Lippincott), make an agreeable collection of platitudes. The author's arguments are interesting and readable.

Correggio, by the late "Leader Scott," and Greuze, by Harold Armitage, are the most recent additions to Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.

Six etchings by Ethel King Martyn, A.R.E., accompany a reprint of the *Fables* of Robert Louis Stevenson

(Longmans). Such illustrations to the volume are quite acceptable.

Mr. Laurence Housman, in translating *Aucassin and Nicolette*, was inspired to write in imitation *Amabel and Amoris*, both of which Mr. Murray has issued with drawings by Paul Woodroffe, engraved on wood by Clemence Housman. We have been



The Dedication of St. Geneviève.

By Puvis de Chavannes.

From "The Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits" (Bell).

delighted with this dainty production and congratulate all the workers on it.

A Sporting Garland, by Cecil Aldin (Sands), is an amusing book of coloured plates drawn in the artist's most attractive style.

The Fold Yard, by Yeend King, R.I., exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1900, has been sympathetically etched by C. O. Murray, R.E., and, under the usual conditions, impressions from the plate are presented this year by The Art Union of London.

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The Palaces, Venice.

An Original Etching by Joseph Pennell.

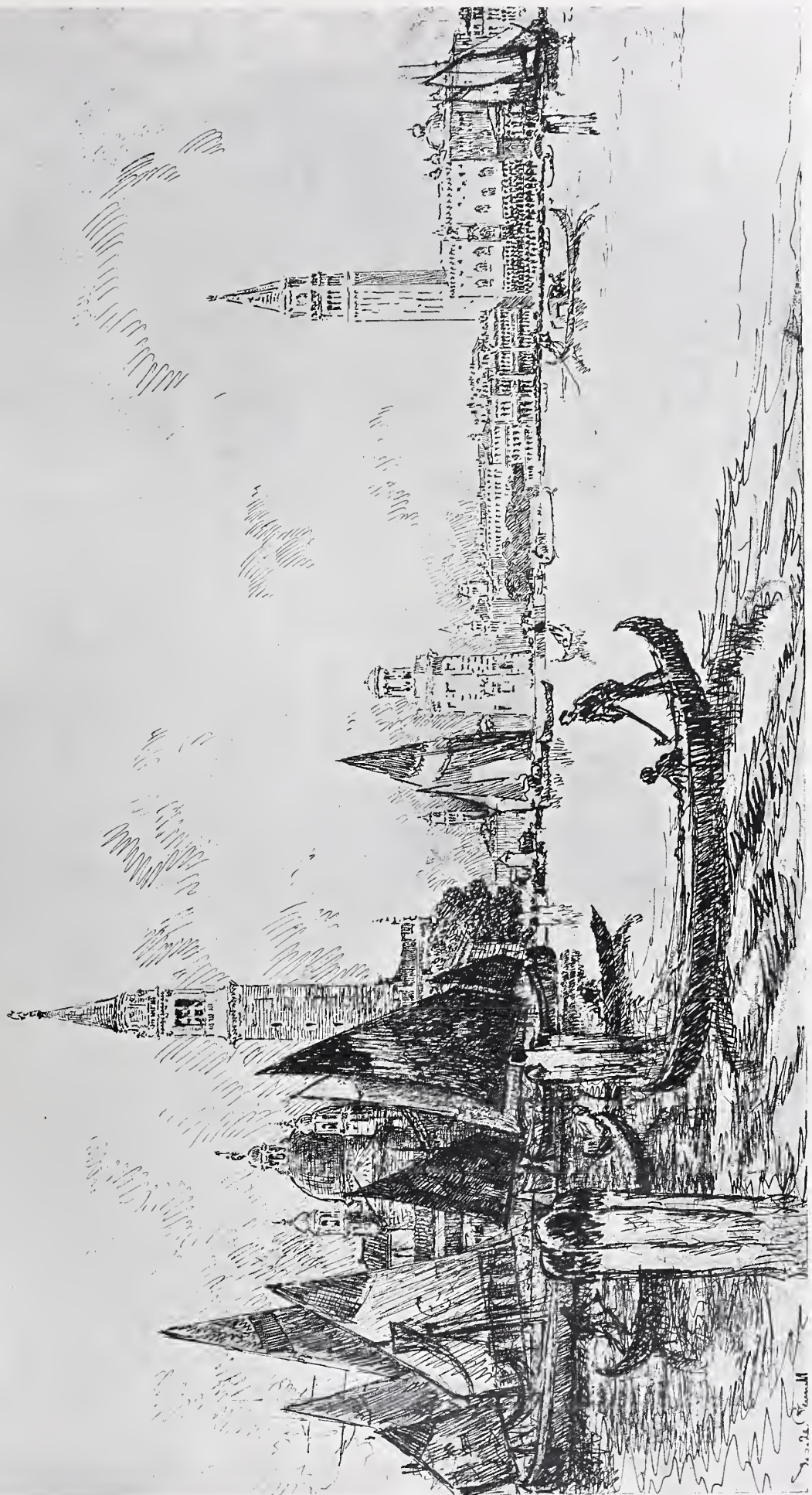
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The Campanile: by Day.
By Joseph Pennell.

The Palaces.

A NOTE ON VANISHING VENICE.

PROBABLY I was not alone among artists in fondly hoping that, some day, when the smash came, or when I was too old, or too out of date, for London, I could gracefully remove myself, and what belongings remained, from the banks of the Thames to the Riva of Venice. I would take lodgings somewhere near the old Casa Kirsch, and wait till one of the two or three houses which look toward all the city should be to let. I even knew what the rent was. And then, gracefully and magnificently, I should end my days there.

But since last July I have no desire to go, not even for a day; for the heart of Venice has ceased to beat. I am not so absurd as to say that the Campanile cannot be rebuilt, and when it is rebuilt—if it ever is—the glory of the place will return. For its beauty was not so much in the colour, or the design, but in the way the great landmark—or rather the great skymark—made Venice, from almost every point of view, such a perfect picture. You had only to get out of the town, by day or by night—you could not see it from within the city save from one tiny canal, any more than you could really get to know the city from the top of it—to learn the loveliness of its ever-changing form and colour, the wonders of its ever-varying arrangement with the other spires and domes and towers that grouped themselves about it. But now the Campanile is gone, and the heart of Venice will never beat again until it is restored. And it has gone simply because the modern Italian is not worthy to care for the monuments amidst which he finds himself. Doubtless a great exhibition of International Art will be held this summer, and great will be the fame of it. But it is not at all unlikely that we may wake up some summer morning and find, from the papers, that all that is left of Venice is Stucki's flour mill and the brand-new grain elevator. Despite the pretended revival in art, the ten galleries, and I do not know how much money to be spent in filling them, Venice is daily drawing nearer to the Italian's ideal, so happily expressed some twenty-five years ago by the Syndic who, when a band of artists ventured to protest against the wanton, wicked, and villainously vulgar destruction of the beautiful island of St. Helena, assured them that he and his fellow-councillors hoped the day was not far distant when Venice would no longer have any interest for any artist. And notwithstanding this recent pretended revival, it looks as if the day were coming. For the real Venice is dead; its heart has ceased to beat.

Save for the artist, it will make little difference. The tourist will be just as happy in reading in his guide-book that here stood St. Mark's, while he gazes at Moses Levi's *bric-à-brac* shop which has

replaced it; and he will shed tears over the Hotel of the Salute which covers the site of the church of that name. He will take the electric line down the Grand Canal from the Railway Station to the Piazzetta, and the brilliant idea of filling up all the canals, but for the deaths of the people from the plague or something else, would have been carried out a very few years after it was suggested. Of course, no one scarcely has ever seen the beautiful gardens, so the fact that they are replaced by the model dwellings built for the fishermen, who seem to have escaped from them to Chioggia, does not much matter. Before long the entire Giudecca will be a fine railway yard, and every island turned into a powder mill or a madhouse. And then some future Lanciani will start a new museum to expose the only well-head and chimney-pot still to be found in all the city. And then the Italian will be happy, for a few extra lire will be added to the revenue, even though the heart of the city has ceased to beat. All these things may mark the advance of progress, of culture, and of learning. But if there was any real love of art or real interest in the fast-disappearing monuments, the entire energies of Venice, and, in fact, of all Italy, would be turned to their instant preservation. It is only when these buildings have fallen through neglect, or through the tampering with their foundations, that the Italian will learn from his pocket what this loss has been. The result of the official inquiry on the fall of the Campanile, just published, proves the unbelievable carelessness, ignorance, and imbecility of the "architects and technical authorities," and, as if to emphasise it, comes the notice of the crumbling Doge's Palace, the falling Procuratie Vecchie, and the clumsily wanton destruction of the flagstuffs in the Piazza.

When, some day, the Island of San Giorgio is swept away, as it must be if a great harbour is to be made, the palaces which I have etched as I saw them from the island—the palaces which everyone has painted or drawn or etched—will have vanished too. Such an etching, therefore, I was going to say, will possess historical accuracy, if nothing else. But the historian will object to it. For the print of the Campanile and the Palaces, including that of the Doges, now threatened too, having been drawn on the spot, on the copper plate, is consequently reversed in the printing.* The artist who has etched from Nature has rarely, if ever, attempted to reverse his subject as he drew it. Such a process is almost certain to take all the life and go out of an original etching, and anyone who would put this sort of accuracy before originality and spontaneity would be sure to prefer a photograph to any etching that ever was made.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

* See plate facing previous page.



The Campanile: by Night.
By Joseph Pennell.

The Wallace Collection.*

THE NETHERLANDISH PICTURES.—II.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THERE are a few Netherlandish works of the sixteenth century at Hertford House, but out of these it is only necessary, on the present occasion, to mention two: the 'Allegorical Love Feast'† of Pieter Pourbus, and the 'Portrait of a Gentleman' by his son, Frans Pourbus the Elder. The former is in the unusual suavity and fancifulness of the conception, as in the loving care bestowed on the execution, unique in the *œuvre* of the Bruges master, to whom we have learnt to look for solidity, searching characterisation, and general thoroughness, rather than for imaginative and human treatment, lending charm to an unpromising abstract subject. The chief works of this founder and chief of the Pourbus family of painters are to be found in the churches and the Academy of Bruges, in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, and in the Louvre, which possesses a 'Resurrection of Christ' (of the year 1566), worthy of more notice than it receives in that astonishing and, in the infinite variety of its contents, bewildering temple of the arts.

The Hertford House picture, which many might otherwise hesitate to ascribe to Pieter Pourbus, is furnished with a superb and indubitable signature, completed by the monogram, or more accurately the mark, of the artist. It shows, if we take but its superficial meaning, a splendidly habited and joyous company of cavaliers, some in the heyday of youth, some in the maturity of life, but all giving themselves up to the delights of feasting and conversation with a lovely and most gracious bevy of dames, who are by no means, save in one instance, backward to respond to the caresses of their partners, but, on the contrary, incline to meet their advances at least half way. The complete solution of this puzzling allegory would probably be found by those whose leisure and industry should tempt them to make search in the verse or prose of some Netherlandish humanist of the day. But the names naively appended to the costumes of the chief performers afford some sort of guidance as to the intentions of our worthy moraliser in paint. Those among the beauteous dames who most liberally, and yet not without a certain reticence which cunningly stops short of absolute prodigality, display their charms are Pasithea,‡ Aglaia, and Euphrosyne; those who are more modestly yet hardly less splendidly attired are Affectio, Cordialitas, Fiducia, and Reverentia. The names of the magnificent specimens of manhood whom the painter has evidently delighted to depict—one being now undecipherable—are Adonis, Daphnis, and Sapiens. It is the Graces then who, bringing to bear all their sensuous charm and allurements, engage in an amicable contest with the higher and more enduring qualities of

the home life—Affection, Cordiality, Mutual Confidence, and Reverence. Daphnis and Adonis—that is, splendid, voluptuous youth in its prime—may and should be allowed a measure of the attractions of both the one and the other group of divinities, so long as they do not suffer themselves to be unduly drawn away from the spiritual satisfaction afforded by the goddesses sage and comforting whom we have enumerated. Sapiens, poor grey-beard, must, alas! put up with Fiducia alone—a dame of gracious ways also, and sumptuous, too, in her quieter way, but grave of aspect and, as compared with the rest, both literally and figuratively very *collet-monté*. Gay-pinioned Cupid in one corner of the picture, and the Jester with his bauble in the other, stand for Love and Folly, proper to youth in its prime, but not to wise man who has passed through the furnace. This *is*, therefore, as I have ventured to name it, a 'Love Feast,' a feast of love, sensuous, yet not wholly sensual, on the one hand, of love enduring, spiritual, eternal on the other. There is no dividing of the ways. The moralist who is here behind Pourbus would have us see with our eyes and feel in our hearts that the due commingling of the two natural currents would make a perfect life. The 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by Frans Pourbus the Elder, father of the better-known Court painter of Henri IV. and Marie de Médicis, is a careful, coldly objective performance, making but a feeble impression, though it is fine in style, and has much of the undemonstrative dignity proper to the sixteenth century in portraiture.

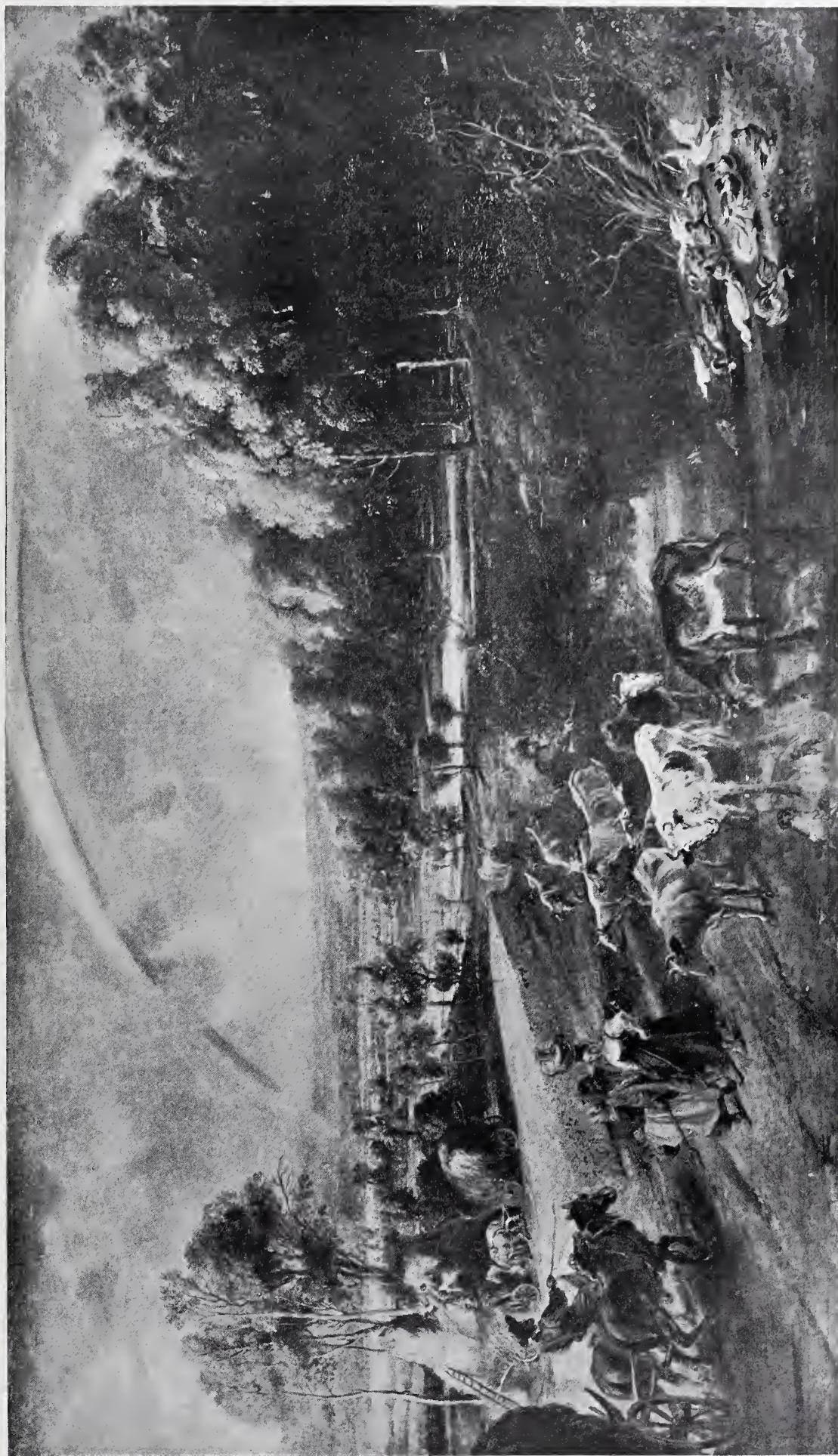
The Flemish school of the seventeenth century is splendidly represented at Hertford House, with masterworks of Rubens and Van Dyck; with fine examples of Cornelis de Vos and Jordaens, Frans Snyders, and Jan Fyt; with wholly exceptional examples of David Teniers the Younger, and of Adriaen Brouwer, whom the Dutch and the Flemish schools—not rivals, but sisters—can, with almost equal right, claim as an *alumnus*.

The overpowering richness and vitality of Rubens appears less in his two well-known altar-pieces here than in the famous 'Rainbow' landscape (p. 69), and in the exquisite series of sketches for finished works, which contain the very essence of his genius. The 'Holy Family with St. Elizabeth and St. John the Baptist,' which, according to Rubens's chief biographer, M. Max Rooses, was painted about 1620, had once much greater fame than it enjoys at present. It was enthusiastically praised by Smith and Bürger among others. Painted for the oratory of the Archduke Albert, Co-Regent of the Netherlands and one of Rubens's great patrons, it was in 1840 in the collection of Mr. E. Higginson, of Saltmarsh Castle, at the sale

* Continued from page 310, 1902.

† A reproduction of this picture will be found later in the volume.

‡ Pasithea and Aglaia are alternative names for the same member of the immortal triad of the Graces.



No. 63.—The 'Rainbow' Landscape.

By Rubens.

of whose collection in 1840 it was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford for £3,000. For the intermediate vicissitudes through which it passed the reader must be referred to the Catalogue of the Pictures in the Wallace Collection, and to the great biography of M. Rooses. A charming small copy of this canvas, painted by David Teniers the Younger in a much cooler, greyer tonality, is in the picture gallery at Apsley House. Here we have Rubens in the maturity of his

to the eye. Even the contemporary eclectics of the Bolognese school achieved a far higher success in this branch of sacred art than Rubens ever attained to. Here there is no emotion, not even the self-conscious, sentimental emotion of the Italians, or of certain Spaniards.

Much the same drawback is to be noted in 'Christ's Charge to Peter,' from the same master-hand, which hangs as a pendant to the 'Holy Family' in the Great Gallery at Hertford House. This canvas, which the fine judgment of Sir Joshua Reynolds had estimated at its true worth—that is, not very high up in the list of Rubens's works of the second period—was warmly, perhaps too warmly, praised by Waagen. Painted about 1616 for Nicolas Damant, Chancellor of the Sovereign Council of Brabant, and placed on an altar to the right of the Chapelle du Saint-Sacrement at St. Gudule in Brussels, it passed subsequently through many hands, both in France and in England, and was ultimately purchased by the Marquis of Hertford at the memorable sale of the pictures of King William II., at Amsterdam, in 1850—the price paid being 18,000 florins. Designed and painted with superb breadth and simplicity, this picture makes no moral as distinguished from mere visual impression. And yet the subject, at once august and moving in its human, its intimate appeal, as hardly any other in sacred art is, had inspired Perugino and Raphael with renderings which must count as two of the world's greatest works. An exception to this criticism must be made in favour of the noble, reverent figure of St. Peter, enhanced, as it is, by a bold and peculiarly happy chiaroscuro. Rubens is in the domain of sacred art chiefly moved by the awful tragedy of the Passion, by the martyrdom of saints, by vast dramas of physical and spiritual horror. In such subjects a very whirlwind of passionate emotion takes possession of him, and, communicating itself, irresistibly envelops the beholder. The calm, the contemplative mood was seldom or never his. The 'Christ Crucified' in



No. 519.—*The Adoration of the Magi.*

Sketch for the picture in the Antwerp Gallery.

By Rubens.

second manner, solid, splendid, brilliant, but as yet without the added finesse, the glance of silver and gold, the magic breadth of brush which mark his third and final style. The modelling, the plastic relief of the chubby, healthful Christ and the not less robust St. John, the atmospheric envelopment of the whole group are unsurpassable; yet as a conception it leaves the spectator not less indifferent than the *dramatis personæ* in the sacred idyll themselves appear to be. Only the exigencies of the composition, and no bond of human emotion or of spiritual love, unite the figures so forcibly presented

the Great Gallery at Hertford House may fairly be taken as an illustration of what has been advanced. It exists in several versions; but none of those now extant is finer than that in the Wallace Collection. The chief version is the famous 'Christ au coup de poing,' now known only by the magnificent drawing in the Musée Boymans of Rotterdam, which was presumably executed by the master for the engraving of Paul Pontius. This invention is marred by the incredible vulgarity of the two groups which have procured for the picture its familiar and rather contemptuous designation. These muscular, boxing angels, who, literally by force of fist,

thrash Death and the Devil out of the skies, have, luckily, hardly a parallel in sacred art. The 'Christ' in the Wallace Collection is identical in design with that in the last-named picture. Lifted high in darkness and solitude, above the towers of Jerusalem, dimly outlined against the blood-red stain of an ominous sunset, the forlorn, appealing figure regains all its power to move. The first idea for Rubens's 'Christ,' as we here see it, may very possibly have been derived from the little 'Christ on the Cross' of Albrecht Dürer, now in the Dresden Gallery. But in that marvellous little panel, which is marked by a peculiar quality of emotion, by a serenity in agony, such as the great Nuremberg painter hardly again reached, the moment of supreme anguish, overshadowing soul and body, is passed, and from the lips Divine issue the words, "*Pater in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.*"

The 'Portrait of Isabelle Brant,' though quite a genuine work, is, in its present state, one of the least attractive or desirable canvases in our great collection. It is an original repetition of the portrait at the Hague, which was painted about 1620, and is much marred by restoration. It was purchased for the Marquis of Hertford at the Van Parys sale, for 18,000 francs. If we wish to carry away an agreeable recollection of Isabelle, the wife of the great master's earlier years, and the aunt of dazzling, voluptuous Hélène Fourment, we must see her radiant in youth and freshness, and gladdened by the presence of her handsome spouse, in the double portrait of Munich; or again, almost, as splendidly adorned as was afterwards the idolised Hélène, in the half-length portrait now in the Rubens Room at Windsor. Even those who remember the landscapes from Rubens's own hand to be found in the National Gallery, the Pitti Palace, the Alte Pinakothek of Munich, the Louvre, and elsewhere, will, I do not doubt, agree with me in putting first on the list the 'Rainbow' landscape of Hertford House. It was the pendant, in the Balbi Palace at Genoa, of the admirable but much less well preserved 'Château de Steen' now in the National Gallery. The catalogue of that collection erroneously connects these two pictures with the 'Going to Market' and the 'Stable with a Winter Landscape' in the Rubens Room at Windsor, and states that the set formed a series of 'Four Seasons.' That this cannot well be the case is shown by the circumstance that the Windsor landscapes—judging from the internal evidence afforded by their style—must date some ten or twelve years earlier than the Hertford House picture, which was finished somewhere near the year 1636. Moreover, the dimensions of the Windsor landscapes are by no means in agreement with those of the great canvases which came from the Balbi Palace; and, while the latter are wholly from the master-brush of Rubens, the former are in part by his pupil Van Uden, painting, no doubt, under the supervision of his *chef d'école*. Brought to England in 1802, the 'Rainbow'

landscape was subsequently purchased by the Earl of Orford for 2,600 gs. At his sale it was acquired by the Marquis of Hertford for 4,550 gs. In the Alte Pinakothek of Munich is another original of smaller dimensions, but practically identical in composition. This may well have been a trial piece, preceding our landscape in the Wallace Collection, which has golden transparencies, gleams of light in the rich half-dark, such as are not discoverable in the Munich canvas.



No. 53.—Portrait of an Italian Nobleman.

By Van Dyck.

We must not look to Rubens for the poetised realism of a Jacob van Ruysdael in landscape, or the mysterious glamour of a Rembrandt. He has his own poetry, however, and it is such as the grand sweep of his generous brush can best express. The teeming richness, the inexhaustible productive power of the mother earth, in cultivation as in native wildness, are what he renders with a sympathetic power, with a rapturous delight, for which there is no parallel in the landscape art of his century. And in one particular he is assuredly unrivalled. When he peoples his grand prospects of field and woodland with figures

—farm-labourers, hunters, fowlers, and all the four-footed and winged denizens of the farm-yard and the forest—these are ever an integral part of the scene, the true offspring of the earth that they people; they are not to be conceived of apart from the one indivisible whole that they help to make up. This is praise which can hardly in justice be awarded in the same measure to any other landscape-painter of the period. Among the modern masters of landscape Constable possessed this intuition and this power in the highest degree.

Most brilliant and varied are sketches in oils, from the hand of Rubens, that the Wallace Collection shows in a separate group, placed on a screen in Gallery XXII. As a rule the full splendours of his palette are not lavished on these

wonderful preparations: the hues are paler and less vibrant: a sober general tonality, resulting from the foundation of silvery grey, blue, and golden brown, takes the place of the flower-like exuberance of splendour which distinguishes the finished work. First we have 'The Adoration of the Magi' (p. 70), a finished sketch for the stupendous 'Adoration' of the Antwerp Gallery—the one in which the truculent negro king, marked by a characteristically Rubenian excess of embonpoint, is so prominent a figure. There is, by the way, a curious correspondence in the design of this figure with that of a great full-length portrait by the same master in the gallery at Cassel. This last shows a self-assertive individual in Oriental costume, assumed for the occasion rather than worn as a matter of course by one to the manner born. In both

cases the owner of the "fair round belly" seems not only unashamed but, on the contrary, mighty proud of this prominent and inconvenient appendage. Another 'Adoration of the Magi,' of wholly different design, is the sketch for an original, described as being in the collection of the Duke of Westminster, but which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is not now in the great series of works by Rubens at Grosvenor House. It may, however, very possibly be at the Duke's country seat, Eaton Hall. Of quite peculiar interest is the group of three preliminary sketches, brushed in, with incomparable firmness and authority, for the series of historical pictures which the Queen-Mother, Marie de Médicis, and her painter Rubens had imagined as a pendant to the vast series now in the Louvre, in which is unrolled a narrative poem in paint, half smothered in ponderous allegory and symbolism, of the Florentine princess's own not precisely heroic career.

Rubens found in the "Life of Henri IV." a task more congenial and more inspiring to him than that of celebrating the very real vanity and the imaginary virtues of the repellent Marie de Médicis, and he confidently expected to achieve here one of his greatest successes. But the dissensions which arose between the Queen-Mother and Louis XIII.—or rather with Cardinal Richelieu behind him—and her consequent departure, which might more properly be described as a flight, to the Netherlands, put an end to what would otherwise have developed into one of the greatest pictorial undertakings of the prolific master. Two vast canvases, the 'Battle of Ivry' and the 'Triumphal Entry of Henri IV. into Paris,' now in an unfinished state in the Uffizi, give the most striking evidence of the passionate vigour with which Rubens threw himself into the work. In the irresistible onward sweep of the movement, in the cunningly-devised disorder, the splendid violence of the conception, these compositions, illustrating so incomparably on the one side the magnificence, on the other the horror, of war are, even as they



No. 79.—*The Wife of Philippe le Roy.*

By Van Dyck.

now appear, among the highest achievements of Sir Peter Paul.

The sketch, nothing less than great even in its exiguous proportions, for the 'Triumphal Entry of Henri IV.,' is among the most precious treasures of the Wallace Collection. It was bought by the Marquis of Hertford at the sale of Baron de Brien de Grootelindt's possessions for 20,650 francs. Another original sketch, somewhat larger, and varying considerably from this one in design, is in the collection of the Earl of Darnley at Cobham. Even more precious in some ways are the two very small upright panels, 'The Birth of Henri IV.' and 'Henri IV. with Marie de Médicis,' since they were never carried out, or, so far as I know, even attempted on a larger scale. One of a series is also the richer and pictorially more important 'Defeat and Death of Maxentius.' Notwithstanding the smallness of the scale, the breadth of Rubens's brush and the glancing splendours of his colour are here allowed their fullest play. This finished sketch belongs to 'The History of Constantine,' all the component parts of which were once in the Orleans Gallery. They were the master's original designs from the cartoons commissioned of him by Louis XIII. for a set of tapestries, of which two complete examples from different looms are still in the Garde-Meuble of Paris. The cartoons were elaborated from these sketches by Rubens's pupils, Justus van Egmont, Wildens, Snyders, Lucas van Uden, and Théodor van Thulden. The 'Defeat and Death of Maxentius' came from the Rogers sale, where it was purchased by the Marquis of Hertford for 260 gs. If some of the figures of drowning warriors overwhelmed by the Tiber may be traced back to the huge fresco which Giulio Romano, after Raphael's death, elaborated in the Sala di Constantino of the Vatican, the affinity is far greater with Rubens's own terrific 'Battle of the Amazons' in the Alte Pinakothek of Munich. The unbridled passion, the epic rather than purely dramatic grandeur of these two pieces, make of them much more than grand representations of this or the other battle. They are, in truth, realisations of War itself, with all its accompaniments of delirious delight, horror, and despair. Rubens, the admirable *père de famille* and *homme d'intérieur*, the unexceptionable if too uxorious spouse, was possessed by some strange dionysiac spirit, was driven by some whirlwind of alien inspiration, when he depicted, as none other has depicted them, scenes of war and horror, of bacchic frenzy let loose, of bestial lust wholly divorced from love.

If, in one sense, the passage from Rubens to Van Dyck, his assistant and friendly rival, is easy and natural enough, in another the gulf is wide indeed that divides the overflowing energy, the richness of nature, the delight in life for

itself, of the master from the courtly grace, the languor and melancholy, the restrained passion and natural dignity of the pupil. Van Dyck is particularly well represented in the Wallace Collection. England, in the public and private collections of which the First Flemish, the Genoese or Italian, and the English periods of Charles I.'s Court-painter are splendidly represented, is, or rather has been, relatively poor in examples of the Second Flemish Period—that is to say, of the time when Van Dyck with ripened experience, and all the benefit derived from the ardent and profound study of Titian, returned to Antwerp, and there for a time settled. This period is not to be confounded with that shorter and still more brilliant one, the year 1634, when Van Dyck returned as a visitor to his native city, and painted, among many



No. 94.—Philippe le Roy, Seigneur de Ravels.

By Van Dyck.

No. 92.—*A Family Group.**By Gonzales Coques.*

other things, the 'Abbé Scaglia' of Dorchester House and the 'Princesse de Cantecroix' of Windsor Castle.

The little known yet superb full-length 'Portrait of an Italian Nobleman' (p. 71) belongs to the astonishing series of Genoese portraits, which are still chiefly divided between Genoa and England. It is quite worthy to rank with, if after, the 'Lomellini Family' of the National Gallery of Scotland, the 'Marchesa Balbi' of Dorchester House, the 'Balbi Children' of Panshanger, and the 'Marchesa Brignole-Sale' of Hampden House. These Genoese portraits have less *furia* and incisiveness than those of the First Flemish period; less completeness and balance, as regards draughtsmanship and composition, than those of the Second Flemish Period; a less flower-like lightness and delicacy of colouring than the best that Sir Antony's own brush produced during the English Period. But they have a sombre, jewel-like glow of colour, a restrained ardour, a dignity superior to all pomposity and show, that distinguish them from all other Flemish pictures of the time. The 'Portrait of the Artist as the Shepherd Paris,' showing the handsome, finely-proportioned young cavalier-painter half nude in his brilliant blue drapery, is a work which bears upon its face evidence of having been painted in Italy, under the direct influence of Titian—one of whose favourite contrasts this is, of pale-brown, glowing flesh and bright glancing drapery. We have proof, not only in this canvas, but in the two early renderings of the 'Martyrdom of St. Sebastian' at Munich—the one belonging to the First Flemish Period, the other to the Italian Period in its first phase—that Van Dyck loved to portray, not only

his own face in its sensuous, melancholy and feverish languor, but the slenderness and grace of his youthful figure in all but entire nudity.

Three important canvases at Hertford House belong to the Second Flemish manner, to which reference has already been made. The three-quarter length 'Portrait of a Flemish Lady,' sober in tonality, and lacking, like most of the fine portraits of this particular period, any note of positive colour save the tempered red of the armchair, has sometimes been called 'The Wife of Cornelis de Vos.' It really represents—as I have learnt from my friend Mr. Lionel Cust, Director of the National Portrait Gallery—Isabella Waerbeke, the wife of Paul de Vos, brother of Cornelis. The pendant portrait, showing Paul de Vos himself, perished in 1890, in the fire at the Palace of Laeken, near Brussels.

The two greatest achievements in portraiture belonging to Van Dyck's Second Flemish Period are without doubt the full-length, in the Wallace Collection, of Philippe le Roy, Seigneur de Ravels (p. 73), and his youthful Consort (p. 72). No two portraits, even out of the notable series which is one of the glories of the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, can compare with them in perfection of execution or flawlessness of preservation: not even the 'Prince de Croy,' so remarkable for the sovereign distinction imparted to a sitter whose physical exuberance might easily have provoked mirth. The 'Philippe le Roy,' which bears the inscription, "Aetatis suae 34. A. Van Dyck. A° 1630," is marked by the same unobtrusive dignity, the same sombreness of tonality, the same shrinking from positive colour that we have noted already as a main characteristic

of this particular moment. Observe, however, the magic enlivening of all this darkness by the deep red of the hollyhocks, muted so as not to ring out of the darkness with too startling an effect. Mr. Whistler has often obtained subtle and striking results in the same way. The design of the strong, dignified and quietly impassive personage, grouped with whom is a splendid deerhound, is of an almost sculptural grandeur of outline, such as is far from common in these full-length portraits of Van Dyck's. Less striking, perhaps, and less sympathetic, yet not less wonderful in its way, is the 'Wife of Philippe le Roy,' painted in the subsequent year. The slender little lady, so greatly the junior of her spouse—as the inscription, "*Aetatis suae 16,*" informs us—looks in the sumptuous *atours* of the married woman a little overweighted, a little fretful and ill at ease. Van Dyck has never painted more finely than in the delicate yet less than lovely or lovable face, or with a more notable skill than in the black satin dress, with its subtle balance of values, and in the white lace of the deep collar.

It is not generally known that, but for the failure of the negotiations undertaken on behalf of Sir Richard Wallace, the same walls that show this supremely fine pair of portraits by Van Dyck would have been graced by two of the masterpieces of Rembrandt's earlier time, the full-lengths of Martin Daey and his Wife, then in the Van Loon Gallery at Amsterdam, but in the year 1877 purchased from that collection by Baron Gustave de Rothschild of Paris. The two Rembrandts, painted just three years after the two Van Dycks, would have been in most piquant contrast, yet not wholly in disagreement, with them. The Dutch master but seldom

realised charm and high breeding as he did in the portrait of Madame Daey, whose refinement was evidently greatly superior to that of her over-dressed and naively conceited young husband.

Cornelis de Vos being as yet unrepresented in the National Gallery, this pair of portraits of a Flemish gentleman and a Flemish lady, obviously his spouse, are doubly welcome. In virtue of his simplicity, his directness, his objectivity, coloured nevertheless by the warmth of human sympathy, this master has a right to a very definite place of his own in Flemish art, lower down, no doubt, than Rubens and Van Dyck, yet not too far away from them. Though the atmosphere of the moment is full of Rubens, and very naturally De Vos is enveloped in it, his individuality is by no means swallowed up. These excellent likenesses, though they do not reveal the high-water mark of his art in this earlier and truer style of his, in which he is most easily to be recognised, are a very covetable possession. He stands here midway between the passionate warmth of Van Dyck in his early youth and the gross *joie de vivre* which Jordaens at his best pushes to the point of absolute grandeur. The most remarkable works in this earlier style are those in the museums of Antwerp and Brussels. Later on the naïveté, bordering sometimes upon stolidity, is diminished, and something of the sharply accented execution, of the restless brilliancy of the Haarlem school enters to modify if not wholly to abolish it. The fine portrait-groups in Berlin and Brunswick, the portrait-studies in Cassel, best illustrate this singular development, amounting very nearly to a metamorphosis. De Vos's, too, is most probably the much-discussed portrait-group, No. 359, in the Alte



No. 210.—*The Deliverance of St. Peter.*

By David Teniers, the Younger.

Pinakothek, where it was for many years catalogued as the work of Frans Hals. It follows quite naturally on the great canvases in the galleries of Brunswick and Berlin.

The two fine still-life pictures, by Frans Snyders and Jan Fyt respectively, which hang as companion pieces over the two doors of the Great Gallery, most characteristically illustrate the differences between the energetic and accomplished master and the pupil in some respects more gifted than he. The 'Dead Game with a Male Figure,' of Frans Snyders, in which the figure is evidently from the same brush as the rest, shows the vigour of design, the breadth of handling, the decorative intuition, but also the harshness, not only of tone, but of general aspect, which characterise this masterly yet unsympathetic Fleming, in whom the sense of colour was less developed than in any other contemporary of Rubens's immediate circle. The 'Still Life with a Youthful Male Figure' of Jan Fyt is less clear, less incisive in design than the painting of his master, but far richer, more truly pictorial, more suggestive, too, of wealth, comfort, and jollity, of the repose and material enjoyment which played so great a part in the home life of Flanders. The mountain of fruit, the game, the huge lobster, the deep, vibrant peacock-blue of the youth's dress, are handled with a richness and power such as no Dutchman, not even Jan Davidz de Heem, had at command. There is, however, sufficient evidence in the paintings of the great Vermeer of Delft that he would have been the first still-life painter of his century, had he devoted himself more specially to this minor branch of his art. When he puts in with his magic brush a pile of apples in its dish of glazed earthenware—as in that masterpiece in the Dresden Gallery, the 'Girl Reading a Letter'—we recognise in him the true precursor of Chardin.

By Gonzales Coques, or Cockx, of Antwerp, we have in the Wallace Collection three 'Family Groups' of unusual importance, very completely illustrating the precise and elegant talent of the artist, whose skill as a painter of full-lengths on a small scale earned for him the familiar designation of "the small Van Dyck." The resemblance is, at the best, not more than skin-deep, since we but rarely discover in the portraits of Coques that unforced elegance, that reserve and melancholy dignity which are at the very root of Van Dyck's best performances. Perhaps the piece by Coques which approaches nearest to the distinction of the master whom, by the way, he in no way sought to imitate, is the exquisite little panel of 'A Spanish Gentleman,' at Dorchester House. The unusually large 'Family Group' (p. 74) in the Great Gallery (XVI.) must by reason of its exceptional dimensions take an important place in the *œuvre* of the artist, though it is not quite in execution on a level with his best work. The family of rich and sumptuously bedecked citizens here portrayed is awkwardly arranged, or aligned, in a splendid, park-like garden. The father and mother have a *nouveau riche* look about them, and ill-conceal the embarrassment with which they submit to the searching gaze of the portraitist. The children, on the other hand, are merry and natural under the ordeal, which to them is but a new delight. Much finer are the two paintings, both, for want of a better name, described as 'Family Group,' the one numbered 162 and the other 223. In the latter piece, especially, Coques is seen at his very best. The personages of this *Family* have a fine gravity, and give an impression of *good* breeding, though their

self-possessed and a trifle self-conscious bearing very decidedly stops short of the *high* breeding of Van Dyck's cavaliers and dames. The crisp touch models admirably, and with a patience which happily leaves undiminished the sharpness of accent, the very individual heads, and gives sheen and sparkle to the pink and black satin, to the gold embroideries and the white lace. Where Coques is always something less than happy is in the arrangement of such groups as these. If artificial elegance and the too obvious pose are avoided, the perfect naïveté is not quite attained which some of the Dutchmen get—as, for instance, Adriaen van Ostade in the familiar portrait-group of the Louvre—by a return to the most primitive simplicity.

Teniers, whose art is well illustrated in all the principal galleries of Europe, though nowhere so superabundantly as in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, is exceedingly well represented at Hertford House. The least attractive of his works in the Wallace Collection, the one in which the quality of the execution is least likely to delight the amateur, is the large 'Entry of Charles II. into a Flemish City': a title as to the correctness of which there is no absolute certainty, though it would be unwise to disturb it until a better has been found. The picture itself, so far as I can discover, gives no intrinsic evidence to confirm it. No painter was more banal and perfunctory, more tiresome in his perpetual dishing up of a very limited number of types, than Teniers when he was unable to interest himself in his subject. His frank brilliancy of colour, his unrivalled sharpness of touch are victorious, all the same, in the painted framework of the subject, made up of helmets, armour and arms, drums, cannon, and many-coloured flags, which he has with easy skill combined into military trophies, amidst which—suggestive of peace triumphant over war—sport cupids of very Flemish type, holding up heavy swags or garlands of flowers.

'The Deliverance of St. Peter' (p. 75) is one of Teniers's most brilliant bravura exercises in colour, one of his most masterly pieces of work altogether, if only we accept it as what it is, a variation on the often-repeated 'Guard Room Scene,' with the foolish little group of the Angel and St. Peter thrown in as a pretext, and to give a name to it. It is just because of the cool brightness, the soothing effect to the eye, of this silvery-grey tonality, that Teniers is able, without falling into garishness, to indulge in these astonishingly frank juxtapositions of the purest and loveliest reds, crimsons, azure blues, greens and buffs. So did long before him, and of course in an entirely different way, the greatest of Veneto-Veronese painters, Paolo Caliari. This painting is signed "D. Teniers G." There are other versions of the same subject by the master, and among them the 'Deliverance of St. Peter,' No. 1077 in the Dresden Gallery. This is a picture of very similar conception and type, but of quite different composition. The Teniers which in a general arrangement and in frankness of bravura most nearly resembles our painting in the Wallace Collection is the 'Corps de Garde,' No. 673 in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg. In this last there is a central group of card-playing soldiers which bears the closest resemblance to the corresponding group in the work under discussion. The St. Petersburg panel is of more important dimensions, and in colour even more bold, various, and sparkling than the 'Deliverance' of

Hertford House. Here we have, then, an excellent instance of the deftness and unvarying skill with which this most masterly and most expeditious manufacturer of pictures sorted and re-sorted his materials—his models, his types, his properties, his enframing scenes. Not less clear is it that he had but rarely the time, and still more rarely the inclination, to dive below the surface of things and penetrate to their essence, as some of his contemporaries could, and did, even when they treated such familiar and, in one aspect, trivial subjects as these.

Another Teniers here, 'Boors Carousing'—known to the amateur from the dress, or undress, of the chief figure as 'La Chemise Blanche'—is, as an exercise in cool silver colour, a still more exquisite masterpiece. The keynote is given by the gleaming white shirt of the carousing peasant in the centre, and the panel literally lights up the wall upon which it hangs with the subdued radiance of the greys and buffs, through the whole gamut of which the painter passes. Only the most delicate among the more positive colours—muted azure, celadon green, washed-out pinks, some of which border on mauve—are allowed to emerge somewhat from the silver sea. This genre piece, than which no Teniers finer in quality exists, is signed *en toutes lettres* "David Teniers f." 'Soldiers Gambling,' by the same artist, is of good quality, yet far from equal, either in execution or in preservation, to the two paintings just now described. It is well known that Teniers was the keeper of the Archduke Leopold William's gallery in Brussels, and that he amused himself by painting many and diverse views of its rooms, with priceless Italian and other pictures—most of them now in Vienna—on the walls. The best of these views are in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, the Alte Pinakothek of Munich, and the collection of Lord Leconfield at Petworth. He also painted separately many small copies from the pictures of which he was the custodian, and of these a whole number were once gathered together at Blenheim Palace. Of the last-named series the Wallace Collection possesses four, the two most remarkable being 'The Virgin of the Cherries,' after the famous Titian at Vienna, and 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' which in the same Imperial Gallery was once attributed to him, but is now believed to be by that dexterous *pasticheur* Padovanino. In all these brilliant, gem-like little paraphrases of works loftier and more serious the effect is much the same. The art of Teniers, like that of Rubens, has racial and individual characteristics too strong to be hidden away, notwithstanding the laudable effort to be faithful and subservient. It is as if through the semi-transparency of a tragic or serious mask we suddenly perceived, grinning at us, the face of a satyr.

The solitary example of Adriaen Brouwer, 'A Boor Asleep' (p. 77), presents the art of this passionate and unabashed realist at its very highest. It is doubly fortunate that it should form part of the Wallace Collection, seeing that the National Gallery possesses as yet nothing from his hand. The art of Brouwer, who was partly trained in the dexterous school of Frans Hals, embraces certain characteristics proper to the Flemish with others proper to the Dutch branch of Netherlandish art. This gross brute, asleep and snoring, has all the momentariness of Hals, but with it something more. All the physical life, all the permanent individuality of the man-beast are before

us. He lives and breathes in his own proper *milieu*. The design is singularly harmonious in its absolutely successful simulation of nature. This, then, is an art more profoundly seen and felt, more subtle in many ways, less entirely a marvellously clever *art d'agrément* than that of Teniers. The uncompromising truth in the presentment of one of the lowest forms of humanity rises here to absolute grandeur. One day it will be necessary to consider more closely than we have hitherto done how far such painters as Brouwer, Adriaen van Ostade, and Jan Steen—to take only the most prominent examples—when they brought to bear



No. 211.—A Boor Asleep.

By Adriaen Brouwer.

all their incomparable artistry on such subjects as these, were merely transcribing and interpreting what they saw, not without a certain brotherhood and sympathy; how far—it may be at the bidding, or to suit the tastes, of the grave and self-restrained citizens of the higher order who were their chief patrons—they were spicing still higher scenes of brutal riot or groveling bestiality, so as to show the Helot as a warning to the Spartan. This humorous realism, in which physical grossness is sometimes exaggerated to the point of caricature, is certainly not the unquestioning realism of the Brothers Le Nain, or of Velazquez in his earliest phase; still less is it the amiable realism—the naive truth, seen from one side only—of Murillo.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)



Elizabeth Going Abroad: The Golden Hind at Deptford.

By Frank Brangwyn.

The Art of Frank Brangwyn.

THE modern British school of painting, however remarkable its achievements in certain directions, is lacking in decorative artists; indeed, no able decorative artist can be found within its ranks. Thus may be paraphrased what, again and again, has been asserted by foreign critics, at any rate till a few years ago. That there is an unpalatably large proportion of truth in the dictum is not surprising when conditions are taken into account. In France, no public building of importance is deemed to be finished until walls, and perhaps ceilings, have been decorated by foremost artists of the day. To take the pre-eminent example, did not Puvis de Chavannes, by his works at Amiens, at Lyons, at Marseilles, at Rouen, at Poitiers, stretch a bow of imperishable beauty across his native land, a bow, the centre of whose string approximates to the geographical position of Paris, where are the 'Arts of Peace,' of the Sorbonne and the St. Geneviève series of the Pantheon? Moreover, from this bow, to continue the simile, an arrow of beauty was directed towards the New World, for the work of Puvis de Chavannes is to be found in the Boston Public Library.

In England, decorative art has had no such scope. We have been content to leave bare and grey the interior of buildings whose construction has cost

many thousands of pounds. In the Manchester Town Hall, it is true, are frescoes by Ford Madox Brown, and the Houses of Parliament have mural decorations; but these are of the few exceptions to an unwritten law whose observance is in large part responsible for lack of native effort. We have still among us a



Rest.

By Frank Brangwyn

distinguished artist who, granted opportunity—and, had he been English instead of French, how poor, relatively, must have been the legacy of Puvis de Chavannes—might have given us decorations hardly less fine than the portraits and imaginative pictures which, as it is, we possess. Had Mr. Watts, as a young man, been allowed to decorate the Great Waiting Hall at the Euston terminus of the London and North-Western Railway, he himself would have gone farther in the beautifying of public buildings; his influence would have operated, too, not only on other painters, but on the public, who by this time, one may suppose, would have come to demand a measure of that which is regarded as almost necessary in France. In this connection we must not forget, however, the mural decorations of Messrs. E. A. Walton, John Lavery, E. A. Hornel, and Alexander Roche, in the Glasgow Municipal Buildings, and examples by American-born artists, such as Mr. Whistler, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Abbey.

In Frank Brangwyn we have a man eminently sensitive to the sisterhood of painting and architecture, a man who may be trusted to lift from our British school the disgrace—for nothing short of this it is—of having produced no robust decorative colourist. To satisfy the curiosity of those who would know something of his past, it may be said that he was born at Bruges May 12, 1867. Some may attribute to hereditary influence the trend of his endeavour. His father, a Welshman, is, or rather was, for he has abandoned work in this kind, a decorator of churches. From the Bruges factory of Mr. Brangwyn, senior, associated with him therein being men as well known as Mr. W. H. J. Weale, late Keeper of the National Art Library, came a finely embroidered banner, bought from the 1862 Exhibition for the collection at South Kensington. In the late 'seventies the family moved to London; but time has not erased the vivid childish memories of the nine or ten years Frank Brangwyn spent at Bruges, with its unsurpassed belfry, its mediæval atmosphere, its haunting tradition of old Flemish painters and weavers. Here, it may well be, we have the key to that fusion of the modern and the ancient spirit to be found in some of the best works of Brangwyn.

Were he interrogated as to how he came to pursue art as a profession, Frank Brangwyn would not speak of destiny and fate. If I judge aright, he has, as every artist should have, a large capacity for pleasure—"where there is joy art must assuredly arise," Sir Martin Conway has recently written—and for that kind of pleasure particularly to be found in roving over the world something after the manner of the Vikings. It is well within the bounds of possibility that he should have become a sea captain, rejoicing in the lift of wave, the onrush of wind; but, then, the cabins of his successive vessels would have borne witness to his love of colour, his log books, perhaps, to his faculty for design. As a fact, he was allowed to do much as he willed when he came to London, and when, temporarily, he had had



Modern Commerce.
(First Sketch for the Royal Exchange Panel.)
By Frank Brangwyn.

enough of open-air joys, no small part of his pleasure consisted in making copies of Donatello reliefs, and of other beautiful objects at South Kensington. It was while thus occupied that Mr. Harold Rathbone noticed him and introduced him to William Morris. This was before the foundation of the Kelmscott Press, and when Morris was devoting much of his time to the development of the Merton enterprise. Young Brangwyn made for him a number of facsimiles of the Flemish tapestries at South Kensington, and, entering the workshop in Oxford Street, enlarged many of Morris's designs for wall hangings, embroideries, and other textiles. With more or less lengthened interludes—holidays is too formal a term to apply to them—this experience lasted for two or three years; but, Brangwyn's decorative bias not being in the direction of Gothic, the experience has left small if any trace upon his art. Wide as was the sphere of Morris's influence, it hardly embraced the subject of this article.

Without being in any way related to the Newlyn School, Brangwyn was for some time in Cornwall, at a little place called Port Mellyn. Finally, he settled at Temple Lodge, Hammersmith, where now he works. In the 'nineties, Brangwyn was one of the young men sought by M. Bing to aid in the inauguration of the "Art Nouveau" movement, a scheme in which he was associated with M. Besnard, the French painter. Two panels, treating of 'Music' and 'Dancing,' now in the possession of M. Agache, originally decorated the Bing emporium.



The Orange Market.

By Frank Brangwyn.

To judge by a reproduction in colours which I have seen, a carpet designed at this time is much more than a faint echo of the magnificent tradition of Persia; and some day, it is to be hoped, 'Le Roy du Chantier,' a boldly decorated cartoon, will be carried out in tapestry. For the rest, Brangwyn's love of adventure, of observing things and people in aspects impossible for the ordinary tourist, have led him to make many a coasting trip, whether in the Mediterranean or in the Levant, to fare leagues on untrodden paths. He is familiar with the Arabs and the Moors in their homes, with Spain, Italy, and other countries, near and far.

Were this the place to discuss, not Brangwyn's accomplishments, but his views on decorative art, and those things which attract him most in the achievements of the past, some interesting points would arise. If he does not attempt the refinement of linear contour—achieved, for instance, in the 'Triumph of Cæsar' series at Hampton Court—it is not because the art of Andrea Mantegna has no appeal. Brangwyn regards these cartoons as supremely fine. There are two methods of decoration, he will tell you: one that of filling a space with cunningly contrived and intricate detail; the other, which is his way, of dealing with great masses, defining them broadly one against the other. Here, almost without question, we have the influence of old tapestries, copied by Brangwyn for William Morris. An idea of his warrants the careful

attention or those responsible for the conduct of art schools: that each student should be taught at least so much of architecture as to cause him ever afterwards to consider the adaptability of his pictures to their probable architectural setting.

I can attempt to do no more here than give a general idea of the phases through which the artist has worked to his present, although by no means final, state of development. In his earliest works it was the deep colour, the archaism of the old Flemish tapestries that served as inspiration. There followed a realistic stage, when the aim was to render the resistless power, the eternal persistence of grey seas, and by his drawings for *The Graphic*, etc., Brangwyn is still best known to many in some such manner as this. Gradually but surely it was borne in upon him that he was better fitted for development along other lines. The triumphant colour-harmonies of the Venetians—Tintoretto, Titian, Carpaccio—haunted his imagination, and as these Venetians owed their supremacy to contact with the East, Brangwyn, by instinct and with no such recollection in mind, fared to the East, and there discerned not the rags and tatters of a glorious past, but that past overflowing with vehemence and volume of colour. If he read some old-time romance of the Moors or of the Arabs, it is not the significance of the printed word that reaches his brain, but a vision of Eastern folk, clad in rich colours, fighting, working, rejoicing,

in sun-steeped lands, prodigal in gifts. Each of Frank Brangwyn's Eastern pictures is an attempt to shape fragments of such a vision. In this kind, for instance, is 'The Scoffers' (p. 82), one of the most masterly things he has yet done, now in the Sydney National Gallery, after having been exhibited in Paris and in Munich, where it was awarded a gold medal.

Frank Brangwyn is of that courageous race which holds it worthier to hazard everything, æsthetically, rather than feebly, tentatively, to aim less high than the ideal. If failure must come, let it be by way of lofty endeavour. His is not a feeling only, but a passion for colour, and where so much of the appeal, practically all the magic, depends on colour, reproductions in black-and-white may appear almost meaningless. A favourite form of disparagement is to assert that the painter has flung his pots at the canvas, leaving to chance the result. Not seldom such criticism reveals only the critic's inability to appreciate a certain kind of beauty: that built up of intentionally rude forms—forms, however, which must be based on a knowledge of structure—perhaps with play of light and shade upon them. A man, swift of eye, adroit of hand, can temporarily fascinate as a conjurer; the works of an artist who can juggle with what to him is a living, all-pervading thing—colour—have more enduring worth. I think we get at the root of the matter when we say that Frank Brangwyn is a juggler

with colour, a juggler in whose blood is mingled a dash of the sumptuously barbaric East. Even if he show us a modern shipbuilding yard, a coal pit, a railway cutting in progress—and thus, time and again, has he proclaimed the dignity, actual and pictorial, of present-day labour—there is a suggestion of the pleasure he finds in playing with colour, in introducing into incidents of Western life the sweep and the splendour of the East.

I shall not attempt to name the various pictures by which Frank Brangwyn has been represented at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the Institute in London, onward from 'Water-logged,' exhibited at Burlington House in 1886, to his rugged sketch of old Kew Bridge, seen in Regent Street in 1901; nor can mention be made of several important works, unknown to stay-at-home connoisseurs, because they have passed direct from the Salon, or other Continental shows, into public collections like those at the Luxembourg, Munich, Vienna, Prague, Venice, or Sydney, New South Wales. 'The Story' (p. 81), the original of which is in the possession of Mr. O. Semm, Le Havre, formed part of the 1898 Academy. It shows the spirit in which Brangwyn works. Here is no niggling detail, no attempt at shallow prettiness. It is big in feeling, big in touch. The recent 'Cider Press' is a robust idealisation of an incident charged with beauty and with significance for all save those who pass by the



The Story.

By Frank Brangwyn.

fairest things of the world unseeingly. The piping lad, the fruit-laden tree, the deep blue sky, the lusty figures amid the wealth of apples ready for the press in the foreground: in this picture we have a scheme which approximates to the opulence of autumn at its zenith, a daring, and, as I think, noteworthy attempt to express the half-triumphant, half-sad sentiment of October. As an example of Brangwyn's water-side pieces—and he has a reputation as a pictorial expert on maritime affairs—we illustrate a Venetian picture, in the possession of Mr. Fry, of Bristol, where the water is of deep blue, the sails of red; the not yet exhibited 'Elizabeth Going Abroad: The Golden Hind at Deptford,' destined for Lloyd's Registry, glorious in the original if only by reason of the flame-reds and golds with which the spirit of the old-time vessels is interpreted—the drooping flag is of rich amber; and 'Rest,' one of Brangwyn's lesser-known works, akin, as far as the background is concerned, to 'St. Simon Stylites' of the Venice Gallery.

In a short time there will be unveiled in the Royal Exchange a panel from the brush of Frank Brangwyn. The Gresham Committee



In the Sydney National Gallery.

The Scoffers.

By Frank Brangwyn.



Venice.

By Frank Brangwyn.

is to be cordially congratulated on having commissioned so appropriate an artist to paint 'Modern Commerce,' chronologically the last of the series which opens with Leighton's 'Phœnicians trading with early Britons on the coast of Cornwall.' We cannot anticipate, of course, the unveiling ceremony by reproducing the finished work, but we illustrate a sketch for the composition. The original intent has been modified somewhat, and when put in place the panel itself will be found to vary in several important particulars even from the final study. Our illustration serves to show Brangwyn's ability as a decorator. He has conceived his theme in large and simple way; he has shaped his conception with a vigorous strength, an intensity, which cause us to look forward with confidence to this addition to the nine spirit-frescoes which now fill as many wall spaces in the gloomy haunt of city merchants.

FRANK RINDER.



Lent by the Governors of Dulwich College.

The Road by the River.

By Cuyp.

The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House.

THE thirty-fourth winter exhibition of the Royal Academy is alike varied and profoundly interesting. Though few, if any, artists are adequately represented, both as to range and quality; though there is a medley of styles, periods, nationalities, that compels re-adjustments of vision and judgment too swift for easy pleasure during a single visit; though even there be a not inconsiderable residuum of indifferent things, the exhibition as a whole is of great value. The novel and delightful use to which Gallery XI. has been put warrants a word of cordial recognition. Here may be studied some of the results of Mr. Evans' excavations at Knossos, Crete.

A second feature of the exhibition consists of a series of works by Albert Cuyp. Picture after picture evokes the epithet admirable; but where are those that convey finely a sense of personally discovered beauty? The 'View on the Maas, evening' (No. 92), where stately barges are afloat on calm waters, is well within Cuyp's range, and here his somewhat lukewarm interest extended to the sky. The sky, on the other hand, is the least satisfactory part of a second view on the Maas, belonging to Lord Iveagh, wherein to the left a church tower and a spire, the houses of a Dutch town, rise effectively behind the sails of fishing-craft. The chill clarity of a sunlit winter day is skilfully rendered in 'The Scene on the Ice,' belonging to the

Earl of Yarborough, and 'The Castle of Nemwygen' shows that the artist felt the dignity of such a ruin, so envired. Cuyp stands high among capable artists, but more than this cannot be said.

The name of our "English Claude" had equal claims this year, so far as the quality of his exhibited works is concerned, to be placed on the title-page of the catalogue. The expression of one regret cannot be withheld: that the Academy did not bring together simultaneously the fine array of Claudes seen last year and the Richard Wilsons of the present show. It would have been greatly instructive to juxtapose representative examples in similar kind by the two painters—to have had the opportunity, for instance, of comparing the Claude landscape ('Liber Veritatis,' No. 82) from Grosvenor House with the 'Apollo and the Seasons' by Wilson. The Academy missed a fine educative opportunity. In a sense, there is doubtless more of Richard Wilson himself in the large 'Lake Scene' (No. 1) —one of a pair, the companion canvas having a large tree in the left foreground to re-establish balance —than in any example now at Burlington House; but even though less personal, the unity of 'Apollo and the Seasons' gives it higher rank. The exquisite gradations of the golden sunset, the genuineness of the feeling with which throughout the blue sky, the hilly landscape, the temple of the foreground, are



Homeward Bound.

By J. S. Cotman.

charged, the lyrical appropriateness of the figures dancing in circle to the music of Apollo's lyre—Corot may have seen some such group before he painted his 'Matin'—give to the picture a rare appeal. We are content to dispense with what is new in the presence of a work so perfect of poise, of beauty so serene and joyous.

It is a far cry from Richard Wilson to John Constable—Constable the naturalistic painter, who, with all his admiration of Claude, knew that by following him he could do no more than produce "a body without a soul." Yet at the diversified Academy exhibition we may pass, by more or less sequent stages, not only from Wilson to Constable, but, historically, onward to work by four recently deceased members or associates of the Academy—Vicat Cole, Henry Moore, John Brett, and M. Ridley Corbet. Inevitably these last-named products of the late nineteenth century suffer by comparison with works of distinguished landscapists who lived in earlier and more stimulating periods. In several of his marines Henry Moore reveals undoubted talent; we recognise Ridley Corbet's cultured sensibility; but this feature of the show, if it remain in the memory at all, will remain rather as a superfluity than otherwise.

Under the same roof as Richard Wilson, De Wint

and John Crome, Constable baffles us somewhat. Turn, for instance, from the gracious, reserved landscape of De Wint (No. 5), with its rhythmic lines, its serenely lovely expansiveness, its cornfield bathed in golden light, to the famous 'Leaping Horse,' which hangs opposite. Here, undeniably, Constable achieves the "sparkle" which was one of his aims—the broadly-handled picture flashes with light and life, rejoices in powerful contrasts. Constable came to closer terms with open-air nature than any of his forerunners; he was the first to essay the interpretation, in *plein-air* language, of atmospheric moments; boldly—and it was the only way—he pursued his path. The triumphantly free yet succinct rendering of many features remains, after sixty years and more, to excite us afresh. Constable invites us to share with him the pleasures of a world discovered by himself. On occasions we ask nothing better than for a space to dwell at Dedham Lock. But Constable's occasional carelessness of selection, his fierceness of curiosity, the struggle frankly to express what he saw, at times disquiets to the verge of pain. He stands out as a great innovator; and to his influence, directly or indirectly, numerous strenuous landscape essays of the second half of the nineteenth century are attributable. Seldom, however, did he attain that

repose, that "tone and solemnity," which was hardly less his ambition than the glitter, evanescence, and movement of which he was master.

No one can withstand the spell of the dream-blue water in Turner's 'Modern Italy' (No. 23)—it is almost impossible to conceive of water, reflecting white clouds, more consummately painted. The catalogue statement, which says that this Glasgow picture was exhibited at the 1818 Academy, has led to much discussion; but the 'Landscape—Composition of Tivoli,' or 1818, is an earlier and dissimilar picture, with goats in the foreground. If only for the sake of record, it is well to name the pure landscape by Reynolds, obviously from the brush of a master-portraitist; the 'Old Houses, Lincoln,' of De Wint, which, paradoxically, is alike matter-of-fact and charged with intimate beauty; the solemn and mysterious 'Harlech' and 'The Approach to Venice,' which at first sight might stagger ere it delighted the spectator, by Turner; the un-Wilson-like but particularly good 'Woburn Abbey' and the 'Mousehold Heath,' given to Crome, both belonging to Mr. Hamilton McCormick.

John Sell Cotman worked relatively little in oil. Several of those best capable of forming an opinion affirm that not one of the three pictures attributed to him in the Academy catalogue is entirely from his

hand. Here, however, I need not concern myself with such questions. By whomsoever it was painted, 'Homeward Bound' (p. 84), reproduced by the courtesy of its owner, Mr. Arthur Sanderson, ranks with the noblest marines of the nineteenth century. It is conceptively great; the majestic vessel, which passes through ruffled waters, was visioned rather than descried against that wonder-provoking sky.

The *clou* of the whole exhibition in its kind is 'The Nine Muses of Olympus,' by Tintoretto, lent by the King from Hampton Court, and here reproduced. Not for years has this, the finest vindication on English soil of the Italian artist's amazing powers of invention, design, unrivalled facility, been seen to such advantage. With utmost ease he lifts the divinities into cloud-realms, and we know of a surety that this is their native element. The glimpse of deep blue sky, the unquestioned supremacy of the not far distant sun—and the one unworthy idea in this masterpiece, seen only on close examination, is that the sun has been given a nose, mouth, and eyes—the whole aerial vibrancy of this upper world, into which Tintoretto has lifted the daughters of Zeus, would in itself suffice to haunt the imagination. But, in addition to what fine uses of design, of flesh-painting, of light and shade, has he not put those lithe nude figures, which might well have become little more than an unlovely aggregation of limbs. See, too, how by a common impulse each figure is directed towards the imaginative centre—the necessary centre of repose—of music. No artist save Tintoretto would have dared at once to take such "proportional" liberties

with the human figure, and have so nearly convinced us of his absolute rightness in this respect; certainly no painter apart from him could have interpreted with comparable vehemence, comparable audacity, with surety so overwhelming, the essence of such an imagined scene. Much more complicated in design, markedly less rhythmic in parts, it yet deserves to be named with his 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of the Ducal Palace.

Allusion only can be made to the 'Venus and Mars' by Veronese, lent by Lord Wimborne; to the mistakenly entitled 'Fornarina,' by Sebastien del Piombo, under the influence of Michael Angelo (Mr. Claude Phillips' article, *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1897); to 'Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex' and the so-called 'Queen Mary,' both excellent examples of the art of Sir Antonio Moro; to portraits by Sir Joshua as distinctive as the 'Countess of Powis,' 'Mrs. Pelham,' and 'Mrs. Mordaunt'—the ivory dress, intertwined with old gold, of the latter asserts its worth with hardly less ease than that of the white satin worn by Lady Powis; to Franz Hals' 'Dutch Servant Girl,' immortalisation of a mischievous smile; to 'Ruth and Naomi,' one of the most satisfactorily conceived pictures ever painted by Murillo; to a frigidly capable portrait of a Cardinal by Guido Reni; and to 'Anne of Austria' from the brush of Rubens, which shows how admirably he could paint even when swayed by no human emotion. If succeeding winter exhibitions are comparable in interest, then critics of the Academy will have nothing to complain of in this respect.



The Nine Muses of Olympus.
By Tintoretto.

From Hampton Court Palace.

Royal Academy Elections, 1903.

AS an article dealing with the work of the new R.A.-elect appears on pp. 52-56, it is unnecessary now to say more than that Sir Ernest Albert Waterlow's success at the poll was as generally anticipated as it is well deserved.

Mr. J. H. F. Bacon, the first Associate to be elected, by birth a Londoner, studied initially at the Westminster School of Art, under Professor Brown, later in the schools of the Royal Academy. One of his first successes at Burlington House was in 1892, when 'A Wedding Morning' brought him into notice, there following in 1893 the still more widely remarked 'Announcement'—a young widow recounting her loss to an old woman in a farmhouse kitchen. 'The Return,' 1901, aptly followed 'Ordered South' of the previous year, these pictures being concerned with the departure and home-coming of British soldiers, and a development in the same kind doubtless contributed largely to Mr. Bacon's success at the ballot: the C.I.V. picture of 1902, showing the City Volunteers receiving the congratulations of the Lord Mayor and other magnates in the Guildhall. Some of Mr. Bacon's best work is in black and white.

Mr. William Robert Colton, A.R.A., is one of several sculptors initially trained at the Lambeth School, who during the past few years have won Academical recognition—the late Mr. Harry Bates, Messrs. G. J. Frampton and Goscombe John are others. From Lambeth he passed to the schools of the Royal Academy, where his studies were in part directed by Sir Edgar Boehm and Mr. Armstead. Thence Mr. Colton went to Paris. His work may be studied any



"Suscipe me, Domine."

By J. H. F. Bacon, A.R.A.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1895.

day in London. Six or seven years ago the First Commissioner of Works authorised him to execute the fountain now in Hyde Park; and from the 1899 Academy there was purchased for £630 under the Chantrey Fund his naturalistically treated 'Girdle.' This was seen in plaster the preceding year, but in that medium could not be bought by the Council for the Tate Gallery. His name is associated, too, with the strenuous 'Image Finder,' 1897, 'The Crown of Love,' 1900-2, and 'The Wavelet,' 1901. Mr. Colton, who has shown his admiration now of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, now of M. Auguste Rodin, possesses a sensitive talent, and his future endeavours are looked forward to with interest.

Mr. Arnesby Brown was born at Nottingham in 1866, and was there educated. As a lad he attended the Nottingham School of Art, but this was prior to the moment when it was determined that pictorial endeavour should become at once the profession and the moving force of his life. After a year of office work

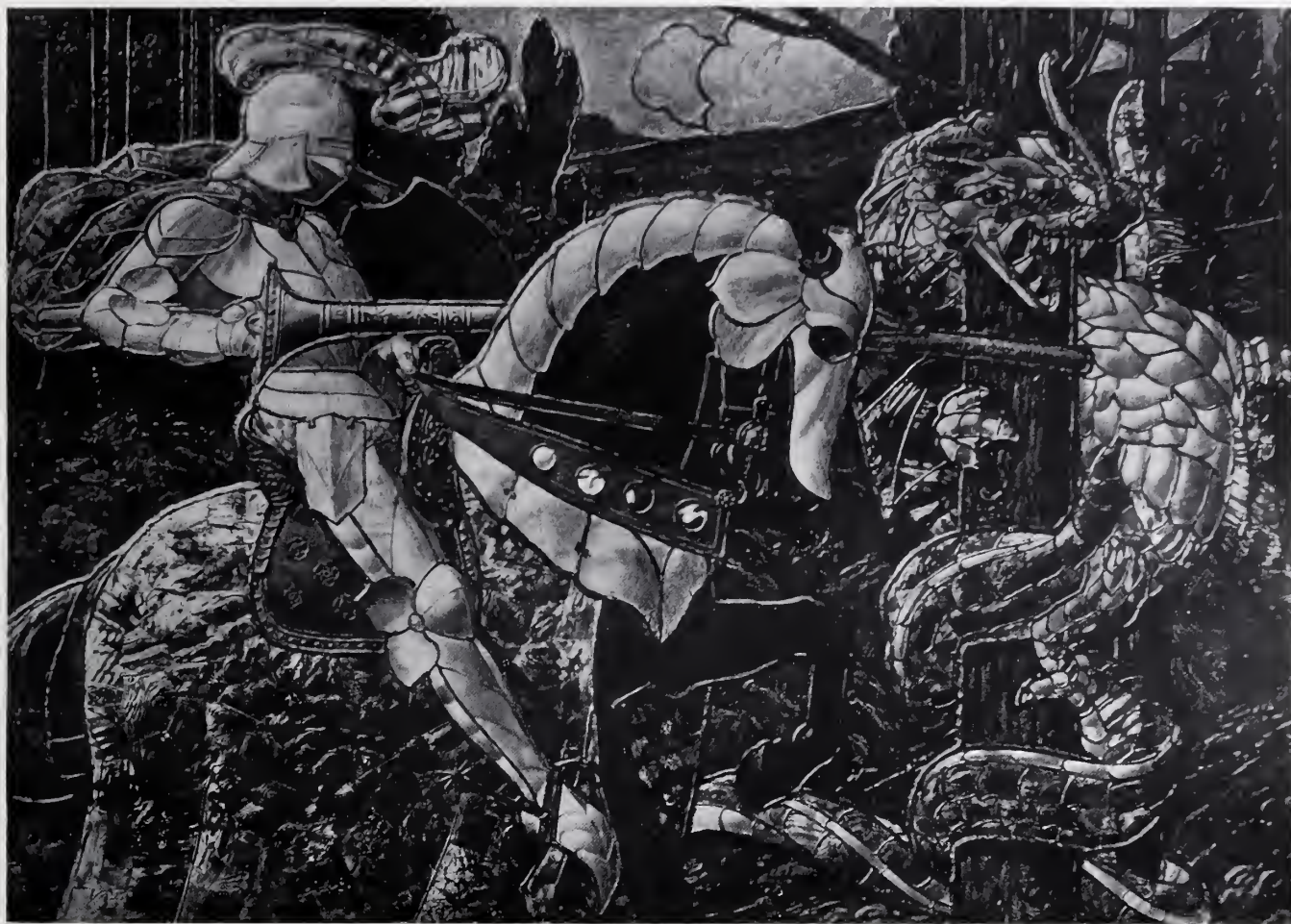
commerce was once and for all abandoned, and at the age of nineteen he entered the Nottingham studio of Mr. Andrew MacCallum. Under him, studying much in the open air, Mr. Brown learned the importance of seeing clearly and correctly, of transcribing accurately that which he saw. In 1889 the young painter went to the Herkomer School at Bushey, remaining there for three years. His initial contribution to Burlington House was 'A Cornish Pasture,' 1890, reminiscent of a visit paid to St. Ives, Cornwall, between which and the Norfolk Broads he now divides the greater part of the year. Since 1890 Mr. Brown has been represented at each summer Academy, and the purchase on behalf of public galleries of many of his pictures betokens that the truth-to-fact dogma, in its crude form, is less operative than formerly.



The River Bank.

By Arnesby Brown, A.R.A.

From the original picture in the Guildhall Art Gallery.



St. George and the Dragon. (Panel in mother-o'-pearl and gesso.)

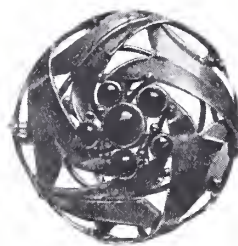
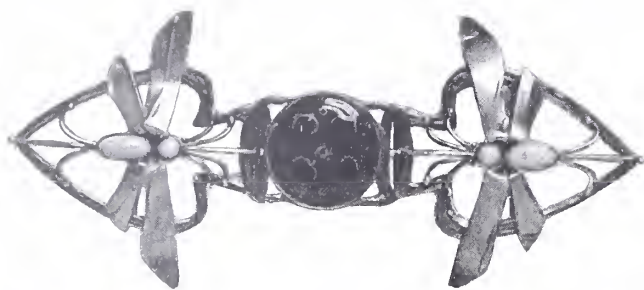
By Frederick Marriott.

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

IN the first Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts it was the work of Morris, Mr. Crane, and at most half a dozen others that distinguished itself from relatively mediocre surroundings. In the present one there is no Morris and no Burne-Jones to rely upon, and Mr. Crane is not very fully represented; it would be difficult to pick out any half-dozen exhibitors upon whose work the success of the Exhibition could be said to depend. There is good design and excellent workmanship by men and women whose names, if not unknown, will be quite unfamiliar to the public. Only by exception does it happen that work more suited to the Home Arts and Industries at the Albert Hall has crept into the New Gallery: it has been before now very much in evidence there. The place once filled by rudely beaten copper is now taken by comparatively accomplished silversmiths' work. In jewellery, of which this year there is a great display, real progress has been made in the last six years. There was a time when, in particular, the jewellery exhibited was the work of artists protesting against the ways of trade, but protesting only ineffectually because of their inexperience in technique; now they are beginning to show what they can do, and the trade itself is following suit. It is satisfactory, too, to find that artists like Miss Steele (p. 89) are not working

always separately, but are designing for such firms as Elkingtons, and either chasing their own work, or seeing that their designs are adequately rendered.

It is quite impossible here to mention all those who show good work in jewellery: the names of Edgar Simpson (p. 93) and J. W. Moore (p. 88), E. M. Worthington, L. Black, L. Peskett, are only a few of those whose dainty productions are worth picking out from their surroundings; but there are others perhaps yet more deserving of attention. Of those exhibiting in separate cases, Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin and Mr. Ashbee and his guild (p. 88) show to great advantage, and Mr. Fisher has a display to himself (p. 89) which fully deserves the prominence given to it. It is more as jeweller and silversmith than as enameller that he distinguishes himself. Even in his most beautiful colour he seems rather uncertain of his effect, and the pictorial scheme of his painting strikes one as at times out of harmony with its heavy metal framing. So in the case of Mr. Nelson Dawson's triptych. The severe and manly treatment of the steel puts to the blush the pretty poppies painted in enamel on the doors. The new enamellers seem to have followed with remarkable unanimity one direction of work only, and that not the most dignified or really decorative. They are too



*Silver Clasps and Brooch.
Designed by W. Hardi-
man, C. R. Ashbee, and
W. A. White. Executed
by Members of the Guild
of Handicraft.*



Silver Necklet, set with Pearl.

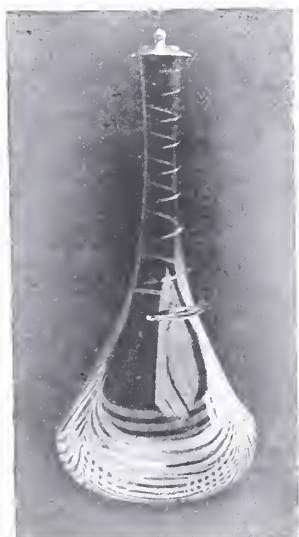
By J. W. Moore.

readily content with effects of translucent colour over metal foil, not difficult to get, and often more or less accidental.

In years past the selection committee has pitilessly rejected whatever did not satisfy its judgment; this year it has been held advisable to exhibit at least one work of each member, of which he himself should have the choice. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that every one is represented by something which he considers worthy of himself. The grouping of a man's work as much as possible together is another feature of the Exhibition, enabling us to form a fairer judgment of it than was possible when it was distributed all over the galleries. In the North room this principle has been carried as far as the allotment of spaces to certain exhibitors, where they themselves are permitted to

present what they have to show in their own manner; and in other rooms also men have been allowed to arrange their own stands or cases. The idea in dividing up the North gallery into bays was that each exhibitor, or group of exhibitors, should show something like a scheme of decoration. This, perhaps owing to the idea only having occurred to the committee towards the eleventh hour, has hardly been carried out. Mr. W. A. S. Benson and Mr. A. Heal, whilst treating the walls of their bay as a quite secondary consideration, may be said

to have decorated up to their furniture: others have been content to give it a background, perhaps not much more than whitewash or its equivalent. This gives a rather bare look to certain of the recesses, even though there is quite furniture enough in them. There is safety in this ultra elementary expedient—and something more than that. In Mr. Walton's bay, for example, the mottled wash of broken white at the back of the furniture takes from American walnut the grey look which is a natural defect of the wood; but restful as a grey room is, the days in this country are not so bright that we can often afford to tone down colour to what is practically its negation. All the same there is marked distinction in Mr. Walton's scheme of design, and elegance in his slender-legged furniture, for the thoroughly good workmanship of which Messrs. Henry and Co. deserve credit.



Glass Decanter.

By James Powell and Sons.



Panel in a scheme of stencilled decoration.

By Ingram Taylor.



Silver Casket.

By Florence Steele (executed by Elkington and Co.).

There is more furniture in this year's Exhibition than usual, but it is too much of one kind, even though that one kind be a much needed return from would-be-architectural woodwork to simple joinery. The joinery, it should be said, is with unfortunate exceptions (a furniture maker ought to know how to buy wood) excellent; as current craftsmanship it is beyond praise; as modern furniture it is, some of it, too deliberately archaic in type. Domestic woodwork which inevitably reminds one of the wheelwright's spoke-shave seems to belong less to the house than to the outbuildings. Possibly that is the intention of the designers of it—just as Mr. Voysey's cabinet-work is plainly meant for the furniture of his own houses. That is all right. It is well that those who want ruder furniture than the world is accustomed to should be able to get it; but one cannot but regret that the efforts of furniture reformers are not more in the direction of supplying the wants of persons not very extreme in their tastes—so that they might have some effect upon production generally.

Simplicity of form is all very well, but *beauty* goes for something, too. Novelty is all very well, but appropriateness counts for more. It so happens that, the accepted forms representing in great measure the survival of the fittest, it is not easy to depart altogether from them without losing hold of considerations essential to convenience or comfort. Moreover, the simplicity to be desired is a simplicity not laboriously



Silver-gilt Chalice, with enamels.

By Alexander Fisher.

sought after, as it sometimes appears to be, but resulting, as it were naturally, from the rejection of whatever is redundant or excessive in design. It would be easy to point to instances of design in which, for all the affectation of simplicity, there is lacking the sense alike



Part of decoration of Lloyd's Registry.

By George Frampton, R.A.

of proportion, of scale, and of propriety of decoration. Indeed, it seems to be a matter, I cannot say of principle, but of determination with some furniture designers *not* to recognise in their decoration the constructional lines of a piece of furniture, not to shape

a thing according to any canon of proportion. As examples of furniture which look thoroughly well suited to a modern dwelling room, Mr. E. W. Gimson's beautifully finished letter cabinet and Mr. C. Spooner's green-stained dresser may be cited—though it is hard to forgive the deception when we find what looks like inlay of ivory and ebony to be only painting after all. With these may be mentioned Mr. Clement Heaton's jewel case, inlaid with a forest of dark tree trunks through which gleams the light of the sky cunningly rendered in mother-o'-pearl; the effect is at once suggestive and decorative. The square shape of the Broadwood piano by Mr. Ashbee is certainly a more manageable piece of furniture than the awkward harp shape associated with the idea of a "grand"; but the great roughly hammered hinges seem hardly the right thing—the drawing-room is not the place to remind us so forcibly of the smith, harmonious as his hammer-strokes may be. Manufacturing cabinet-makers are not excluded from the Exhibition (Messrs. Liberty and Co., for example, have an original side-board in oak, of which the simplicity is only marred by rather too assertive inlay); but the trade work shown does not do justice to the trade, which we know well to be capable of much better things than any here shown. The fact is trade makers appear either not to understand the point of view of the Society, or not to make any attempt to conciliate its prejudices; and the Society, for its part, has not confidence enough in trade behaviour to trust them to show what they can do. The Arts and Crafts Exhibition is, after all, if only manufacturers knew it, an opportunity of trying upon a more advanced public ventures in design for which their customers, perhaps (and certainly their salesmen), are not ready. This has been realised by Messrs. Powell and Sons, whose table-glass (p. 88) is just what we do not find in shop windows, the result of experiments in art, which, even if they do not lead to immediate business, make known at least what good work the firm is doing. It is interesting to compare the productions of Messrs. Powell and Sons and of Miss Casella, admirable both in their ways; but the advantage is certainly not all on the side of the amateur.

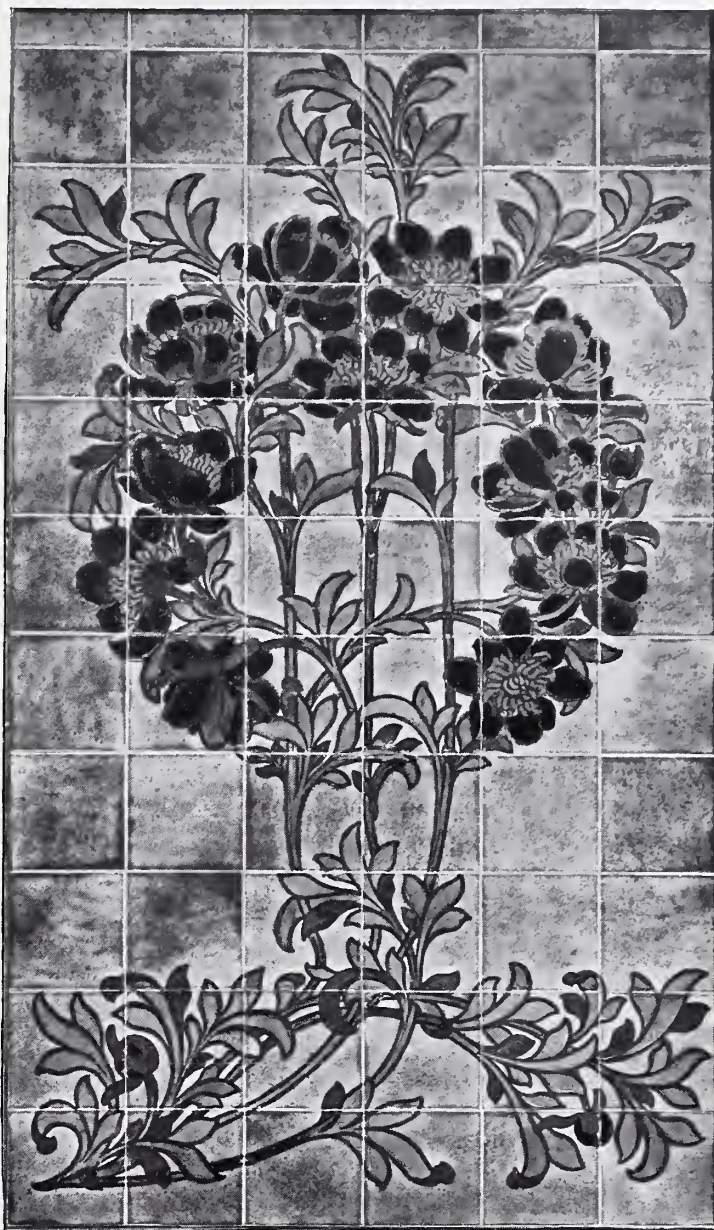
There is evidence of great vitality among metal workers. It is shown not merely in silversmith's work, in beaten brass and copper, in electric light fittings, such as those of Mr. Benson, but in larger and bolder work; in Mr. Benson's nickel-plated casements, and Mr. Longdon's grates, fire-dogs and cast iron mantelpieces; in Mr. Dixon's wrought iron lectern, and Mr. Cave's brass lamp with symbolically fretted panels; in Mr. Ince's memorial cross, and the wilfully savage altar cross of Mr. H. Wilson; in Mr. Evans's font, exhibited by Waltham and Co. (p. 92); and in the experiments of Mr. Bainbridge Reynolds, whose great fireplaces, overlaid with plates of copper, point to the inspiration rather of the armour-plating of the ship-builder than of architectural precedent. Heavy as they look where they stand in the shadow, in the hall of a big public building they might present a very imposing appearance. Things, by the way, hidden like this in the shadow of the balcony come out of their obscurity when the electric light is turned on, and prove, on short, dull winter days, not to be badly placed at all. Mr. Rathbone shows good straightforward work in copper besides his model for a pair of imposing copper doors.

Decorative sculpture is not very fully represented; apart from the admirable figures of Mr. Frampton, R.A. (p. 90), and Mr. H. Binney (p. 94), and the reredos of

Mr. Bramwell, there is little more than the plasterer's work of Mr. Bankart and Mr. Gimson, and the segment of a pictorially treated frieze by Mr. H. Wilson; unless we include amongst it the coloured relief in gesso of Mr. Duncan Carse—a very striking figure, the 'Mermaid' panel by Mr. Anning Bell, and the brilliantly coloured embossed metal panels of Mr. Holiday—a new departure in the way of enamels in relief not to be passed over. Mr. Holiday shows also effective coloured sketches and workmanlike cartoons for stained glass; but the most striking series of glass designs is that of Mr. Whall, whose working drawings and photographs in the gallery represent a remarkably fine series of windows. Not less interesting individually are the cartoons of Mr. Louis Davis; but his best work is a pair of shutters painted for the altar-piece of the Universities' Mission Chapel at Westminster, a daring but delightful piece of colour decoration. Mr. Heywood Sumner's cartoon for a wheel window, though it would work out well in the glass, has not the charm of his little decorative painting, 'The Forest,' which shows his art in a new and tender light. In the way of sumptuous decoration there is nothing more thoroughly well schemed and perfectly finished than Mr. Marriott's 'St. George and the Dragon'—almost entirely in mother-o'-pearl inlaid in coloured gesso (p. 87). It must have been a most laborious piece of work to choose each little piece of shell and file it to its shape; but the artist has not spared himself, and the result is one of the best pieces of decoration in the Exhibition. Of similar interest, and considerable importance, are the pictures in needlework by Mrs. Traquair, remarkable alike in design and workmanship. Mrs. Traquair attempts, perhaps, more than should be asked of the needle, but she goes near enough to success in her endeavour to justify the place of honour allotted to her. Hers is very different work from the copy of an old master in the South room, the admission of which strikes one as illogical on the part of a Society professing strict decorative principles of design. Miss Una Taylor's embroidery (with the unfortunate exception of a figure subject designed in the wall-poster manner) is delightful to look at, delicate in colour and most skilfully worked; but she is not always happy in her design; at times, indeed, she seems to do laborious stitching without producing adequate effect. In simpler and more direct work there is nothing better than Mrs. Dawson's patchwork appliqué (p. 93), as gorgeous in colour as a piece of Chinese featherwork. Mrs. Southall's cut-work is perfect in its way, and the design of Miss Field's d'oyleys and other fine work in satin stitch is as refined as the workmanship is expert.

Woven and printed stuffs are not very fully represented. In wallpapers there is a representative collection of designs by Mr. Crane, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Stephen Webb, Mr. Vigers and Mr. Warner, printed by Messrs. Jeffrey and Co., for the most part rather full and intricate in design; and in striking contrast to them are the studiously artless patterns of Mr. Voysey,

shown by Messrs. Essex and Co. Of Mr. Crane's designs for printed fabrics, as distinguished as ever and always fanciful, the most interesting are those for cotton prints with which he has draped an inviting little alcove; but, to judge by what is being done in *design for manufacture* and what is here shown, the sympathy of the Society appears to stop short where anything like trade begins. It is natural, perhaps, that the pattern most



Panel of Tiles painted in coloured glazes by the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company.

Designed by Lewis F. Dav.

in evidence is that bearing very distinct traces of the influence of Morris; but praiseworthy as it is in students of design to follow so admirable a model, it does not afford strong evidence of invention on the part of the full-fledged designer. There are upon the walls some very pleasing compositions which do not show serious enough consideration of the effect of pattern in repetition, nor yet of the fact that ornament, by its very nature, implies some acknowledgment of ordered line further than is given in



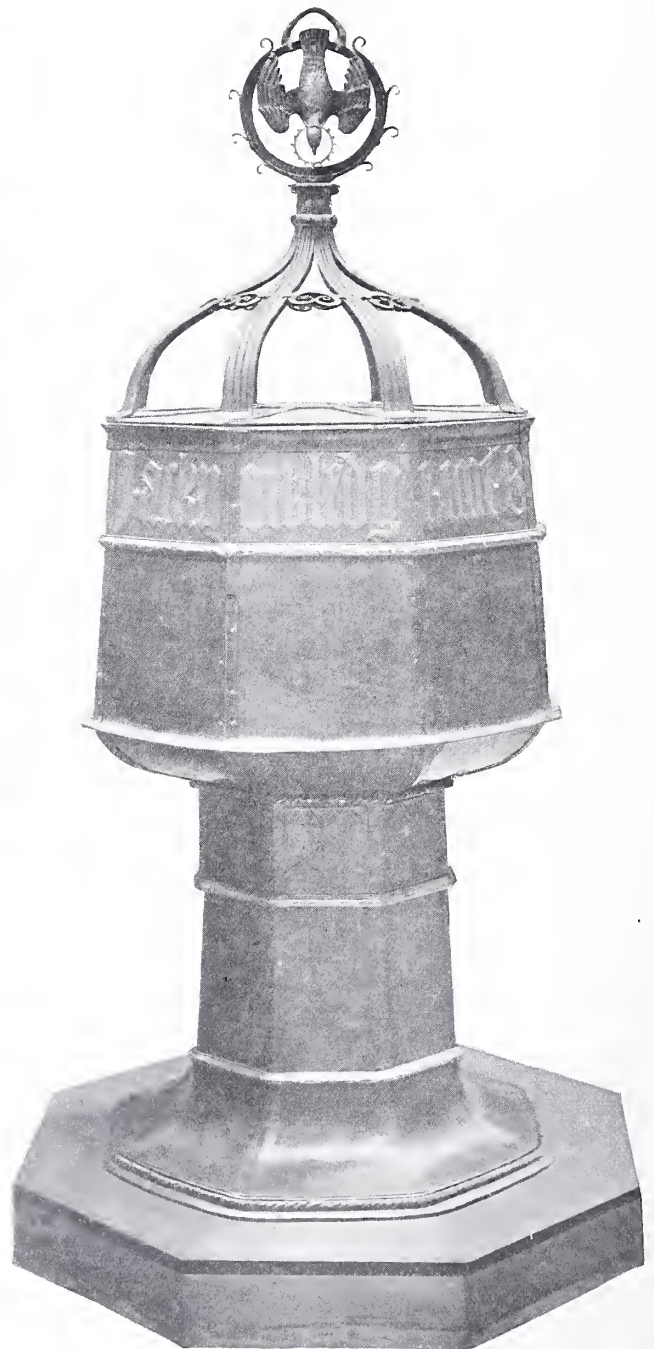
Queen Elizabeth (ceramic panel).

By Léon V. Solon.

the casual growth of natural foliage. One of the best woven fabrics is a severely restrained portière by Mr. E. Hunter; and there are a few workmanlike designs by Mr. L. Butterfield and others. In justice to the manufacturers, I must just mention a few embossed and other papers by myself designed for Jeffrey and Co., as well as some printed stuffs executed by Turnbull and Stockdale, and tiles by the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company (p. 91)—in all of which the aim has been to work contentedly under conditions imposed by manufacture. The Pilkington Company (who show also tiles by Mr. Crane and Mr. Voysey) may claim to have succeeded in getting extraordinarily rich colour in their glazes, some of which have never before been obtained in pottery. Mr. Howson Taylor shows a few tiles and a quantity of pottery altogether admirable

for the broken quality of its glaze; Messrs. Minton, Hollins and Co. introduce us to the tile designs of Mr. Anning Bell, quite out of his usual course, and Mr. Conrad Dressler has a few specimens of tiles and faience. The most skilful pottery painting is that of Mr. Leon V. Solon, extremely clever in technique, and, in one case at least (p. 92), most decorative, but sometimes in a pictorial style, to which the material does not best lend itself. His other plaques are *tours de force* in skill rather than decorative panels.

Printing and penmanship, illumination and other book decoration (rather than illustration in the popular sense), together with leather binding, make up a group of closely related subjects very fully represented at the New Gallery this year. Distinctly the best printing is that from the Doves Press, by Messrs. Cobden-



Font in wrought copper and forged iron.

Designed by R. Evans and exhibited by Waltham and Co.

Sanderson and Emery Walker, to the latter of whom Wm. Morris was indebted for help in his study of typography. Their English Bible is a noble piece of printing, which is more than can be said of the International Bible, to which Mr. Crane has contributed the title, decorative headings to the Books, and a page of very fine lettering—Gothic, yet his own.

Of the illumination, that of Mrs. Traquair is the most delicate, reminding one of mediæval work, and yet in some respects very different from it. Mr. Reuter's work is good, and that of Miss Kingsford, and it is in illumination that Mr. A. Vigers is seen at his best.

In book decoration we come, amidst much good work, upon some in which the modern disregard of scale is carried to the point of annoyance. The first thing that strikes one about the pages of Mr. Pissarro is that the detail of the borders is much too big. Mr. Strang's strong woodcut illustrations of 'The Doings of Death' have a grim earnestness about them which takes them into a class with which the Arts and Crafts Exhibition has not much to do. They seem, indeed, rather out of their place in Mr. Ashbee's recess; they would have been more at home in the gallery, where they would have helped to soften the abrupt transition from Mr. Whall's cartoons to more delicate drawings in black and white.

In bookbinding, what is not by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson or his pupil Mr. Cockerel is in great part by the pupils of the latter; just as in calligraphy the influence of Mr. Johnston is apparent, and always for good. His own work, and that of Mr. Christie and the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts, is admirable; but both in writing and binding the work seems to be very much all of a school, which gives an impression—a false one, probably—of prejudice or partiality. The wiser plan would have been to choose between such works and show only the very best. A kind of thing of which workers would like to see more is the sampler of gold embroidery by Miss M. M. Pryce, the samples of glass for mosaic by Mr. J. H. Bale, and the tiles with broken glaze by Mr. W. H. Taylor.

There is a rather dangerous allusion in the "foreword" to the Catalogue to the "new art." This has taken a more fantastic direction abroad than in England—though, perhaps, Scotland still leads the way in eccentricity. It claims to be derived from us, and even from the founders of the Arts and Crafts. Happily its

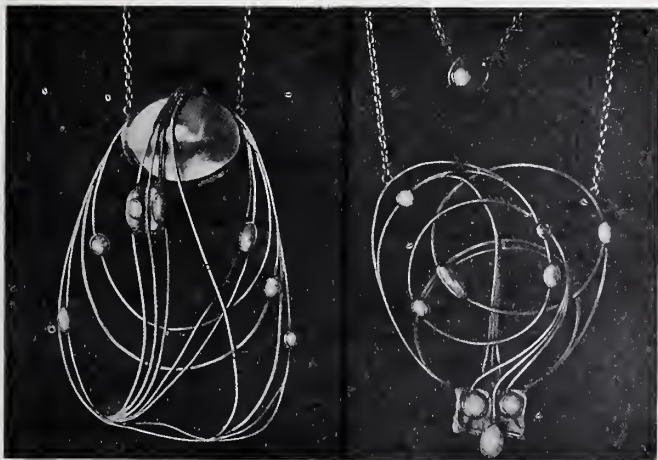


End of Piano Cover in patchwork applique silk.

By R. A. Dawson and Mrs. R. A. Dawson.

extravagance finds little support in the New Gallery. Mr. Simpson's jewellery (p. 93) goes, perhaps, as near to the "new art" as anything there—but his aim is clearly beauty of line, and there is distinct refinement in his work. Mere twirliness seems to have been enough to exclude even clever invention from the Exhibition. That may be hard upon here and there an artist; but it is satisfactory in the interests of sane design that the Society should so plainly have pronounced against the swishing line and other features of the new rococo.

It is with less satisfaction that one notes the almost entire absence in the Exhibition of any lingering respect for tradition. The *personal* note is too much insisted upon—as if the temperament of the artist were the one thing worth caring for, and technique were not of much account. It has to be confessed that in respect to craftsmanship the Society does not act quite up to its creed, or, let us say (lest it should disown any creed at all), up to the name it bears. Originality is a good thing, but it is not a thing about which the artist need concern himself. In all living art it is there, shining through and glorifying it when you come to look at it; but the



Pendants.

By Edgar Simpson.

use of it as a lure to attract attention indicates something less than the delicacy which goes to really fine imagining. It is an axiom in art that the artist should keep himself in the background; and in the

Arts and Crafts, which are in their very essence subsidiary, the obtrusion of the artist's personality may very easily become exasperating.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Model of part of a frieze for exterior of new Gaiety Restaurant.

By Hibbert Binney.

Passing Events and Exhibitions.

THE Royal Academy elections (see p. 86) formed the outstanding event in the art world of January. Many will regret that Mr. Edward Stott did not win his spurs, although he is said to have been in the final ballot with each of the successful candidates. It is eminently satisfactory to learn that Mr. Frank Brangwyn, although he has of late sent little to Burlington House, was strongly supported. He should not confine himself exclusively to the New Gallery, despite the temptation of knowing that there his pictures are hung with utmost consideration.

“L'ABBIAMO, il nostro poeta!” Such was the cry of the enthusiastic Florentines in 1850, when the whitewash was removed from the fresco in the chapel of the Bargello to reveal what for long was regarded as a contemporary portrait of Dante Alighieri. Lindsay says that for days thereafter the Bargello was thronged with a continuous succession of pilgrim visitors, their enthusiasm reminiscent of that with which, more than five-and-a-half centuries before, Cimabue's ‘Madonna’ was carried through the streets of a then architecturally glorious Florence. The portrait



A Poster.

By Augusto Sazanne.

can be no reasonable doubt that they are right—that the fresco is merely of the school of Giotto, probably executed subsequent to the fire of 1337, years after Dante's death. Thus we are left without an authentic contemporary presentment of the author of the "Divine Comedy."

IT now appears that Signor Chiappelli, an art critic, claims to have discovered an original portrait of Dante among the innumerable figures in Orcagna's fresco of the Strozzi Chapel, Santa Maria Novella. But inasmuch as this 'Paradise' was not completed till 1357, and as Andrea di Cione (Orcagna) was not till 1343 registered in the Florentine Painters' Guild—Dante died in 1321—it is improbable that at best we have here more than a memorised portrait. The figure regarded as that of Dante has a book in his hand.

FOR some time Mr. William Logsdail has contributed but fitfully to London exhibitions. The explanation was to be found in the series of pictures seen at his studio in Talgarth Road under the apt general title of 'Five Years in Italy.' As a fact, Mr. Logsdail has become during that period a kind of naturalised Southerner. His Chantrey picture of 1888, 'St. Martin's-in-the-Fields,' belongs to the chill North; his more recent canvases are concerned with Venice, with Sicily—a selection of which will shortly be arranged—and with the Dolomite country, with its strange formations, leaping upward perpendicularly three thousand feet at a bound. Mr. Logsdail has settled anew at home, however, but the influence of Italy is a lasting one. We reproduce the vividly realised front of the Palazzo Morisini, Venice, whose balcony is not of the degraded type condemned by Ruskin.

NATURALLY, keen interest was aroused by the first exhibition in England of pictures produced with M. Raffaëlli's solid oil colours. Ninety works seen at the Holland Fine Art Gallery were from the hand of about twenty-four Continental and twelve British painters. The convenience of these sticks of solid oil

colour, some two inches in circumference, cannot be denied. They are portable, and it is said always ready for use, always sympathetic. It is claimed that they can be used with the facility of pastel, while they are as indestructible as ordinary paint put on with a brush. Even though few will be prepared to agree that the pleasure found by many master-painters in the actual use of brush and palette is a thing of the past, M. Raffaëlli's discovery, if half its claims be permanently sustained, has great potentialities. "The mere metier vanishes; pure art, that perfect expression, it may be of a swiftly, it may be of a slowly apprehended impression, alone remains." That is what we are told.

IF we may judge by the exhibits in Grafton Street, artists as dissimilar as Messrs. Alfred East and J. M. Swan, as Professor Herkomer and Mr. H. S. Tuke, as Messrs. F. Foottet and Grosvenor Thomas, as Messrs. Mark Fisher and Wynford Dewhurst, to say nothing of Mesdag and Strahan, M. Raffaëlli himself—and the possibilities of the medium were admirably exemplified in his ten canvases—and Carrier Belleuse need not sink their individuality, their special methods of technique, should they permanently elect to substitute the oil colour stick for brush and palette. Almost certainly, however, the older method will survive, whatever the success of the new—survive as will the horse the motor-car. One fact has to be remembered: the complete box of oil sticks consists of no fewer than two hundred tints, against the eight or ten colours that formerly composed M. Raffaëlli's own palette.



The Palazzo Morisini, Venice.

By W. Logsdail.



Charcoal Study for 'Twilight.'

By F. Cayley Robinson.

MR. HENRY TANWORTH WELLS, R.A., who died on January 16th, was one of the most loyal supporters of the Academy. Born in 1828, he began exhibiting at the age of eighteen, for long exclusively as a miniature painter; not till 1861 did he contribute his first portrait in oils. Many well-known men and women have been limned by him, but his best-known picture is 'The Princess Victoria Receiving the News of her Accession,' exhibited in 1880. Mr. Wells' business capacities were great, and when some years ago Mr. Holman Hunt led an agitation for the reform of the R.A., he was an able defender of the *status quo*. During Lord Leighton's absence from ill-health, in 1895, he was Deputy-President. A man of undeviating integrity, an untiring student of literature and art, he will be missed in many circles.

IN connection with the 118th exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, we illustrated Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's 'Twilight' (p. 387, 1902). We are now enabled, by the courtesy of the artist, to reproduce a charcoal study for a portion of this picture. The woman with blanketed child in her arms has been nobly seen; there is about her a grave significance, a dignity, sure if not swift of appeal. If the study be compared with the finished picture, it will be found that Mr. Robinson has altered the composition somewhat, as, for instance, made the window higher. That was well. Certainly 'Twilight' was one of the notable pictures of last year.

THE largest and most noteworthy price paid for a picture at the sale in New York late in January of the late Henry Gurdon Marquand's art collection

was that for Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's 'Reading from Homer,' 36 in. by 72 in., Opus CCLXVII. It was bought by Messrs. Knoedler for a client at 30,300 dollars. Disregarding the 2,645 guineas at which 'Un Amateur Romain,' 29 in. by 40 in. was bought-in in 1891, the highest price paid at auction for an Alma-Tadema in this country appears to be the 1,950 guineas realised at the Goldsmid sale, 1896, for 'Expectations.' In the Marquand total of 197,070 dollars, paid for ninety-three pictures, the following, too, call for note: Hoppner's 'Mrs. Gwyn,' 29½ in. by 24½ in., 22,200 dollars, against 900 guineas paid for it at Christie's in 1889; a mythological triptych screen by Sir Frederick Leighton, 16,000 dollars; Romney's 'Mrs. Wells,' 50 in. by 40 in., better known as 'The Lady with the Muff,' 15,500 dollars; Reynolds' 'Hon. Mrs. Stanhope,' 48 in. by 35 in., 7,900 dollars—perhaps the picture that fetched 100 guineas at his own sale in 1821; and a 'Dedham Vale,' by Constable, 13,750 dollars.

TINTORETTO'S immense and amazing 'Paradise,' characterised by Ruskin as the most precious thing Venice possesses, has been removed from the southern wall of

the great Council Chamber in the Ducal Palace, in order that this wall may be repaired. Every visitor to the enchanted city on the Adriatic knows the 'Paradise,' but relatively few are aware that it covers a 'Coronation of the Virgin' by one of the earliest Paduan artists, Guariento, who died before 1378. A fragment of this fresco was seen by many visitors to Venice last autumn.

THE Royal Society of British Artists has added to its roll of water-colour members seven artists. Messrs. E. Birkbeck, W. Smallwood Winder, and L. C. Powles are best known for their landscapes, Mr. F. E. Gröre for his pastorals with cattle, Mr. W. T. M. Hawksworth for his marines, Mr. Alwyn Williams for his miniatures, Mr. A. Romilly Fedden, sometime pupil of Professor Herkomer, for his Breton studies.

A PRIZE of five guineas is offered to students of Art Schools for an original design for degree diplomas granted by the University of London. The conditions may be obtained from the Registrar, the University of London, South Kensington, S.W.

AS a book of reference **The Year's Art, 1903**, is as useful as its predecessors, but many irritating mistakes occur. The most serious omission is a complete record of the Coronation Honours, and no titles are given to some gentlemen on whom the dignity of Knighthood has been bestowed. Sir "Edward" Landseer ought not to have passed uncorrected. We wonder for how many years more Mr. Brock will precede Mr. Boughton in the alphabetical list of Academicians.



Photo. Alinari.

The Palace of Urbino.

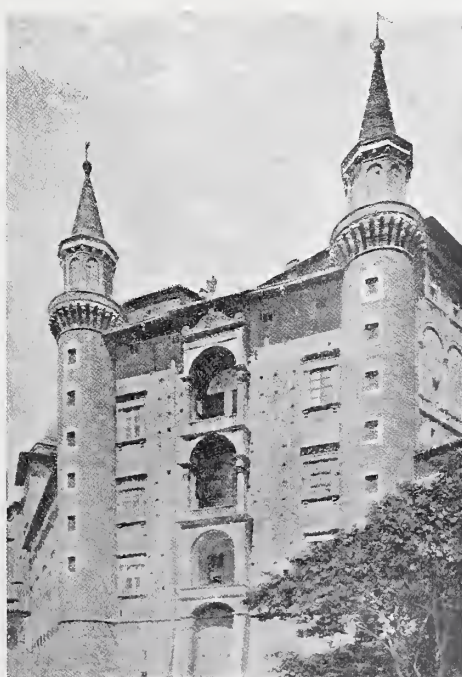
I.—The Grand Courtyard.

The Royal Raphael Academy of Urbino.

BY JOHN MORRIS-MOORE, HONORARY PRESIDENT.

NO Royal Academy can boast a more regal residence than the Raphael Academy of Urbino; no art society a more artistic home, for the "Regia Accademia Raffaello" has its seat within that marvellous structure of the Italian Revival, where the Dukes of Montefeltro once held their brilliant Court.

The illustration (II.) shows the West Front of the building, popularly known as the "Facciata dei Torricini," or "Façade of the Little Towers," the said "Little Towers" rising to about a hundred and fifty feet. Yet no apter designation could the *vox populi* have given, if we consider the airy grace with which these lovely towers spring up from base to pinnacle, clasping in their midst the three delicately shaped *loggette*, or terraces, whence



II.—The Palace of Urbino.

the eye wanders over the range of hills that gave birth to the first lords of Urbino.

As the West Front rises upon a slope, the basement of the main building is on a level with the centre *loggia*, the upper one corresponding with the first floor of the palace, the grand entrance being on the Piazza Duca Federico.

The palace is of three distinct periods, covering an average of two centuries and a half. The first, the middle of the fourteenth century; the second, the latter half of the fifteenth; and the third, the last sixty years of the sixteenth; thus bringing the total of dates from about 1350 to 1600.

Of the first period, nothing remains beyond the portion opposite San Domenico, the door of which church, one of the loveliest specimens of its

kind, well deserves reproduction (XI.).

The building with which I am now dealing belongs chiefly to the second period; it is therefore the expression of all that is exquisite in Italian art.

Foremost among the artists entrusted by the great Duke Federico II. with the design and execution of this structure, stands Luciano di Laurana, sole architect of the building, as attested by documentary evidence, "granting unto him ample authority to follow his own bent in its construction." From 1468 until his death at Pesaro, in 1482, Luciano never left the ducal dominions; his work having lasted until about 1480. Subordinate to Luciano was Baccio Pontello, or Pintelli. To him is assigned the design of the *cour d'honneur* (I.),



III.—Diploma of Honorary Membership of the Royal Raphael Academy of Urbino, presented to Queen Victoria. Illuminated on vellum by Professor Giuseppe Busignani, of Urbino.

the very counterpart of that of the Palazzo della Cancelleria, in Rome. Pintelli died in Urbino, and was buried in the Church of San Domenico.

Vasari attributes the Urbino Palace to Francesco di Giorgio, the Sienese sculptor and architect; but that delightfully erratic old writer errs here, as in sundry other cases. Francesco di Giorgio's work at the palace was limited (no mean limitation withal!) to certain sculptures and decorations of marked beauty, among which is the "Porta della Guerra," so named from the

warlike emblems with which it is emblazoned (IV.).

Other artists, in sculpture, wood-carving and wood-inlaying, of whose creations the rarest specimens here abound, were the Lombard Ambrogio Barocci (ancestor



Photo. Alinari.

The Palace of Urbino.
IV.—"The Door of War."



Photo. Alinari.

The Palace of Urbino.
V.—Capital of one of the pilasters on the Grand Staircase.

to the painter Federico, born at Urbino), Diotallevo, also of Urbino, Taddeo da Rovigno, Bencivegni da Mercatello, and Domenico Rosselli. To these belong decorations such as the portion of the frieze of a fireplace (VII.), the fireplace with its frieze of angels, which gives its name to the "Sala degli Angeli" (VI.), the candelabrum-shaped pilaster (X.), and the capital of a pilaster, on the grand staircase (V.). Mention of the staircase recalls another great sculptor, the Veronese Girolamo Campagna, author of the statue of the Duke Federico, standing in a recess (IX.), with a gorgeously chiselled marble frame, on the right, as we ascend, after admiring the shield and armorial bearings of the Feltreschi, framed in similar style (VIII.). Rich in quality, these examples will furnish some idea of the surroundings of the Royal Raphael Academy.

The Society was incorporated by Letters Patent in



Photo. Alinari.

The Palace of Urbino.

VI.—Fireplace in the "Hall of the Angels."

February, 1873, and the methods employed to attain its object—the promotion of artistic study and research—are lectures, letterpress, and competitions, for which last, prizes are awarded. An art library, ever on the increase, and a museum, are made accessible to students.

The ducal palace is now a national museum, under the control of the Minister for Public Instruction, the present curator being Count Camillo Staccoli-Castracane, who, to one of the noblest names in Urbino, unites high artistic culture, and is a painter of no mean ability.

The palace was first the residence of the Counts, subsequently Dukes, of Montefeltro. Able statesmen, brave warriors, and, above all,

patrons of art and learning, to them redounds the fame of a State covering scarcely over one hundred and sixty square miles, destined to play a part in the world's history out of all proportion to its size.



Photo. Alinari.

The Palace of Urbino.

VII.—A frieze over a fireplace.

To the House of Montefeltro succeeded the no less famous House of Della Rovere, until, at the death of the Duke Francesco Maria II. in 1632, the duchy was annexed to the States of the Church, and the ancestral home of its dukes handed over to a representative of the Holy See, who, to guard his person and his prestige, not only made it his dwelling, and transferred thereunto the offices of his administration, but used it as the headquarters of an armed retinue, and a state prison into the bargain. For all which requirements there was no lack of space in the palatial edifice, the deterioration whereof dates from that period down to the middle of the eighteenth century, when the damage was somewhat arrested by the advent of Cardinal Stoppani as Apostolic Delegate, who initiated a scheme for the preservation of the building, eventually favoured by his successors, notably by Cardinal Cappelletti, in 1826. But when this Papal province became the "Province of Pesaro and Urbino," on annexation to the Kingdom of Italy, the ducal palace of the latter city became the residence of a sub-prefect, of his goods and chattels, of all his offices, and of the law courts and prisons. Hence a further period of nine years' neglect and vandalism, from 1860 to 1869; a fresh cause of damage being the occupation of part of the ground floor by the government salt stores.

But in the year 1869 a brighter epoch dawned, for in that year Count Pompeo Gherardi founded the Academy named after Urbino's sovereign painter.

Of ancient lineage, and one to whom the time-honoured "noblesse oblige" was no mere empty jargon, the Count had the yearnings of an enlightened mind. A poet, a votary of art, and, to crown all, a patriot, he deplored that his beloved Urbino, like so many sister cities of antique splendour, should have dwindled to obscurity, and he resolved to gather up a few crumbs from the banquet of the past, so as to enable it once more to hold its own in the realms of Art.

As the born President of the Academy he had founded, he at once applied himself to the arduous task of ousting from the palace the prison department and the salt stores. Appeals to Rome at length induced Signor Bonghi, then Minister for Public Instruction, to give

heed, and the palace was catalogued as a "National Monument."

Thus was care once again taken of this sanctuary of art, and while rooms upon the first floor were allotted to the Raphael Academy, the prisons, on the ground floor, made way for the Royal Institute of Fine Arts of the Marche. But, alas! on the removal of the salt stores, it was realised that the action of the saline element had destroyed many stucco and marble decorations of priceless beauty, while others were in process of decomposition, and it is the opinion of several experts that nothing can arrest the progress of infiltration.

To Count Pompeo Gherardi is due the tardy recognition of the importance of the Urbino Palace, and its permanent protection by Government. But the Count did still more; he enlisted the sympathies of his Sovereign, Victor Emanuel II., who granted to his Academy, by Warrant under the Great Seal, the title of "Royal." This, in 1872, and from that time has the fame of the Academy increased; nay, in the very next year an event occurred which the inhabitants of Urbino still remember with gratitude.

This was the completion of the sum required to rescue from private hands and from depredation by unscrupulous tourists, the house in which Raphael Sanzio was born.

A subscription, from a minimum of fifty centimes, long since started by Count Gherardi, had not brought in the 17,000 lire required.

But the name of Raphael occasionally drew pilgrims to his shrine, and, among these, Mr. Morris-Moore, father of the writer of this notice, one to whom no work of Italy's sovereign limner was unknown, and to whom no tribute seemed too great to prove his devotion to the master.

Never could Count Gherardi have encountered a more congenial spirit. "The subscription must be closed by the next annual commemoration of the Artist"—"But how?" queried the Count hopelessly. "That is soon settled," was the reply, and, there and then, the several thousand lire still lacking were placed at his disposal, and on the 6th of April, 1873, in the room in which Raphael was born, and under the ægis of the Madonna



Photo. Alinari.

The Palace of Urbino.

VIII.—Armorial Bearings of the Dukes of Urbino.

frescoed upon the wall by the painter's worthy father, Giovanni Santi, the deed of purchase was signed, and the "Historical House" became the property of the Academy that bears the artist's name.

Out of compliment to the nationality of the donator, the Union Jack was then hoisted for the first time in Urbino, and the donator made the recipient of the Freedom of the City, while to himself and his heirs was gracefully granted the privilege of residing in Raphael's House whenever they should visit Urbino.

Nor was official acknowledgment wanting, as seen in the following lines addressed to Count Gherardi:—

"ROME, April 9th,
1873.

HONoured SIR,—
I rejoice at the rare liberality of Mr. Morris-Moore in the purchase of Raphael's House, and I authorise you to express in my name to that distinguished gentleman, the sentiments of admiration and gratitude which the Government professes towards him for his noble and generous action."—
Signed: SCIALOJA,
Minister for Public Instruction."

Then also it was that Mr. Morris-Moore founded in the newly-purchased house, the "Raphael Museum," and the news of these events spreading far and wide, the grateful townsfolk soon realised the benefit that had accrued to their city, whither visitors now flocked with a frequency hitherto unknown.

For in those days the people of Urbino seemed as "thoroughly cut off" from the rest of Italy as the "Britons" of Virgil from the "entire world," the nearest approach by rail being Pesaro, on the Adriatic, whence, in about five hours, a comfortless conveyance reached the summit of the double-crested height upon which Urbino proudly rears its pinnacles and towers, and whence some derive its name, as a contraction of *urbs bina*, or "the double city."

Twenty years later, from Fabriano, on the main line between Rome and Ancona, a branch was opened to Urbino, *i.e.*, to a station two miles below the city. Nor would even this have been accomplished but for the energy of Senator Gaspare Finali, then Minister for

Public Works, who, resolved to see the line begun and lacking funds for its completion, had it constructed simultaneously at Fabriano and at Urbino, wisely concluding that some successor to his office would eventually "make the two ends meet."

But ere this, other events induced lovers of the beautiful to risk an irksome journey into the heart of the Apennine.

The year 1883 marked the fourth century since the birth of Raphael. The Academy had long been planning

its celebration. Invitations to artistic and literary Europe had been warmly met, Governments had appointed delegates; gifts and conspicuous sums had been sent to aid the Society's work, among the donors being the Emperors of Russia and Germany.

On the "Great Day" an enthusiastic audience thronged to the ducal palace to hear Marco Minghetti deliver an address. Rome was represented by the late Don Emanuele Ruspoli, Prince of Poggio Suaso, who announced that to enhance the celebration in the Eternal City, the Mayor of Rome had obtained the loan, for exhibition at the Capitol, of one of Raphael's masterpieces, the 'Apollo and Marsyas,' and, to a thunder of applause, read a telegram stating that the hearts of the citizens of Rome were that day beating in unison with those of the citizens of Urbino, in honour of whose greatest son the commemoration at the Capitol, graced by the



Photo. Alinari.

The Palace of Urbino.

IX.—Statue of the Duke Federico by Girolamo Campagna.

presence of King Humbert and Queen Margherita, had been followed by an imposing pilgrimage to the artist's tomb in the Pantheon.

Orchestral symphonies expressly composed, torchlight processions, illuminations, and banquets, were part and parcel of the Urbino programme, and for a few days the lovely little city seemed to have regained a moiety of its ancient splendour, so thorough were the rejoicings, so choice the company that filled its streets and squares. Then, also, at a meeting of the Academic body, a motion for the erection of a monument to the "Divino Pittore" on the Piazza Duca Federico, was unanimously carried, and a public subscription started to meet the expense. An international prize competition resulted

in the choice of the design by the Turinese sculptor, Luigi Belli, at a cost of 125,000 lire.

The funds having been raised, and the monument executed, on the 6th of April, 1897, Urbino was again the scene of a brilliant gathering. Signor Emanuele Gianturco, Minister for Public Instruction, was on this occasion the guest of Urbino, and long will memory cling to his eloquent speech at the unveiling of the statue, with his culminating exhortation "to add fuel to the flame of Art!" the "Alamus flammam!" into which the accomplished orator and statesman threw all the ardour of his Southern nature.

Honours were then granted by the King, who conferred the Commandership of the Order of the Crown of Italy upon the sculptor of the monument, and upon the President of the Academy, Professor Giuseppe Fiocchi-Nicolai, for many years mayor of the city, whose distinguished services to Art were thus deservedly recognised.

The Urbino Academy has never ceased to be under Royal patronage. Since the ever-lamented loss of King Humbert, who, like the talented Queen Margherita, was

its High Patron, King Victor Emanuel III. and Queen Helena have granted it their patronage.

It is curious to note that the Royal Raphael Academy of Urbino is the only Academy that has had the honour of numbering among its members one of the greatest of modern English sculptors, Alfred Stevens, to whom we owe the Monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral.

But the fact in connection with the Society that most appeals to the English public, is the election as Honorary Member of Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, who, on the 6th of July, 1900, at Windsor Castle, graciously received from the hands of the Honorary President, the Academic diploma and gold medal, together with a richly bound album containing reproductions of the art-treasures in the ducal palace.

Of the diploma, "illuminated" on vellum by Professor Giuseppe Busignani of Urbino, we are able to give the as yet unpublished design (III.).

An address was also presented alluding to the Knight-hood of the Garter, conferred upon the great Duke Federico by Edward IV., in 1474; a fact particularly



Photo. Alinari. The Palace of Urbino.
X.—Part of a pilaster on the Grand Staircase.

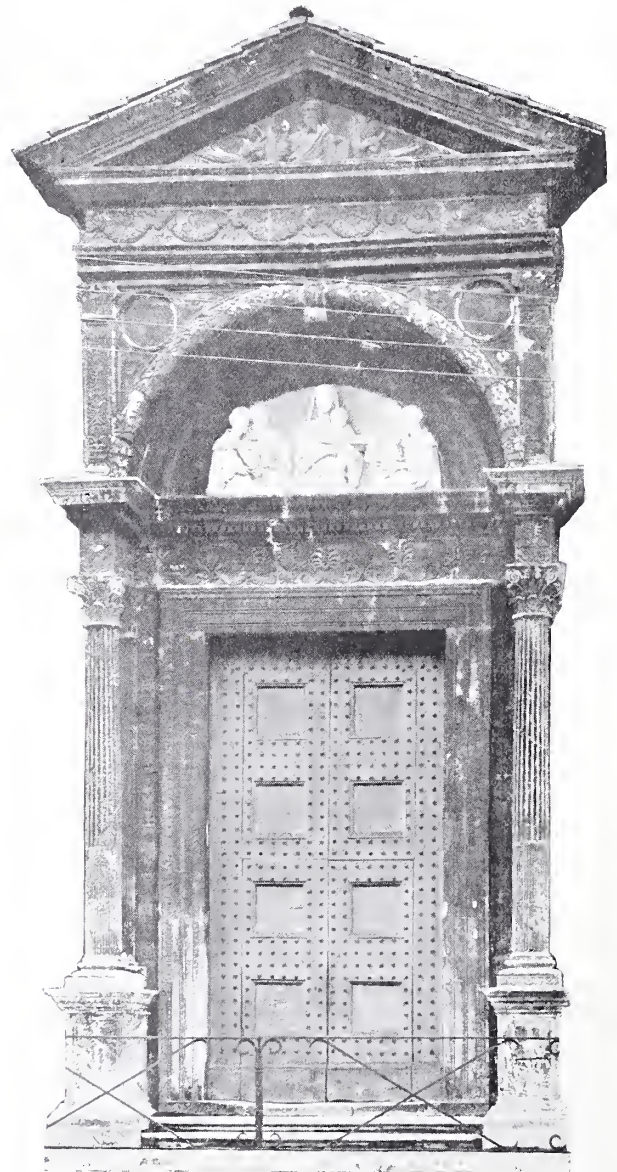
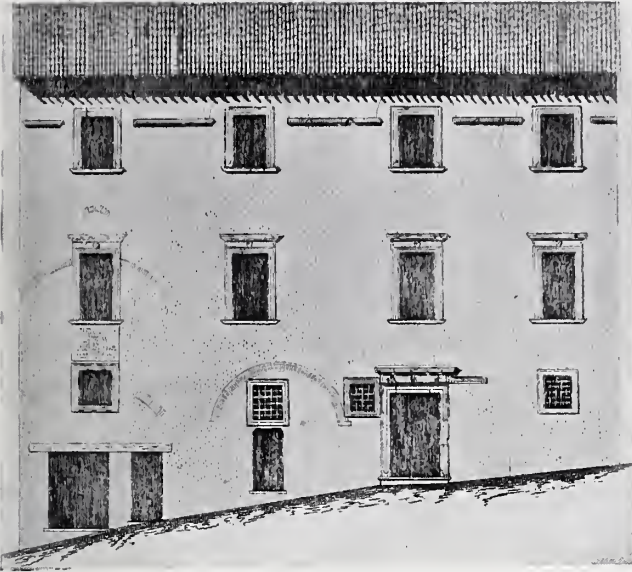


Photo. Alinari.

XI.—Door of Church of San Domenico in Urbino.

Designed by Maso di Bartolommeo.

Figures by Luca della Robbia.



XII.—The Birthplace of Raphael in Urbino.

The window on the left with inscription is that of the room in which the artist was born. The house is now the property of the Royal Raphael Academy, and contains a museum.

interesting to Her Majesty, who mentioned possessing the portraits by the renowned Melozzo da Forlì, of the said Duke, and of his son, Duke Guidobaldo, also created a Knight of the Garter, thirty years later, by Henry VII.

So proud indeed was the Duke Federico of this mark of distinction and friendship from "the mighty monarch of England," that he had the "Garret" sculptured over almost every door in his palace, and reproduced outside, over the magnificent windows, together with his own sigla: FE—DVX.

Queen Victoria's connection with the Royal Raphael Academy of Urbino was hailed by the English and by the Italian press as highly conducive towards strengthening the bonds of sympathy between the two great nations. Not inaptly, therefore, may this notice close with an illustration (XII.) of the humble dwelling in which Raphael Sanzio was born, and from which, henceforth, on every anniversary of the painter's birth, the Union Jack will be seen waving with the Italian tricolor, as a tribute to the memory of England's greatest Sovereign, and in recognition of her interest in the glorious traditions of Art.

J. MORRIS-MOORE.

The Loukmanoff Cartoons.

THERE have been many strange surprises and discoveries in the History of Art, but it is doubtful if any have ever equalled in interest the story of the series of cartoons by Raphael, known as the Loukmanoff cartoons, which are now in London. Their claims to be the original cartoons made by Raphael for the tapestries in the Sistine Chapel are supported by too great a bulk of evidence and data to allow them to be brushed aside, as so often has been attempted by those to whom it is the rankest and most unpatriotic heresy to permit the smallest doubt being cast on the authenticity of the series of cartoons which were formerly kept at Hampton Court, and are now enshrined among the nation's treasures at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It may be interesting, therefore, to set forth the history of the cartoons made by Raphael, "all with his own hand," as Vasari writes in the first edition of his works, published in 1550, only thirty years after Raphael's death.

It was in the year 1515 that Pope Leo X. commissioned Raphael to design cartoons in colour for the tapestries wherewith he desired to adorn the Sistine Chapel. In the memoirs of the Venetian patrician, Marcantonio Michiel, a contemporary of Raphael, it is left on record that the painter received one hundred ducats from the Pope for each cartoon, a price which compares but poorly with the price paid by His Holiness to the Flemish weavers of one thousand four hundred ducats for each piece of tapestry. This difference in price paid to a painter who was already famous supports the contention that the hundred ducats paid for each cartoon only represented the *right of reproducing* the design in tapestry, and that the cartoons remained the property of Raphael. Muntz, indeed, in his work on

"The Cartoons of Raphael" (edition 1892), says that one of the designs, 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' was sold by Raphael to Cardinal Grimani; and Gruyer adds that this cartoon was probably at Cardinal Grimani's palace in Venice when that building, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. As regards the remaining eight cartoons, the aforementioned memoirs of Marcantonio Michiel further state that "the celebrated Arras tapestries were woven from the cartoons offered by Raphael, which were bought by Cardinal Sigismondo Gonzaga, who bequeathed them to Duke Guglielmo Gonzaga of Mantua." Cardinal Sigismondo died in 1525, five years after the death of Raphael.

Raphael himself evidently set considerable value on the cartoons, for he sent his friends and pupils, Bernard van Orley and Michel van Coxée, to superintend their reproduction in tapestry on the Arras looms. If Raphael had sold these cartoons outright for the utterly inadequate sum of one hundred ducats each, such a precaution would have been hardly necessary; but if the cartoons were still his property, this supervision on the part of his friends is quite comprehensible to ensure the cartoons being properly handled and *returned to him at Rome*. How could one cartoon, 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' which Muntz declares was sold to Cardinal Grimani, have returned to Rome if the other cartoons were forgotten and left behind in the Flemish workshops? The chief point in the contention between the believers in the Loukmanoff cartoons, and the believers in those of South Kensington, lies in this question: were the original cartoons returned to Raphael at Rome, or were they left unclaimed in the Flemish workshops?

In support of the theory that they were returned to

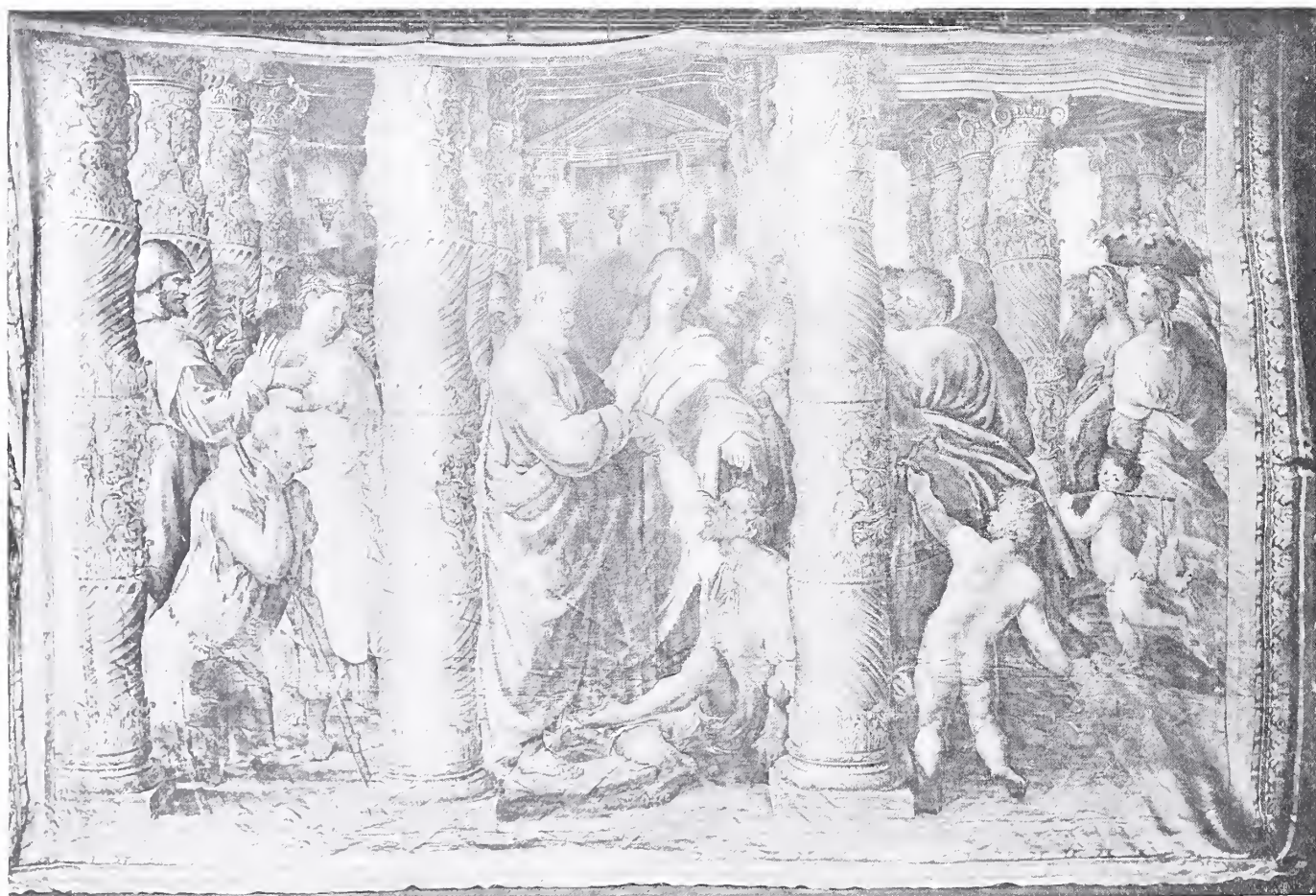
Rome, Vasari testifies as follows: "The Pope conceived the desire to order tapestries (*panni d'arazzi*) most richly wrought in gold and silk, wherefore Raphael made, of the proper form and size, all with his own hand, coloured cartoons of the same size, which were sent to Flanders to be woven, and when they (the tapestries) were finished, returned to Rome." It is hard to ignore such a statement, when we have also the statement in the Marcantonio Michiel Memoirs that the Raphael cartoons were sold to Cardinal Sigismondo Gonzaga. Further evidence as to the subsequent history of the cartoons has recently come to light in the archives of Mantua. Duke Ercole Federico Gonzaga, the nephew of the Cardinal, wrote in 1539 to Nicolas Karcher, "Master-weaver of Brussels," that he "must come to our estates, because we desire him to weave tapestries for our Court from the drawings which we will order to be given him. We desire that he shall be provided with all the conveniences necessary for his labour. For all the time that he shall remain in Mantua he shall have wine and all necessary, etc."

Duke Ercole Federico, in order to have these tapestries woven by Karcher, founded the manufactory of arras tapestries in the Borgo San Giorgio. Karcher, whose answering letter exists in the Mantuan archives, duly executed the desired tapestries, which were from the drawings of Raphael representing the Acts of the Apostles, and these tapestries, "called the Acts of the Apostles," are mentioned in detail in Duke Ercole's will, dated March, 1563, and bequeathed by him to his

nephew Guglielmo Gonzaga "for the Church of Sta Barbara." Nicolas Karcher remained at Mantua, and died there in the Borgo San Giorgio at the age of sixty-four.

Ercole Federico Gonzaga was succeeded by the aforesaid nephew Guglielmo, who was apparently a dissipated spendthrift. He had two series of tapestries, part of which he sold in Venice, and the probability is that the cartoons, bought by Cardinal Gonzaga from Raphael, were similarly converted into cash. The tapestries in question after Raphael's cartoons are now at Schönbrunn, near Vienna. They are in admirable condition, far better than those at the Vatican, and are also absolutely identical with the Loukmanoff cartoons, as regards the colours, the figures and the dimensions. There is great divergence in size and detail between the Kensington cartoons and the Vatican tapestries, which are supposed to have been woven from them.

The next date in the evidence regarding the cartoons is the year 1725, when Count Jagozinsky, the Russian Minister at Vienna, bought in Italy these cartoons, as the original designs made by Raphael for the Vatican tapestries. Professor Schevyreff, in his lectures on the cartoons of Raphael in 1851, mentions these cartoons, saying that "in the reign of Peter the Great these cartoons were brought from Rome by Count Jagozinsky." At Count Jagozinsky's death they passed into the hands of his wife, who subsequently sold them to Loukmanoff, a *bric-à-brac* dealer in Moscow, by whose name the cartoons have ever since been known, so as



(Loukmanoff Cartoons.)

The Healing of the Lame Man.

By Raphael.



(Loukmanoff Cartoons.)

Paul Preaching at Athens.

By Raphael.

to distinguish them from those of Kensington. The present owner inherited them from the Loukmanoff family.

The Kensington cartoons, as everyone knows, consist of strips of paper, which have been gummed together at the edges. This was the method necessary for tapestries woven by the *basse lisse* process, where the design had to be on strips of paper placed beneath the warp. This also necessitated the reversing of the design in the tapestry. The *basse lisse* process of weaving was a far more speedy and far less expensive method than the *haute lisse*, for which the weaver needed his design to be whole, to be copied as a painter copies a picture by free hand. Muntz, in his book, "La Tapisserie," when describing the *haute lisse* says: "Pour la *haute lisse* l'ouvrier est obligé de copier son tableau pour ainsi dire à vue, n'ayant pour se conduire que les contours tracés par lui-même sur la chaîne; à chaque instant il est obligé de vérifier le carton avec le compas." This would be impossible if the design had been cut into strips beforehand, as is the case in the Kensington cartoons. The Vatican and Schönbrunn (or Mantuan) tapestries are *haute lisse* tapestries; their measurements and details are identical with those of the Loukmanoff cartoons, but not with the Kensington

cartoons. On the other hand, the Berlin Museum tapestries correspond in length and height with the Kensington cartoons; and Muntz, in his "Cartons de Raphael," says "the tapestries which were woven after the Kensington cartoons are at present in the Berlin Museum."

To return to Raphael and Rome, it is interesting to recall the story mentioned by Vasari of Perino del Vaga's parting gift to Raphael when he left his master's studio. "Raphael would not accept money, but said that he would prize very highly one of Perino's paintings. The latter at once took a canvas of four metres, and placing it against a wall, painted continuously for a night and a day the history of Moses crossing the Red Sea, executing his work in bronze colours. When it was finished Perino presented the work to Raphael, to whom it was dearer than many honours." A little further on the historian of the painters adds, "Perino del Vaga also made designs on canvas for the Arras tapestries for Prince Doria." This was in 1512, three years before Raphael received the order for the tapestry cartoons from the Pope. It is not unnatural to suppose that, having been already captivated by Perino's huge design on undressed canvas, and further bearing in mind the fact that his design would have to be transported to

Flanders (no easy matter in those days), Raphael should have seen the advantage of following Perino's example and made his designs on undressed porous canvas with vegetable colours. In this way there was no danger that the colour or design would suffer from being folded; and the necessary sureness of hand required for painting on a porous surface, whereon nothing could be altered or amended, must have also had an attraction for the most famous painter of his day. For the *haute lisse* process, as I have already mentioned, a whole design, of the same size as the tapestry to be woven, was a necessity; it would have been impossible to send designs of such remarkable size whole, if they had been on paper, from Rome to Flanders at the beginning of the sixteenth century—it would be a difficult task even nowadays. If the tapestries, "most richly wrought in gold and silk," which Pope Leo X. required for the Sistine Chapel, were to be woven by the careful and expensive *haute lisse* process (as they were, the high price of one thousand four hundred ducats for the weaving of each piece being an additional proof of the fact), then the models designed by Raphael must have been on canvas, such as forms the ground of the Loukmanoff cartoons. The upholders of the claims of the Kensington cartoons insist that Raphael's cartoons never returned to Italy, and were so little valued apparently in Flanders that they were abandoned there in the workshops of the weavers, where the strips of paper were found by Rubens in 1630, and purchased at his instigation by King Charles the First of England. This seems an altogether impossible proposition, even apart from there being no evidence of any kind to support it. Raphael was at the zenith of his fame, his society was courted, his pictures noised abroad throughout Europe; and he himself set so much store by the cartoons that he sent his two friends, Bernard van Orley and Michel van Coxée, to superintend their being translated into tapestry. How can it possibly be suggested that everyone was so indifferent and careless with regard to these colossal designs by the greatest painter of his day, that they were thrown aside in the workshops, only to be discovered and rescued more than a century later? Clearly, if Raphael accepted so paltry a sum as a hundred ducats for each cartoon, and yet at the same time commissioned his friends to look after them, it must have been with the intention of re-entering into possession of them once they had been reproduced in tapestry. Every argument, therefore, goes to support the statement made by Vasari in his first edition (1550): "*Rafaello fece in propria forma e grandezza, tutti di sua mano, i cartoni della medesima grandezza coloriti, i quali furono mandati in Fiandra a tessersi e finiti vennero a Roma.*" The cartoons returned to Rome to Raphael were, as I have already shown, subsequently sold: one, 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' to Cardinal Grimani, and the rest to Cardinal Sigismondo Gonzaga of Mantua.

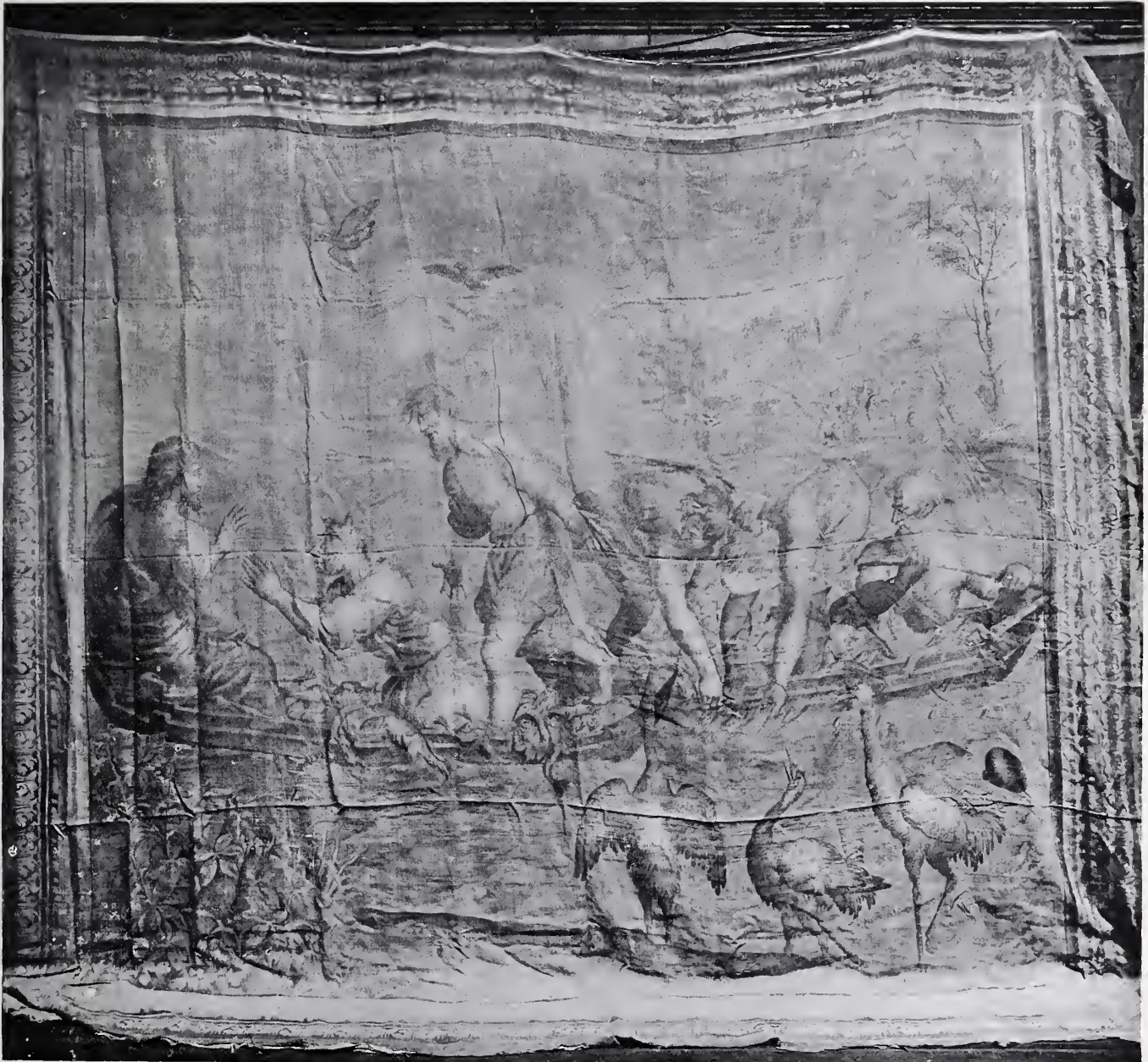
To whom, then, must the Kensington cartoons be ascribed, if, as all the evidence, contemporary and otherwise, goes to prove, they were not those executed by Raphael? This part of the story pieces together as well as the other. After the death of Raphael, in April, 1520, Pope Leo X., in the same year, desired to have a set of tapestries woven of the same subjects as those designed by Raphael, to send as a present to King Henry VIII. Perhaps it was thought that a timely present would keep that ebullient monarch in order with regard to Holy Church. The first series of tapestries, however, had been woven in the *haute*

lisse manner, and had not only taken four years to execute, but had also been very costly. Leo X. combined speed and economy by ordering *basse lisse* tapestries, which were far cheaper, and demanded less time to execute. Not having Raphael's original designs, of which he had only bought the right of reproduction, he commissioned Tomaso Vincidor di Bologna, a pupil of Raphael, to make designs from the Vatican tapestries, which Vincidor executed in black tones, and took with him to Flanders, where Antoine de Hollande helped him to colour them. In the National Library at Lisbon is a book by Vasari (1562) which once belonged to François de Hollande, the son of Antoine. On page 83 of the book, which deals with the life of Raphael d'Urbino, there occurs a passage as follows: "After the death of Raphael, Pope Leo X. sent Tomaso Vincidor di Bologna to Flanders in 1520 to order *basse lisse* tapestries as a present to Henry VIII.," and on the margin appears a note written and signed by François de Hollande, which says, "Bologna was going to execute these tapestries in Flanders when he entered into an agreement with my father, Antoine de Hollande." As we have seen, the *basse lisse* process required the design to be on strips of paper. These tapestries, instead of taking four years to manufacture, like the original *haute lisse* tapestries in the Vatican, were finished in 1521, the year following the Pope's order to Tomaso Vincidor, and were presented by the Pope before his death in the same year to King Henry VIII., in recognition of his published treatise against the principles of Luther, conferring on him at the same time the title of "Defender of the Faith." These tapestries are now in the Berlin Museum, and agree in all details with the Kensington cartoons, between which and the Vatican tapestries there are serious discrepancies. The strips for these drawings of Vincidor di Bologna, pricked along the edges with pins, as having served for weaving the tapestries in the *basse lisse* manner, were abandoned to the Flemish weavers. This is not surprising; they were only copies, they were on strips of paper, and had served their purpose. In 1630 these strips were found by Rubens hanging on the doors and walls of the workshops of the weavers; and Rubens, knowing that tapestries with similar subjects had been woven by command of Pope Leo X. after the designs of Raphael, and at the same time, as an artist, recognising the beauty of the composition and fine drawing—Vincidor di Bologna was a pupil of Raphael—and ignorant of the fact that the original cartoons on canvas had been returned to Rome, jumped, not unnaturally, to the conclusion that these strips were the original Raphael designs, and persuaded Charles I. to purchase them for the use of a tapestry manufactory at Mortlake. On the death of Charles I. Cromwell bought the cartoons for £300. They remained for a long time in a lumber room at Whitehall, until William III. commissioned Sir Christopher Wren to erect a room for them at Hampton Court, where they remained till they were brought to the South Kensington Museum in 1865.

It has been said by those to whom it was worse than heresy or high treason for anyone to cast the smallest doubt on the origin and authenticity of the Kensington cartoons, that the Loukmanoff cartoons are but copies of the Kensington ones, executed in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Against this theory the evidence may be said to be overwhelming. In the first place, the canvas on which the Loukmanoff designs are painted has been pronounced by experts to be of the time of

Raphael. Putting this aside, it may next be asked at what time could copies have been made of the Kensington cartoons? We know that the Kensington cartoons were in strips until they were pieced together by Rubens in 1630, a hundred and ten years after Raphael's death; the copies, therefore, must have been made after they had been placed by Charles I. in the tapestry manufactory at Mortlake, rather an unlikely place for such a thing to have been allowed. Then, if the Loukmanoff cartoons are copies, how is it that there should be such discrepancy of design between them and the Kensington cartoons, and how is it that whole portions are absent from the Kensington cartoons which are present in the Loukmanoff designs? If the Loukmanoff cartoons were copies, it would be easier to admit the *absence* from them of figures and parts existing in those of Kensington, but it is just the contrary. Also, though the Loukmanoff cartoons contain more

detail than their Kensington rivals (the whole figure of the steersman, for instance, in the 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes,' which is cut in half in the Kensington cartoon), yet they are of smaller dimensions than those of Kensington, and are *of exactly the same dimensions as the Vatican tapestries, which the Kensington cartoons are not*. Again, if anyone were making a copy of so large a work as any of the Kensington cartoons, he would be unlikely to hamper himself by the method and material which characterise the Loukmanoff cartoons. These are painted in vegetable colours on porous, undressed canvas, a method which necessitated their being painted right off, and which allowed of no corrections, for every touch of the brush sinks into the canvas. Only a great artist would care to handle such material—a copyist would have sought a method which permitted of *re-touches* and corrections. Furthermore, it is a convincing detail that the heads and expressions in the



(Loukmanoff Cartoons.)

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

By Raphael.

Loukmanoff cartoons differ in many ways from those of Kensington. This is particularly noticeable in the 'Healing of the Lame Man,' and 'Paul Preaching at Athens.' In the Loukmanoff version of the former the lame man is certainly ugly, but he is far from possessing the bestial ugliness that the Kensington cartoon gives him, which is just the kind of exaggeration a copyist would make. In the Loukmanoff version of 'Paul Preaching at Athens,' the expression and character in the head and hands of Paul are infinitely finer and more spontaneous than in the Kensington cartoon on the same subject. Faint and faded as the colours necessarily are on the porous canvas, this figure stands out with an impassioned vitality that one cannot forget: it is as if one could hear the Apostle's voice. I have yet to see a *copy* of any work of art which can give this extraordinary impression of spontaneous vitality; and in such difficult and uncompromising materials as porous canvas and distemper colours it would be even more impossible to attain such a result in a copy. The Loukmanoff cartoons bear all the marks of having been executed "a la prima" or first hand, or as Vasari said of Raphael's designs, which they claim to be, "*tutti di sua mano*." They also are whole, which was necessary for the long and expensive *haute lisse* process of weaving; they are of exactly the same dimensions as the Vatican tapestries at Rome, and the Mantuan tapestries at Schönbrunn; whereas

the Kensington cartoons were made on strips of paper (executed first in black tones, and coloured afterwards, as we have seen by the testimony of the son of François de Hollande) for the *basse lisse* process, and, while showing considerable discrepancies with the Vatican tapestries in size and detail, agree in every respect with the Berlin tapestries, which are known to be those given by Pope Leo X. to King Henry VIII.

Such is the story of the Loukmanoff cartoons, which I have abridged as much as possible out of a mass of historical data and evidence, and the opinions of many Continental experts. However much patriotism may affect criticism, it cannot disregard the evidence in support of the Loukmanoff cartoons. We do not want them here, and need have no personal feeling in the matter, as the Kensington cartoons, by their historical tradition and excellence, have become a page of our national artistic history. But it is not fair to decry the Loukmanoff evidence, as so many critics have done largely through patriotic jealousy; and if, as I believe is likely, the Loukmanoff cartoons are destined to take their place in one of the great Art Museums of the United States, which have already acquired so splendid an amount of art treasures from Europe, it will be a cause of congratulation that such unique works, replete with both artistic and historical interest, should find an abiding place in every way fitted to their merits.

VERA CAMPBELL.

The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester.

FROM THE PICTURE BY E. A. ABBEY, R.A., IN THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH.

THE historical trilogy, from whose second part Mr. Abbey took the motive of the reproduced picture, exhibited at the Academy in 1900, is of signal interest to students of Shakespeare. Mr. Sidney Lee, whose "Life" of Shakespeare is an inexhaustible source of information, affirms that there is no external evidence to prove that any play in which the dramatist had a hand was performed prior to March 3rd, 1592, when "Henry VI."—probably that afterwards known as Part I.—was received with acclamation as rendered at the Rose Theatre by Lord Strange's men. There is no explicit record of the production of Part II., but it must have quickly followed, as the concluding part was put on the stage early in the autumn. As is well known, Shakespeare is the adaptor rather than the author of this "Henry VI." series. It has been conjectured that Robert Green and George Peele drafted the original of the three parts, at least twice revised by Shakespeare, possibly with the aid of a brother dramatist. This hypothesis would account for Green's famous death-bed attack on Shakespeare, addressed to Marlowe, Nash, and another:—"There is an upstart Crowe, beautified with our feathers, that with his 'Tygers heart wrapt in a players hide' ('Oh, Tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide,' occurs in 'Henry VI.'), supposes he is well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes factotum is, in his owne conceit, the only Shake-scene in a countrie. . . . Never more acquaint [those apes] with your admired inventions, for it is pity men of such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes."

Mr. Abbey goes to the heart of the second part of the drama for his theme. The incident marks the beginning of the overthrow of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the proud, ambitious Protector under Henry VI. To serve his own ends, and in part to win the favour of Queen Margaret, the Duke of Suffolk "limed a bush" for Eleanor, and caused her to be surprised consulting with a witch as to the death of the King, of Suffolk and of Somerset. The witch was condemned to be burned to ashes in Smithfield, three of her accomplices to be strangled on the gallows. As to Eleanor:

"You, Madam, for you are nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man."

Attracted irresistibly to the flinty street along which his "sweet Nell," bare-foot, had to pass, Duke Humphrey and his serving-men have taken up their station. To the left, restrained by soldiers, are a rabble, jeering, gesticulating, of those who erstwhile did follow Eleanor's "proud chariot wheels." Eleanor stands out as a woman who will stop short of nothing to achieve her ends, yet who faces ignominy with a certain grandeur of bearing:

" . . . dark shall be my light and night my day;
To think upon my pomp shall be my hell."

Tensely the Duke, soon himself to be charged with treason, watched Eleanor pass from his sight, with the forlorn farewell:

"I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn."

The Salt, London, England



Painted by William A. Abbey, N. A.

*The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester.
Reproduced by permission of the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.*

No. 292.—An Arbaleste, made by Juan de Ensinas.



No. 782.—An Arbaleste. German, about 1450.



The Wallace Collection.

The European Armour and Arms.—V.*

BY GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O., F.S.A.,

KEEPER OF THE KING'S ARMOURY.

OF the projectile weapons in this extensive collection I have yet made no mention, the reason being that as here represented no specimen can date anterior to the period to which we have now arrived, although a crossbow in Case 7, No. 782, may justly claim to be of fifteenth century date. It is an arbaleste with a stock of wood, inlaid in places with plaques of polished stags' horns, ivory-like in their appearance, and carved in low relief with charming little groups of figures, rendered with a true German Gothic feeling, the small representation of St. George being of particular interest, owing to the details of his costume, which are so faithfully represented. A frieze of shields of arms is instructive, for among others emblazoned on it are the arms of Bohemia, Austria and Hungary. The bow itself is of great strength, being composed of cane, horn and whalebone, covered with leather and painted parchment, a medium often used before the introduction of the steel bow. This specimen is from the Meyrick Collection. Another arbaleste of considerable interest, due



No. 864.—A Suit of Armour made for Sir Thomas Sackville, about 1575, by the armourer Jacob Toft or Jacobi.

to the inscription upon it, is No. 292. It is severely simple in decoration, but the inscription, DOMFERNANDO REIDER ROMANOS JVADE NCINAS, being carefully arranged and divided should read:—DON FERNANDO REI DE LOS ROMANOS (Don Ferdinand, King of the Romans), and the signature of the bow-maker twice repeated IVAN DE (E)NSINAS. By this we see that the crossbow was made by the Spanish crossbow maker, Juan de Ensinas, for Ferdinand, King of the Romans, the younger brother of Charles V., and must have been made anterior to 1558, when Ferdinand became Emperor, the title of King of the Romans being one he had adopted during his brother's reign as Emperor.

Among the arquebus, pistols, etc., exhibited here none can date prior to the second half of the sixteenth century, although a few examples purport to be earlier: for instance, the pair of pistols No. 742 and 743 in Case 7. These were stated by Sir Samuel Meyrick — from whose collection they came—to have belonged to Alexander de Medicis, Duke of Tuscany, 1539, and although the costumes of some of the figures

* Continued from p. 46.



No. 1138.—A Breech-loading Arquebus. German (Augsburg), early Seventeenth Century.

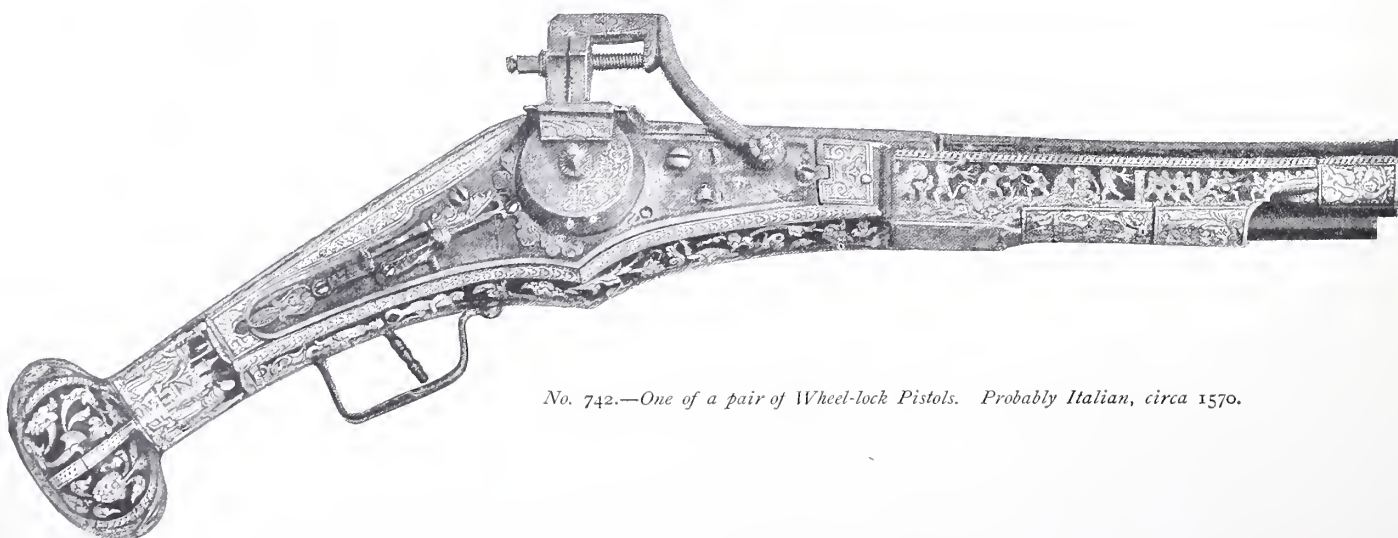
coincide with that date, yet, judging from their general form, and from the construction of the wheel-lock, a date somewhat within the second half of the sixteenth century must be regarded as the period of their manufacture. A breech-loading arquebus, probably dating from within the last quarter of the sixteenth century, No. 1138, is worthy of close scrutiny, being a finely-made weapon with the additional point of interest of having a breech-loading action. By drawing backward the back sight a spring is released, and the breech of the barrel springs open on two hinges on the side away from the lock, thus opening a passage into the barrel, into which fits a detached cylinder having a protruding touch-hole on one side. This, when pushed home into the barrel, falls directly into the flash-pan. The wheel of the lock is wound in an improved fashion, for by bringing the pyrites holder over to rest on the wheel it is so charged without the use of a spanner. Breech-loading projectiles of early date are rare, but not excessively so. In the Victoria and Albert Museum is exhibited a breech-loading wheel-lock pistol, dating towards the close of the sixteenth century. This weapon is curiously inscribed upon the barrel with some fictitious date of the first quarter of the century. The Tower of London possesses a breech-loading weapon supposed to have belonged to King Henry VIII.

Continuing our rough chronological list of the arms in this collection, the contents of Case 1 in Gallery VII. should be described, for it shows us a fine series of the intricate rapier hilts of the last quarter of the sixteenth century. Every gentleman of quality then wore his rapier or sword, which was as indispensable to his outings as is the walking-stick of to-day, though often considerably more useful. This was a fashion which, beginning with the sixteenth century, was continued until the end of the eighteenth. At an earlier date the

dagger, braquemart and basilard were the civil weapons; thus in the sixteenth century the practice of using swords in civil costume without the steel gauntlet or other defence led to all the complicated developments of the seventeenth century rapier. The origin of the various counter-guards can be traced through the century, towards the close of which the hilts became symmetrical, that is to say, they became similar in form and decoration on both sides of the blade. Later in the seventeenth century the guards usually comprised a pair of shells next the blade, which, gradually enlarging, led to the cup-hilt as seen in the example No. 164.

For a rapier of superb quality of workmanship perhaps No. 155 cannot be surpassed by any other exhibited in this collection. Although it may be considered stiff and formal in general design, its simple shape is eminently characteristic of the Italian rapier hilt of the last years of the sixteenth century. No. 164, in the same case, is remarkable for that it bears a date as late as 1701, showing to what a recent period the fashion of the cup-hilted rapier was retained both in Spain and Italy. Besides this example there is one other dated specimen with which I am acquainted, and that is the one bequeathed to the Bargello of Florence by the late Mr. Ressmann, that rapier bearing the date 1668.

With the end of the sixteenth century we come to the fine suit No. 864, which, by right of its superb quality of workmanship, and general completeness, should be selected first as a good illustration of the harness of that period. It forms one of the series of suits made by the armourer Jacobi, or Jacob Toft, of which, happily, a good many still exist in England. The Tower and the Windsor collections are rich in examples of this artist-armourer's work. Fine suits are also in the possession of Lord Hothfield, while another may be found in the

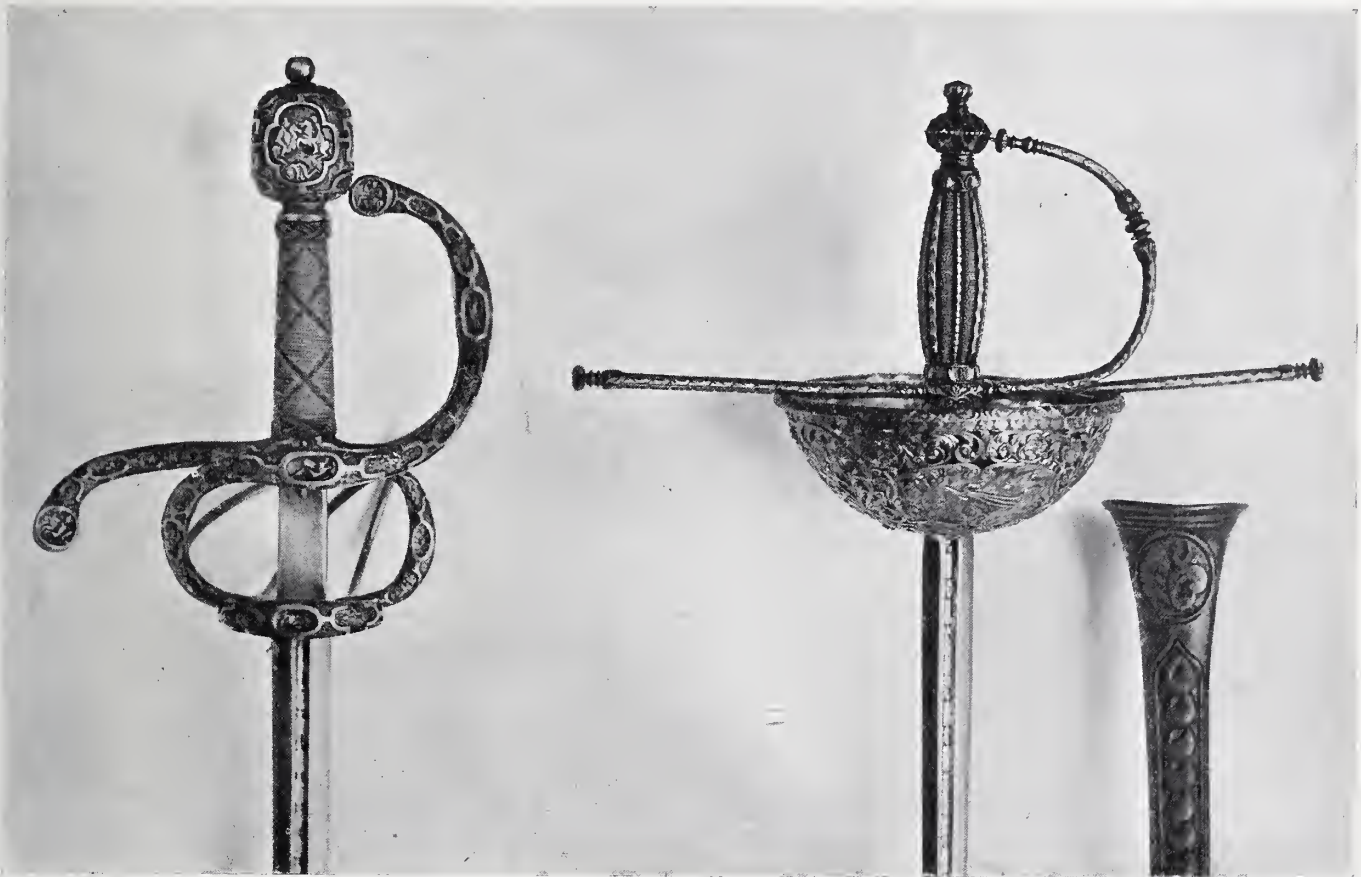


No. 742.—One of a pair of Wheel-lock Pistols. Probably Italian, circa 1570.

collection of the Armourers' and Braziers' Company, and abroad in the collection of the Duke de Dino. However, the suit No. 864 in the Wallace Collection is as fine in design and condition as any of them that exist. The whole surface is richly decorated by bands and borderings, deeply etched, and partly gilt with a scroll design through which runs a zigzag line of one-eighth of an inch wide, the groundwork being granulated and filled in with a black pigment. The plain surfaces have been brilliantly blued by fire to a rich warm colour, known in the inventories of the period as "purple armour." This suit was made about 1575, for by reference to the Album (now preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, containing most of the original drawings made by Jacobi for his suits) it will be

Scots. The Sackville suit came from the Château Coulommiers en Brie, where it is said to have belonged to Helionorus, eighth Duke of Longueville. It was taken from the Château when it was dismantled during the French Revolution, and after some time passed into the collection of Sir Samuel Meyrick. Joseph Skelton, in his work "The Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour," reproduces it on plate 29, vol. i.

Before taking leave of the sixteenth century a half-suit of armour, No. 1164, is worthy of notice, representing a much sought-after form of armour, and the most esteemed by the less serious-minded armour collector. It is a type where form is sacrificed for the richest and most intricate surface decoration; but for this reason it should not be entirely condemned. This fine harness



No. 155.—A "Swift" hilted Rapier. Italian, circa 1580.

No. 164.—A cup-hilted Rapier. Spanish, bearing the date 1701.

found that plate 31 shows this suit to have been made for Sir Thomas Sackville, who was created Baron of Buckhurst, Sussex, on June 8th, 1567, and Earl of Dorset on March 13th, 1603; both of which titles became extinct on the death of the fifth Duke of Dorset, and eleventh Baron Buckhurst, in July, 1843.

In the "Armourer's Album" the complete set of extra tilting pieces belonging to the Sackville suit are also represented, but unfortunately, with the exceptions of the tilting breastplate and a pair of stirrups shown beside the suit, Nos. 865, 866 and 867, they are now all missing.

On plate 29 in the Album is shown another drawing by Jacobi, of a three-quarter suit of exactly similar decorations and fashion, which was made for Lord Compton, one of the Lords present at the trial of Mary Queen of

ot which we speak, although late in its style of ornamentation, is broad in execution and good in design, but its great charm lies in the fine and even quality of the damascening of gold and silver which to-day remains in almost pristine condition upon the surface. The entire face of this demi-suit is worked out by embossing from the back to surfaces of different levels, chased, and, as already stated, enriched with the purest gold and silver azzimini damascening, plating and overlaying. It was one of the most cherished possessions of Sir Samuel Meyrick, and is illustrated in "The Engraved Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour," by Joseph Skelton, vol. i., plate 33, as the armour of Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara, Modena, etc., etc. Sir Samuel adds this note to his description of the suit: "This is, with-

out doubt, one of the most splendid suits in Europe, if, indeed, it be not entitled to pre-eminence." In these more enlightened days, however, this must be taken more as the praise of an ardent collector rather than as a true criticism, for, apart from the effect of colour, it cannot compare either for quality of workmanship or pureness of outline with many other specimens even in this comparatively small armoury, still less with the galleries of Europe. This particular form of ornamentation, figures in niches, strap-work and sprays of flowers, I have taken the liberty to class as the work of Lucio Piccinino, the famous armourer, and father of the still more famous blade-maker.



No. 1304.—A Gorget. French work of the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Portions of another suit in this collection closely resemble it, that is No. 266 in Gallery VI., but the resemblance is in the design alone, for there are no gold and silver enrichments, at least not existing now. This suit comes also from the Meyrick Collection.

A superb suit attributed to Philip III., in the Madrid armoury, No. 134 in catalogue of 1898, must be from the same atelier; as also a breastplate now exhibited on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum, formerly in the Bernal, and later in the Londesborough Collection.

Without describing minutely all the details of the lesser exhibits of sixteenth century armour and arms in the Wallace Collection, we may now say that we have

passed roughly through that century to find ourselves at the commencement of the seventeenth, which, though gradually at first, yet surely sees the decadence of the armourer's art.

Perhaps, from the standard of fine workmanship and richness of design, the gorget, No. 1304, in Case 2, may take the foremost place in the seventeenth century productions. In form it is composed of two deep plates, one for the breast and one for the back, for a gorget of this description and fashion was an armament in itself, and not worn with other defensive plates, but with a quilted linen or buff coat. This fine example, from its comparative lightness and richness

of colour, seems to suggest a military parade rather than an article of utility for hard wear. As recently as 1830 the gorget, a mere toy of gilt copper, was worn by officers as an insignia of rank. In this example the entire surface is decorated with the most elaborate embossed battle scenes, further enriched with every form of gold and silver surface application. On the front plate a town is depicted in the distance, by the walls of which flows a broad river, spanned by two stone bridges; an army is attacking; the besiegers are landing, with the help of small coracles and storming ladders. On the bridge on the right the besieged and the enemy meet in a fierce *mêlée*. In the extreme distance may be seen companies of infantry and cavalry. In the foreground a commander rides away from the spectator, holding in his extended hand a bâton. Companies of knights, armed *cap-à-pie*, and musketeers hurry towards the contested bridges; seen beyond the hillocks are pieces of artillery. The whole composition is as viewed from the top of a hill, the effect of distance being most skilfully rendered by the varying heights of the embossing. A relief to the extent of a quarter of an inch is employed in the extreme foreground, graduating to a mistily engraved far-distant

landscape. The same battle occupies the back-plate, but as though seen from a different standpoint. The nationality of this specimen must, I think, be French, for, after careful consideration as to the method of workmanship, a certain "lineiness" in the chasing recalls specimens of embossed armour which have been pronounced French, as, for instance, the small half-chamfron on loan at the Victoria and Albert Museum, an example which is now universally accepted as being of French origin. The date, judging by the costumes depicted in the battle scene, must be between the years 1615 and 1620.

GUY FRANCIS LAKING.

(To be continued.)



No. 1164.—A Suit of Half-Armour said to have been made for Alfonso II., Duke of Ferrara,
probably by Lucio Piccinino, third quarter of Sixteenth Century.

William Blake.

A Sonnet by Dante G. Rossetti, dedicated to Frederic Shields, on his Sketch of Blake's work-room and death-room, 3, Fountain Court, Strand.—(p. 115.)

This is the place. Even here the dauntless soul,
The unflinching hand, wrought on; till in that nook,
As on that very bed, his life partook
New birth, and passed. Yon river's dusky shoal,
Whereto the close-built coiling lanes unroll,
Faced his work-window, whence his eyes would stare,
Thought-wandering, unto nought that met them there,
But to the unfettered, irreversible goal.

This cupboard, Holy of Holies, held the cloud
Of his soul writ and limned; this other one,
His true wife's charge, full oft to their abode
Yielded for daily bread the martyr's stone,
Ere yet their food might be that Bread alone,
The words now home-speech of the mouth of God.

Some British Illustrators of the Bible.

BLAKE'S "ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB."

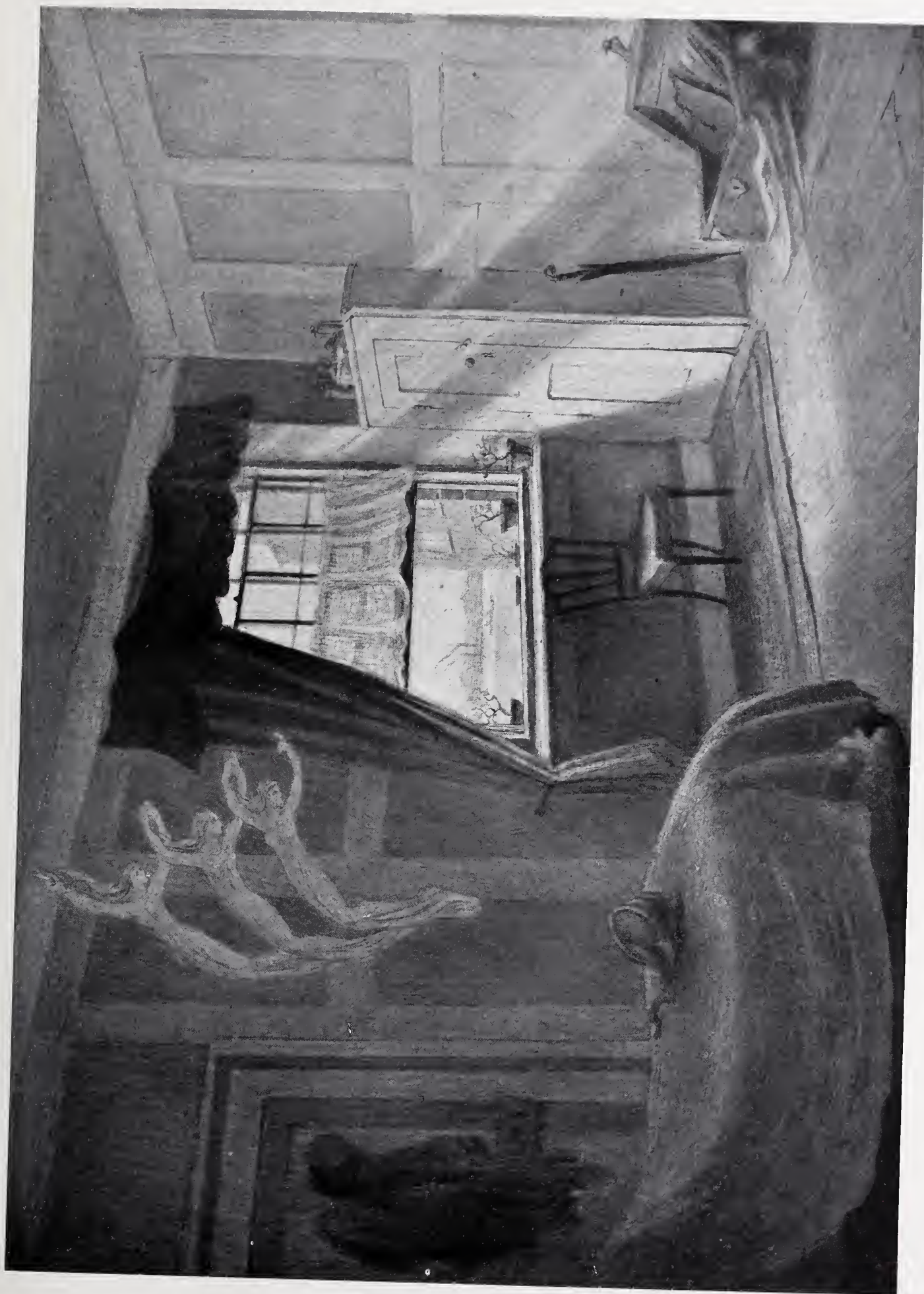
IN the English Bible we possess, in a form of noblest beauty, the chronicle, legends, and purest song of a nation whose mighty men and mighty deeds, tribulations, splendours, ceremonies, elemental activities and consummate moods are as supremely significant as though life were to them the perfect material of expression that other nations have sought in clay, in paint, in words. The men and women of the Old Testament, their whole practice of life, the sources of their joy, despair and belief, are so unencumbered with the considerations and compromises that are the conditions imposed on our every act and thought, that in that mighty record we see a design of human life and thought illustrative of the "large discourse" of creation that only poets can now imagine, and that they can only imagine and not realise in terms of life.

The appeal of this mighty design has penetrated to the deep sources of our national and individual life since, nearly four centuries ago, the Authorised Version—succeeding and in part deriving its crowned glory of language from earlier English versions—was consummated. In the mass of the nation's life no moral or spiritual force is comparable in effective power to that of the translated Hebrew Scriptures, and this wide predominance of the Biblical design in life gives immediate and intimate significance to

its expression in art. Of such expression in national art illustration is an example, and not the least worthy example, even in a scheme that includes "Paradise Lost" and "Samson Agonistes," as is proved by the pre-eminent achievement of Blake that is the subject of this study.

These "Illustrations of the Book of Job"—the most harmonious and completest pictorial manifestation of the genius of William Blake, the expression of that genius in ardent communion with the spirit living for all time and for all men in the ancient book—have recently been published in facsimile by Messrs. Dent, and either in this form, in prints from the original plates, in the small but expressive reproductions in "Gilchrist's Life," or at the British Museum, are accessible to all students and lovers of art. So that one may write assuming reference to the plates the accompaniment and completion of one's words.

I do not propose to enlarge on the relation between this work of Blake's old age and the other work of that hand that "laboured day and night" from childhood to death. The Job series may be as fitly enjoyed by those who are ignorant of the mass of William Blake's art, as by those who recognise in its splendid imagery his closing celebration of "the Holy Word that walked amongst the ancient trees," of "the living voice" that "is ever living in its inmost joy."



By permission of the artist and Charles Rowley, Esq.

*Sketch of William Blake's Work-room and Death-room, 3, Fountain Court, Strand.
By Frederic Shields.*

Job and his wife, the seven sons and three daughters, the messengers of misfortune, the three friends, and Elihu, the son of Barachel, are images that have lived in the minds and emotions of men from the first eager reception of the narrative in the dim times before the poem took form. Just as the poem, the poem of the passion of Job's courage warring with despair, of his immortal hope upwinging from the tomb of his material hope, and of this passion confronting the unimpassioned creeds of the "comforters," arose, it would seem, from the individual meaning discerned in the old and direct legend by some poet; just, again, as the wandering figure of Elihu, ardent with words, was added by the yearning desire of some other poet to realise still more of the inexhaustible significance of the myth; so, to Blake, the structure of "The Book of Job," the time and place and circumstance of the tragedy and the vision, the clear and accepted figures of the legend, arose in his mind, congruous with his own deepest certainties of thought. Job, the patriarch of Uz, was to him no actual sheikh, owner of so many heads of cattle, of so many servants, subject to actual misfortune at the hand of the Chaldeans, Sabeans, and by the visitation of the whirlwind. He might have had this actual existence in history, might even have existed in Blake's own day as Napoleon and Pitt existed, and yet, as an expression of a mental "state," have had purely symbolic entity for Blake. The "Job" plates are just as expressive of Blake's individuality, his intense solitude of perception, as any representation of visionary figures "moving about in worlds not realised." But just as the poem itself may be read as fact, or, again, as the dramatisation of states of mind—that is to say as psychic symbol—so the illustrations are as clear and coherent, regarded as a pictorialisation of "fact," as they are as hieroglyphs of the peculiar significance the legend of the "patience" of Job had for Blake, whose patience and impatience, whose position in poverty-stricken old age towards the orthodoxy and prosperity of the time, whose triumphant hope and passionateness of mind gave him a right to claim as "spiritually discerned" that which he added to the structure of the poem.

This, then, is one element of the value of the "Job" series. While they express to those who accept the genius of Blake's thought the essential basis and true development of it, this thought-basis and development are unified with a traditional form, one in which the thought of all thinking persons finds an acceptable image of truth. As an illustrator of Scriptural narrative he reveals his thought in a form congruous to accepted belief.

Again, what they express to the Blake student is the completed experience of Blake's life, while to the general student they show his consummated craftsmanship. They were the last finished labour of his hands, engraved in 1823—but not in facsimile—from the series of water-colour drawings illustrative of the story of Job made for Mr. Linnell in 1821 from the first series executed for Mr. Butts. Three times the subject lived in Blake's mind in its completeness, and the third time found for itself incarnation in new forms of delight and awe, for the borders to the designs—engraved, one must remember, if one would fully know their technical value, direct on the copper with no preliminary cartoon—arose in completion of the last series. Blake was sixty-six when he achieved this masterpiece of the engraver's craft, and he achieved it under

conditions of labour that were new to him. His old apprenticeship under Basire, the engraver, had taught him nothing of such engraving as this. The engravings of Marc Antonio and of his pupil Bonosoni were his models, and the skill of that "laboured" hand, hitherto tasked in work of such different style, is a fact to wonder over, though one forgets it in the nobler wonder that is the finest and inexpressible praise of the creations of genius.

The "Job" inventions have been many times interpreted, and as the interpreters have been poets—Rossetti, Swinburne, and the editors of the standard edition of Blake's work, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats—the living voice of Blake's inspiration has been the suggestion of the notes. But for each who realises a form of beauty there must, in connection with the understanding of it that others have expressed and his personal delight, be new truth in the exordium, "Now all is done, have what shall have no end." And it is in this spirit, conscious of how much has been "done," and of how little of the delight that has "no end" is communicable, that I write.

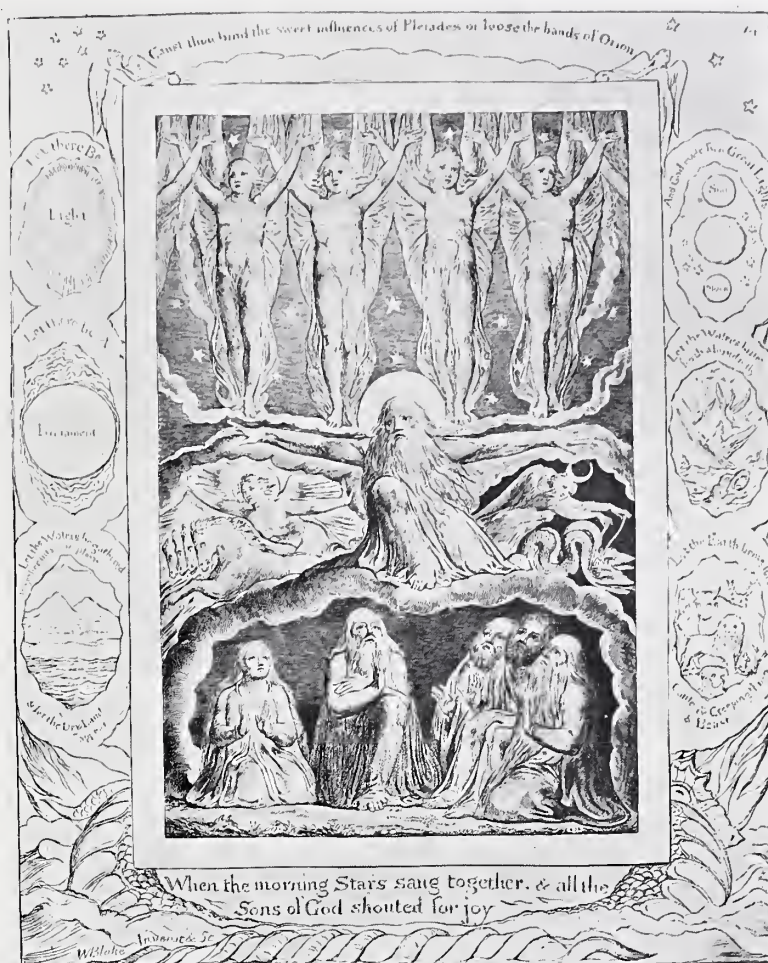
The first engraving translates the facts of the prologue into an image that realises the perfection of Job's life. Here is absolute peace, free from desire or regret, illuminated by the sun, blessed by the moon, shared as an influence of vital joy by the three daughters, the seven strong sons, whose peaceful shepherd's labour has blessed Job with the prosperity of flocks and herds, whose joy in the abundance of earth is celebrated in the unbroken succession of feasts held within their seven houses. The sons and daughters kneel in prayer and praise around Job and his wife, who hold the open books of the law upon their knees. The triumphant splendour of the sun, the crescent moon and one pale star, divide the heaven with their beauty. Against the sun's glory rises the spire of a Gothic cathedral—typical always to Blake, in memory of Westminster Abbey, of inspiration finding expression in a perfect structure. A great oak shelters the group, and from its branches hang string and wind instruments of music. This design, in every detail and in its exquisite symmetry, is Blake's realisation of the spiritual and material perfectness of Job. The border design contains the only suggestion that this perfectness is not unassailable. On the altar of Job's sacrifices is inscribed "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life." This first plate is the condensed expression of all that makes the subsequent tragedy so poignant.

In Plate 2 is the beginning of the spiritual drama. The Sons of God present themselves in lovely adoration before the Angel of the Divine Presence. In their hands are the spiritual scrolls of the moral law, whose earthly interpretation Job opens, as though in question, to the clear gaze of two angels, visitant on earth. Between the lower group and the upper, the mortal and immortal, Satan, the accuser, the limiter, rushes with clamorous doubts of the strength of Job's piety. In his element of destroying flame are seen the heads of Job and his wife, the spectre of his thoughts. The border is a trellis of the tree of life, rooted in the pastoral beauty of the green earth, its intersecting branches holding nests of singing birds, enclosing the springing flames of aspiration, blessed by angels, its upper branches reaching the heaven of revelation. The third plate may be briefly summarised. Destruction is all-powerful over the possessions of Job. A black, bat-winged Satan, alighting on the pillars of the eldest brother's house, crushes him, his family and brethren. Fire—the blasting fire of

destruction—leaps up and falls as lightning. The scorpion, the serpent, and the terrible fire form the border. This and the following design seem hardly to have inspired Blake's passion of imagination. The three messengers of disaster—the one in the presence of Job and his wife, the others more distant—are not impressive. The lifted hands of Job's wife and his attitude of resignation are conventional. Indeed, all the gesture is both exaggerated and imaginatively inexpressive. Finer, but marred by the headlong athleticism of Satan, is the rendering of the second act of Satan's antagonism. The Almighty sits enthroned in a circle of darkened light, grieving for the grief of His servant. His angels shrink in horror from the flames that the accuser gathers in his hand and directs on Job. The patriarch and his wife, bereft and desolate, sit close together, giving still of their remaining possessions to a beggar, lame, blind, more miserable than they. The angel of their love joins his hands in peace to the left, while, to the right, the angel of their pity blesses with open hands. Serpent, flames and thorny tree intertwine in the margin.

The sixth plate again illustrates Blake's failure to realise material suffering with impressiveness. This muscular Satan, standing on the body of Job, who lifts his hands in abnegation of his last pride of life, looking past the infliction of agony with all the power of his inmost soul, is not "spiritually discerned." The crouching woman, with her hidden face, the desolate place by the dark sea, the sinking sun and thick-clouding sky are almost vulgarised by the insistent corporality of Satan. Neither is there inner sight in the border-symbolism. The grasshopper, the broken pitcher, the toad, the thistle, and the spiders held by bat-winged angels, are commonplace images of the mood of the subject.

From this materiality one sees the dignity of Job emergent in the next plate. Seated on the refuse heap, he turns his eyes from the clamorous horror of his friends, whose hands, thrown up against the darkened sky of sunset, perhaps touch again the over-emphatic. His wife also raises her hands over his head in grief for his state. Ruins are behind him, and dark barren hills. The lovely border expresses the patient mind of Job. In the next plate, as his prosperity has been greater, and his patience greater, than that of the generality, so is the eloquence and passion of his grief greater. The growing passion of his loneliness through the seven days' silence of his friends, the loneliness of a mortal body cursing time, of the living cursing life, is in that flinging up of hands, that outpouring of speech, over the silence and dark thoughts of wife and friends. Then in Plate 9, Eliphaz, the seer, whose ears have "received a little" of the speech of the spirit that passed before his face, speaks with words that lift the sight of his hearers into the region of vision as his hand directs their eyes upwards. Rossetti has praised not only the imagination of this august rendering of the vision, but also its "partition" of light



An illustration to the Book of Job.

By William Blake.

and darkness. How fine that is one need only look to see. Noteworthy, too, for its suggestion of Blake's understanding of the dignified but traditional teaching of Eliphaz is the tree border, with branches pointing upwards towards God, downwards towards earth.

The speeches of the conventionally wise Bildad, and of Zophar, the commonplace, the second speeches of Eliphaz and of Bildad, and the growing definiteness of their antagonism to the mind of Job, are summarised in the tenth plate. How dramatic is the climax of their accusations in the scornful action of their hands, their mocking faces, contrasted with the "integrity" of Job's attitude! Again, how the broken endurance of the woman tells in her hand touching the indomitable man beside her! To appreciate the attitude of Job confronting his "friends," however, one must compare this plate, which shows his bearing, with the next, that shows the inmost agony of his mind. The accuser, in the guise of the God whom Job trusts, persecutes him in his last refuge of belief. Beneath his bed are chain-bound, scaly demons, whose horned hands grope for his limbs to possess them.

Turn now to the succeeding design. As Elihu, the creation, one must think, of another poet than that poet who created the poem of Job and his three friends, comes in the narrative from the outer world, forgotten of the five in their warfare of thought, into the rock-bound desert, so he enters in this design. His head,



An illustration to the Book of Job.

By William Blake

his eloquent hands, his young feet, are strongly delineated. "I am young and ye are very old"—Blake has cared to realise the suggestion of the words. But the finest power of expression is evinced in the figure of Job, so strong in his possession of himself that he is docile to the leading of Elihu. And around the depth of the starlit night, wherein these monumental figures sit and hearken to the standing Elihu, is the loveliest of all the borders. At the base lies Job sleeping, while over his form, along the line of the scroll he touches, rising from his breath, sentinel at his resting feet, are the lovely spirits of the living joy. No less vibrant with spiritual movement, though more solemn, is the whirlwind border to Plate 13, "Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind," with its reversal of the treacherous gesture of Satan (Plate 12) into one of revelation. The three friends bow in the force of the whirlwind of vision; Job and his wife turn the living light of their faces to the countenance of God.

Of the fourteenth plate (p. 117) I need say little. It is the spiritual climax of the whole series, and as expressive of the beauty of Blake's thought as of its

wisdom. The morning stars, in an endless rank, wing to wing, hand by hand, are unpraisable. Many years before, Blake first drew a figure expressive of that song and light and joy. Later, four such figures were drawn, and in this final form an infinitude of the Sons of God raise their hands and shout for joy. Under the creative hands of God the sun and moon bless the day and night that Job had cursed, and in the border is the map of creation, the sum of created blessing, and, to Blake, also the consummate symbol of mental development by the force of "The Holy Word." In the next design, the five mortals look down, as they have looked up at the Word of God, and behold Behemoth, the force and strength of earth, and Leviathan, the force and strength of water. The sixteenth plate is not "illustrative" of any description in the text, but represents the completion of the "causal" drama in the expulsion of Satan with Sin and Death. Plate 17 shows the benediction of Job and his wife by the creative hands of the Almighty, while the friends shrink from the revelation of supreme wisdom, not by tradition, but by experience. The prayer of Job for his friends, flame from the altar leaping into the full light of the sun, and, in the border, angels making music over the ripening corn, is the subject of the next design, followed by the image of returning prosperity in the figures of Job and his wife seated beneath a fig-tree, beside the cornfield, and receiving the gifts of kinsmen and friends. Here one feels that Blake's imagination ceased to live in Job, but the women who bestow the

money are beautiful, and the border of date-palms, whose fronds angels pluck, and of the spirits of lily and rose, is charming.

The concluding plates are among the finest, but need little comment. Job, in the sculptured chamber of his memory, recites with outstretched hands the tale of his suffering and redemption to the three daughters, fairer than any women of earth, of his deeper joy. The symmetry of the group, the monumental greatness of the conception, cannot be overlooked, as the reproduction shows (p. 118). Around this design trails the fruitful vine of a joyful humanity, and little winged spirits rest thereon. In completion, the first image of the felicity of Job is outdone in an image, joyful with music, splendid with beauty of form and sentiment. As Blake's life closed in music, growing faint to the hearing of his wife only as his breathing sank to death, so this series of "inventions," image of the sustaining thought of Blake, closes in music, in a symphony of exalted joy. Job makes music on the harp—symbol of experience beautified by imagination—his wife touches the lute, and the seven sons raise a joyful music with trumpets, pipes and horns.

R. E. D. SKETCHLEY.

National Art Acquisitions, 1902.

LESS than half a century ago Ruskin wrote that our National Gallery was "an European jest." Later, in the opinion of the same critic, it became, for purposes of the general student, "without question the most important collection of paintings in Europe." We were but just in time in lifting from England the disgrace of possessing no treasure-house of the kind. Often slow to begin, we have a reputation for dogged perseverance. The æsthetic and educative advantages once discerned, the harvest of noble works was swiftly gathered, and is now dedicated for ever to the public weal. If, looking back, we cannot but deplore the transference from England to France of Giorgione's "Fête Champêtre"—it was in the collection of the Dukes of Mantua and Charles I. had the wisdom to buy it—what a debt of gratitude do we not owe to Disraeli for expending 2,300 gns. of the public funds, in 1874, on Piero della Francesca's 'Nativity.' Transatlantic millionaires had not at that time agents all over Europe, searching for objects of art whose fragrance is destined to spread over the New Country, shaping towards beauty ugly utilitarianism, inspiring artists, poets, musicians, who are still in the womb of time, as did those buried glories of Greece the painters, singers, sculptors of Renaissance Italy. In the turmoil of London life, peace, exaltation, is ever to be found by him who wills in the National Gallery. Perhaps for the very reason that it is free to all, we do not value it at its worth.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's 'Colonna Raphael,' generously lent, was undoubtedly the most important picture hung during 1902. Placed on the same wall as the celebrated Ansidei Madonna, the two works, painted in 1505-6, may be compared, weighed in a balance. The permanent additions have not been of signal import. Mr. Arthur Kay presented the 'Interior of a chill Lutheran church,' 23 by 19 in., by Peter Saenredam, a hitherto unrepresented Dutch artist, 1597-1665; and Sir E. Durning-Lawrence, Bart., M.P., a study of dogs and dead game, by the Fleming Jan Fyt, larger and more ambitious than that in the Wynn Ellis collection. There have been purchased from a fund bequeathed by the late Mr. Francis Clarke a 'Coronation of the Virgin,' ascribed to Lorenzo Monaco, in

fine old frame, deemed by Crowe and Cavalcaselle to have formed part of a large altar-piece; and a portrait by Jordaens—another new name in the collection—of Baron Waha de Linter of Namur, formerly in the possession of Mr. Humphry Ward. This last is juxtaposed in Room XI. to the more vital portrait of a man by Frans Hals. The pictures bequeathed by Lord Cheylesmore and Mr. Charles Gassiot were not put on view either at Millbank or Trafalgar Square before the end of the year; but the collection has in this way been added to, under the will of Colonel John Morland, by a portrait of Mr. Morland of Capplethwaite, standing as a gaily-dressed sportsman,



Head of a Man.

Andrea Solario.

From the drawing in the British Museum.



Photo. Mansell.

Charles Keene.

By Walton Corbould.

In the National Portrait Gallery.

in a landscape—this an early and not very characteristic example of Romney.

One particularly fortunate purchase overshadows any other single addition to the National Portrait Gallery. Hitherto the collection has lacked a presentment of the "Tinker and Author," John Bunyan; save for the drawing by White in the British Museum, indeed, there is known but one authentic portrait—that now purchased. It is from the hand of Thomas Sadler, portraitist and miniaturist, son of a Master in Chancery, who was active during the reigns of Charles II., James II. and William III. The picture dates from 1684, and shows Bunyan at the age of fifty-six, in three-quarter length, almost full-face, book in right hand. The face, as painted by Sadler, is that of a man, surely, the firmness of whose conviction, the single-mindedness of whose purpose, rather than any extraordinary gifts of imagination or power over words, enabled him to write "The Pilgrim's Progress." Mary, Countess of Cavan, gave the Trustees the opportunity to purchase this work, it is said for a much smaller sum than it would have realised at public auction. The Rev. John Olive, her father, many years Rector of Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts, traced its provenance back to contemporaneous times.

Than Charles Lamb there is no more lovable figure in nineteenth century literature. How simply,

delightfully, does he take us into his confidence; thereafter, what an unwonted glow do not certain ordinary things possess for us. It is well that in a gallery of national portraits there should be more than one presentment of 'Elia.' To those by William Hazlitt, Robert Hancock, and Francis S. Cary—this last showing Mary Lamb, for whom Charles sacrificed, and gladly, so many things in life, at his side—there has been added another portrait of the essayist, seated, in old-fashioned cut-away coat and stock, amid his manuscripts, attributed to Henry Meyer, and perhaps the original of the well-known engraving. Other purchases include 'Charles Turner,' the mezzotinter, and 'Viscount Althorp,' both by C. Turner, and in chalks; 'Charles Macklin,' the actor-dramatist, and 'S. W. Reynolds,' the mezzotinter, by John Opie; 'Sir G. T. Smart,' conductor and musician, by W. Bradley; 'Madame Vestris,' née Lucia Elizabeth Bartolozzi, by A. E. Chalon; 'Charles II.,' an armoured bust, attributed to Pieter Nason; 'The Young Roscius,' by G. H. Harlow; 'Richard Cromwell' as a boy; and bust portraits of Millais, Professor Huxley, and Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, each modelled by the late Onslow Ford, R.A.

The rule under which no portrait can be put on view till a decade after the sitter's death has in two instances been waived: Mr. G. F. Watts' 'Marquis of Dufferin and Ava,' a half-length, in warm tones, given by the artist to add to the already fine series presented by him to the nation; and 'Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan,' the musician,



Photo. Mansell.

Madame Vestris.

By A. E. Chalon, R.A.

a life-size, almost full-length portrait, wherein black and dull greys preponderate, painted by Millais in 1888, and bequeathed by the sitter. A second Watts—'Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's'—is the gift of the divine's three sons. The memory of the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse is perpetuated by some of his friends, who have presented a water-colour portrait of Turner made by himself in 1792. Among several other gifts allusion must be made to 'William Somerville,' attributed to Kneller, from a great-granddaughter of Sir Christopher Wren, to whom the portrait was presented by the poet himself; to two chalk studies of Charles James Fox, from the Hon. Philip Stanhope, a Trustee of the Gallery; and to 'Richard Wilson,' from his own hand, given by Mr. Hugh P. Lane.

By general consent the collection of mezzotints in the Print Room of the British Museum is in the first rank, alike as to variety and quality. Within the past few months, moreover, it has been supplemented by the magnificent bequest of the late Lord Cheylesmore. Single prints—for instance, the advance trial proof of the Duchess of Rutland, by Valentine Green, after Reynolds, one of several lent by Lord Cheylesmore to the Burlington Fine Art Club last spring—have a money-worth of hundreds of pounds each; the entire assemblage overshadows every other addition to the Print Room during 1902. But, happily, æsthetic delight has a myriad sources, and many will find as much pleasure in a single old-time engraving, recently acquired, as in any of Reynolds' beautiful women, so subtly interpreted by John Raphael Smith, Thomas Watson, or Valentine Green. Well known to students by repute, this engraving, deemed unique, is by Mr. Sidney Colvin attributed to Maso Finiguerra, the fifteenth-century Florentine craftsman, wrongly credited by Vasari with the invention of the engraver's art. The print represents a conflict between various creatures of the earth and of the air. Here a crouching lion attacks a glorious-winged dragon; there lithe hounds fasten their teeth in the backs of grotesque monsters; above, the eagle swoops down towards the heron, the hawk towards the rabbit. But so true was the decorative instinct of the artist, whoever he be, so triumphantly has he related the contours of his beasts to the flowing lines of the earth, to the intersecting torrent, to the quiet lake or sea beyond, that we are left with a sense not so much of depredation as of splendid activity. In moments of languor, of depression, this engraving would be potent to stir; its naïveté and spirit surprise and hold us in spell after four hundred years.

1903.



Study for 'Duke and Duchess of Cumberland,' Royal collection.

From the charcoal drawing in the British Museum.

By Gainsborough.

There have been several other noteworthy purchases and gifts: an extensive series of drawings, etchings, etc., by artists of the Norwich school, formed by Mr. James Reeve, including over three hundred by John Sell Cotman; others by Old Crome, J. and A. Stannard, Alfred Priest, etc.; a pastel by Sir Joshua of his great-niece, Theophila Gwatkin, this a nearly life-size study for the famous Lesbia picture; about two hundred and eighty Japanese woodcuts, formerly in the collection of Dr. Ernest Hart; the head of a man in black chalk, by Benedetto Montagna—not to be confused with Andrea Mantegna—from the Gibson-Carmichael collection; the head and drapery of a saint, in oils, by Vincenzo Catena, the painter of the Giorgionesque 'Warrior Adoring,' in the National Gallery; an album of portraits in chalk by Jonathan Richardson; a drawing of Ariadne in Naxos, by Piero di Cosimo; and a fine sepia study by Rembrandt of a recumbent figure.

We illustrate two of the interesting additions. The charcoal drawing by Gainsborough is a study, in the grand, the forgotten style, for the well-known picture



Photo. Mansell.

*Head of Augustus, from Cyprus.**In the British Museum.*

in the Royal collection. He has placed the two figures—the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland—with a sure sense of beauty amid the stately trees at Kew; it is a first, a vivid impression. Hardly distinguishable in the original, almost certainly not in reproduction, is the dog to the left, the lady seated to the right. No drawing can

with absolute certainty be ascribed to Andrea Solario, the careful Milanese painter whose portraits appear to owe much to those of his greater contemporary, Antonello

da Messina. The head of a man (p. 119) is in black chalk, monochrome, and wash, and its attribution to Solario is based on its similarity to the artist's 'Gio. Cristoforo Longono' and the 'Venetian Senator' in the National Gallery. The charm of the pictures depends in no small degree, however, on the background landscapes and on the way in which the figures are set against them.

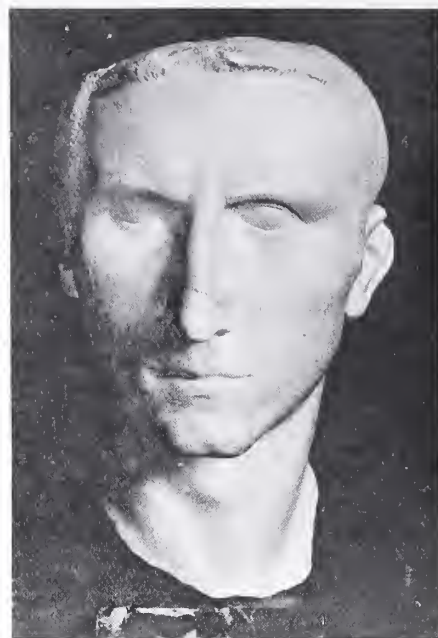


Photo. Mansell.

*Head of Augustus, from Cyprus.**In the British Museum.*

FRANK RINDER.

Exhibitions in Scotland.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE advent of a new President and the seeming desire to make a sweep of some of the older traditions makes this, the seventy-seventh exhibition, rather a novelty, in so far as the number of pictures hung and the manner of hanging. No one, be he a member or not, was permitted to contribute more than three works, the reason for this not being very obvious; presumably this was thought to be a means of raising the quality, or to save the council time and trouble in examination. As a popular exhibition it is doubtful if this year compared favourably with former years. There were some loan pictures of great merit, such as Mr. Sargent's portrait of Lord Ribblesdale. Mr. E. J. Gregory sent an oil picture, 'Intruders,' and two water-colours. The intense colouring with microscopic finish of these works did not seem to assimilate kindly with the pictures around them. Two figures by Whistler hung opposite a powerful painting by James Maris. The principal places being occupied by portraits, the exhibition might be called a portrait one. Mr. Guthrie, the President, had a charming picture of 'Miss Jeanie Martin' and two others. Ex-President Sir George Reid sent the portrait of the Earl of Stair, exhibited at the New Gallery in 1901. Mr. Orchardson was represented by the portrait of Sir J. Leng, M.P., while some of the younger men showed good work in portraiture. Mr. C. M. Hardie sent a 'Master of the Trinity House,'

Mr. R. Brough a portrait of Mrs. Milne, which ranked among the finest in the rooms; while on the opposite wall was a clever work by Mr. J. Bowie. Mr. T. Graham had a showy canvas of Lady Low, Dundee. Mr. H. W. Kerr's portrait of a girl was a delightful picture (p. 127). Among those who have produced important work Mr. R. Gibb stood prominently at the top with his large historical picture of the struggle to close the gates of the château of Hougoumont—the key, as Wellington said, to Waterloo. Mr. George Ogilvy Reid showed well with a large canvas of smugglers running a cargo, full of life and vigour (p. 123). Mr. R. M'Gregor added to his already full reputation by his picture of Brittany fisherfolks (p. 124). Mr. W. S. Macgeorge exhibited a fine large work, 'A Border Ballad' (p. 123). Mr. R. G. Hutchison sent a picture with a single figure. Mr. T. Blacklock showed another of his most delightful fairy renderings. Mr. R. Herdman excelled himself this year with genre works.

The landscapes did not call for extended remark; there were exceptions, such as Mr. H. Cameron's 'Eventide,' Mr. R. Noble's 'Tyne at East Linton,' and Mr. Campbell Noble's fine Dutch pictures. Mr. W. D. McKay showed some quiet dreamy evening scenes, Mr. W. Beattie-Brown and others had large works of merit. The water-colours were also limited in intention, Mr. T. Scott being an easy first in execution. The



Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition.

Smugglers.

By G. Ogiley Reid, R.S.A.



Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition.

A Border Ballad.

By W. S. Macgeorge, A.R.S.A.

small room was turned into a sort of side-show of architectural designs and photographs of applied art, another innovation. The sculpture seemed to be largely borrowed from London, with the exception of a fine bust in marble by Mr. Macgillivray, and some good architectural sculpture by Mr. W. B. Rhind. Mr. W. G. Stevenson exhibited his statue of the late Alderman Lucas to be erected in Gateshead.

THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE.

IN the forty-second exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute there was, among many fine pictures, borrowed and local, and much mediocre packing, a specially displayed study by H. R. H. Louise Duchess of Argyll, while there were a great many important pictures from London; also a large number of loan works, nearly all of which had been exhibited elsewhere. For instance, there was 'The Vision of Endymion,' by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.; Mr. Boughton's 'Une Citoyenne'; while together hung pictures by Corot and Monticelli. Mr. J. J. Shannon's portrait of 'Lady Manners' was on the same wall. A notable work in this gallery was 'The Smugglers,' by Mr. Hemy, full of motion. Between two quaint subjects by Mr. Byam Shaw, illustrating Ecclesiastes, was Mr. Colin Hunter's 'Voices of the Sea.' Mr. Orchardson sent his 1902 R.A. picture 'The Borgia,' and a small work named 'The Reception.' An example of Millais' work, but not at his best, was the portrait group of T. O. Barlow (engraver) and family. Mr. Tuke's picture, with the fantastic title 'Ruby, Gold and Malachite,' was near by, as well as a memory of the late Cecil Lawson, 'The

Old Mill.' A former student of Glasgow, Mr. East, sent his picture of 'The Cotswolds,' and Mr. Stanhope Forbes, 'Off to Skibbereen.' A fine portrait of a gentleman, by Raeburn, came in hereabouts. Then an extraordinary work by G. Segantini claimed attention. Mr. Hacker's 'Daphne' and Mr. Solomon's 'Psyche' followed each other. Mr. Clausen sent 'Homeward,' and there were others by the lesser lights from the south. Sir George Reid showed to advantage with his portrait of Prof. Liveing. There were some other creditable examples of portraiture. Among the subject works the picture of Mr. George O. Reid of 'Kidnapped' stood out well, as did the 'Braes

of Yarrow,' by Mr. David Murray. The local artists showed up fairly well. Mr. R. M. G. Coventry had a good work 'In the Heart of the Trossachs.' Mr. D. Fulton showed good work, while Mr. D. Mackeller gave us his story, telling it as always with a touch of humour. Mr. A. K. Brown sent some quiet grey landscapes. Mr. R. Macgregor exhibited two delightful Britanny works, and Mr. T. Blacklock had a fine 'Galloway, Moonlight.'

Among the water-colours, Mr. R. B. Nisbet had two works. Mr. Fulton Brown had a like number, both figure subjects well drawn. Mr. G. D. Armour sent a clever drawing of a 'Bull-ring, Madrid,' and Mr. W. Young sent drawings from Sutherlandshire.

The sculpture was unimportant; the sec-

tion had some support from London sculptors. A great many of the most noticeable pictures were sent from London, also a large number of loan works, nearly all of which had been exhibited frequently.



Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition.

Les Moulières, Villerville.

By Robert M'Gregor, R.S.A.

*The Canary Fan.**By Charles Conder.*

Exhibitions in London.

IN "Nineteenth Century Art" are many splendid word-thrusts. Mr. D. S. MacColl whets a phrase and uses it as does a skilled swordsman his weapon. He tells us, for instance, that "exhibitions themselves, necessary as markets for unattached artists, will stamp the century with a peculiarly gross way of taking art. People indulged in the picture-pleasure by indiscriminate debauch. . . ." In London, there is almost always opportunity for such debauch, leaving out of account the National Gallery and other permanent collections, study of which can have no vitiating effects. During February and the early days of March many shows, large and small, good and indifferent, were opened. The thirty-ninth exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society contained no fewer than 278 water-colours; that arranged for the forty-eighth time by the Society of Women Artists, 862 exhibits in various kinds, including the broadly-seen and handled 'Winter' of Mrs. Hartrick; for a week the Grafton Galleries were occupied by the seventeenth exhibition of the Ridley Art Club, Messrs. William Padgett and Moffat Lindner being among the welcome contributors. With a reticence as rare as it is commendable, the Langham Sketching Club, founded in 1838, permitted six and a half decades to elapse before holding, at the Woodbury Gallery, its first public show. In the preface to the catalogue of his drawings, seen at the Fine Art Society's under the title of "The Quest of Beauty, Real and Ideal," Mr. E. Wake Cook tilted at "the difficulty-dodging 'Impressionism,' fitted only to recall things not worth looking at with open-eyed scrutiny"—needless to say, impressionism worthy the name courageously meets and does not dodge difficulties.

The twenty-first exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers was remarkable chiefly in a negative way. We have become accustomed to the absence of works by Sir Seymour Haden, the veteran President, but in addition three prominent contributors—Messrs. William Strang, D. Y. Cameron, and Oliver Hall—go unrepresented. Nor is this all. The names of the two former have disappeared from the Council list and

from the Membership roll. Whatever be the reason, the fact is profoundly regrettable. The virile etchings of Mr. Strang always formed a centre of attraction; there is nothing to take their place; and the artist's determined outlook must surely have been of value in the guidance of the Society. By general consent, Mr. Cameron is one of the most talented etchers of the younger school, and we can ill dispense with Mr. Oliver Hall. Examples by the new Associates—Messrs. W. L. Wyllie, Hedley Fitton, Percy Wadham, John Ness, Frank Willis, and J. Nordhagen, the Dane—do not compensate for these losses. Monsieur Helleu sends his usual group of portraits in drypoint, indubitably accomplished, but no less indubitably reiterative; Professor Legros, a portrait and two intensely realised tragedies, free from any hint of littleness, and in handling masterly; Mr. C. J. Watson two dainty views of Venice and a clever 'Dreary Weather'; Monsieur Edgar Chahine a study of Madame Louise France impersonating a woman with hardly a remnant of womanhood; Mr. C. W. Sherborn some of his scholarly bookplates; Mr. F. Burridge a 'Harlech Castle,' whose mass tells admirably in the composition; Mr. Frank Short an excellent 'April Day in Kent,' and effective, simple studies, noticeable for their economy of line, of an old steaming box at Lynn, and of a timber bridge in the Fen country. One of the largest contributors is Mr. Charles Holroyd, represented by several landscapes, and, among other things, by 'Colleoni at the Frari,' some of whose figures are reminiscent of Titian's great picture in that Franciscan church.

If the exhibitions of water-colour drawings, held each spring in the Old Bond Street Galleries, vary within narrow limits only, this is in part because the noteworthy achievements of the past have again and again been drawn upon, because products of the present are by comparison poor. There is at Messrs. Agnew's invariably a sharp line of demarcation between what has been and what is being executed in water-colour. The modern section would be the more in-

teresting were examples introduced by some of the younger men who have something to say, who say that something individually. Of work by living artists, mention may be made of the dainty if, on repetition, somewhat same millinery conceits of Miss M. L. Gow, the landscapes of Mr. J. W. North, and two Christmas-card drawings executed as a frolic by Mr. J. M. Swan some years ago.

These spring exhibitions are chiefly associated, however, with those who inaugurated, developed, and triumphed in the water-colour medium. Chronologically we may pass from Paul Sandby to J. R. Cozens, whose 'Villa Madama, near Rome,' on its cypress-set slope, calls for remark; from John Varley to Girtin and Turner, and from them onward to De Wint, Copley Fielding, Prout and David Roberts, William Hunt or David Cox. As usual, Turner is admirably represented. There are the large 'Chryses on the Sea Shore,' the enchanted 'Washburn under Folby Hill,' magic sketches of Schloss Eltz, and drawings, familiar in engraving, such as the 'Horse Fair, Louth,' the 'Lancaster Sands,' the 'Minehead,' with its sweep of blue bay, the 'Portsmouth.' By the courtesy of Messrs. Agnew we reproduce Thomas Girtin's 'Water Mill.' If less mature, if lacking in that imaginative unity which holds us in spell in some of the later views of Durham, for instance—a fine drawing on this theme was illustrated in the ART JOURNAL,

1901, p. 95—this 'Water Mill' is at once among the simplest, purest, the most sincere and intimate revelations of a personality in the exhibition, a work with which one would be well content to live. It is essentially a drawing, and how firmly, with what certitude, has Girtin carried out his bold design, scrupulously foregoing all adventitious aids in order clearly and unmistakably to render his impression. Here, if you will, is the early "tinted" method—for no attempt is made at transitional subtleties—carried to its highest point, a point whereto many modern water-colourists might with profit return.

Work by Professor Legros, notably 'Le Crepuscule,' impressions of which are as rare, I believe, as certainly they are beautiful, was to be seen at the Ryder Gallery, Ryder Street. As balance to the gravity of his art, there were some of the foibles in fans of Mr. Charles Conder. Mr. Conder possesses the *flair* of eighteenth century French artists for painting on silk, fantasies which accord with the spirit of the ball-room. On occasions, it is true, he introduces figures the reverse of beautiful, which strike a false note; but at his best his compositions and his colour-schemes are full of charm. We reproduce 'The Canary Fan'—the background is a clear golden sunset effect, aptly conventionalised—with its altogether delightful little marines, and its processional figures culminating in the portrait medallion at the top.



A Water-Mill.

By T. Girtin.

Passing Events.

A COMMENDABLE tendency at the Academy to reduce the total number of works exhibited has been noticeable during the past two or three years. In 1902 the number was 1,726, against 1,823 in 1901, and 2,057 in 1900. On the other hand, any artist is still at liberty to submit a maximum of eight works. From an outside point of view, at any rate, this number might with advantage be reduced to six, or even four; in brief, artists themselves, instead of in some cases "sweeping their studios," would thus be compelled to make careful selection, and in so doing would minimise the inevitably heavy labours of the Academy Council.

FOR years a change of this kind has been under consideration—Mr. Frith, if we mistake not, suggested it in the eighties. Announcements recently appeared in the daily press to the effect that it had been determined to reduce the "outsiders'" maximum from eight to two, that of Members and Associates from eight to six. Though such a resolution has been passed by the Council, it cannot become operative till ratified at a general assembly, and signed by the King.

ANTICIPATIONS were realised on March 5, when the electorate of the Royal Academy met to fill the fauteuil left vacant by the death of Mr. Henry Tanworth Wells, R.A. The Associate raised to full membership was Mr. Robert Walker Macbeth, who has been an A.R.A. since 1883. An article on his career and work appeared in the ART JOURNAL, 1900, pp. 289-92. A second Scotsman, Mr. David Murray, is said to have been in the final ballot with Mr. Macbeth.

LEAVING out of account his resignation from the Society of Painter-Etchers—the outcome, it may be, of the policy of including a number of reproductive etchings in the exhibitions—two interesting incidents are to be noted in connection with Mr. D. Y. Cameron. His 'St. Hubert's, Amboise,' a sunlit canvas, which was one of the best of those from his brush recently seen in Bond Street, has been bought for the public gallery at Durban. Secondly, Mr. Frederick Wedmore is compiling a catalogue *raisonné* of Mr. Cameron's etchings, which will be of undoubted value to collectors. The work will follow the same lines as those by Mr. Wedmore which deal with the etchings of Méryon, of Sir Seymour Haden, and of Mr. Whistler. That the young Scotsman should take his place in such distinguished company is significant.

PROPOS of connoisseurship and the aids thereto now available, Mr. A. H. Bullen has issued an admirable catalogue *raisonné* of the works of Valentine Green. It is the first of a series on eminent British mezzotinters, and is from the capable pen of Mr. Alfred Whitman. Portraits to the number of one hundred and sixty-four, one hundred and twenty-two subject-prints, and thirty-nine aquatints are fully described, and in many cases noteworthy auction prices given. The work is indispensable to collectors, for Chaloners Smith is somewhat out-of-date.

WHEN, on July 16, 1898, the "remaining works" of Sir Edward Burne-Jones were dispersed at Christie's, enthusiasm raised many of them to prices regarded as excessive—'Love and the Pilgrim,' for



Chloe, daughter of G. B. Anderson, Esq., Selkirk.

By H. W. Kerr, A.R.S.A.

Royal Scottish Academy Exhibition (p. 122).

instance, was bought on behalf of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland for no less than 5,500 guineas. At the end of February four pastels, three pencil drawings, a design in gold on black ground, and a sketch in oils, which at the artist's sale in 1898 fetched a total of 438½ guineas, fell to bids aggregating 441 guineas.

THE most noteworthy sale-room incident of February, however, was in connection with the works of art brought together by the late Sir Edward Page Turner. As compared with the sums paid for them in the fifties and sixties, many showed phenomenal advances. A pair of biscuit figures of girls bathing, 'La Baigneuse' and 'La Surprise,' 13½ in. high, after Falconet, brought 2,100 guineas against a cost of £150; a Louis XV. small *bonheur-du-jour secrétaire*, 21½ in. wide, 1,600 guineas, as compared with a cost of 20 guineas; and, not to particularise farther, eighteen of the lots yielded a total of £9,040 against an outlay four or five decades ago of £726. The money-rewards of connoisseurship are, then, sometimes considerable.

THE concluding lecture of the season at the London Institution was of particular interest to students of Italian art. Mr. Roger E. Fry dealt with Piero di Cosimo. About the time that Piero painted the lovely landscape in the fresco of his master, Cosimo Rosselli, in the Sistine Chapel, he executed, it appears, two pictures, not on canvas or panel, but on tablecloths whose patterns are visible. These pictures are 'Hylas and the Nymphs,' in the collection of Mr. Robert Benson, and an imagined battle of the Stone Age, in the gallery of the Marquis of Lothian, Newbattle Abbey, Dalkeith. Mr. Fry regards the 'Battle of the Centaurs and the

Lapithæ,' seen at the Carfax Gallery last year, as the nearest approximation in picture to a narrative poem in cantos. Without doubt, this powerful interpretation of the conflict, as related by Ovid, should be in our National Gallery as a complement to Piero's tender 'Death of Procris,' whose dominant sentiment is so dissimilar. By the way, Mr. Fry's definition of the pretty as "the ugly spoilt" is far from inept.

Notes on Recent Books.

THE cordial congratulations of all the world have gone forth to Messrs. Cassell and Co. on the completion of their successful enterprise in publishing a complete catalogue of both the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery, illustrated with reproductions of every picture in these overflowing collections. It is only a large publishing house under the guidance of large-minded men that could afford to contemplate such an undertaking, for the capital involved in the preparation of so lengthy a work and the painstaking labour connected with it are commanded only in few places. The fifth and last portion of the series just issued is the second volume of the **National Portrait Gallery**, and deals chiefly with the eminent men and women of the end of the eighteenth and all the nineteenth century. The series after Mr. G. F. Watts is particularly attractive, and these have been wisely kept together in the book, as they form a splendid evidence of the artist's varied manner of work and of his munificent patriotism.

Mr. Lionel Cust, the learned Director of the Gallery, who is also the surveyor of the King's pictures, is the editor of the volume, and he expresses his obligation to Mr. Milner, the Assistant Secretary to the Gallery, for his work in bringing the scheme to a termination. But it is an open secret—as, indeed, is hinted at in the preface—that the real burden of the publication has been carried by Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I. Mr. Bale has special aptitude for arranging such publications, and his long experience has enabled him to cope with a work which must often have damped even his ardent spirits. All the more pleasing, therefore, is it to know that the enterprise has been completely successful, and the time will speedily come when these remarkable volumes will be nearly priceless.

The collection of **Ancient Furniture** and other works of art belonging to the veteran traveller, **Mr. Vincent J. Robinson**, forms the subject of an important volume (Quaritch). Owners of such treasures do a great service to art in permitting records to be made of their possessions, especially when, as in the present case, the various works have been acquired with the instinct of keen scholarship. Reference must be made to the collaboration of **Mr. Eustace Calland**, from whose photographs the illustrations were made, and to the pains taken by the publisher in his enterprise.

Among Messrs. Bell's publications may be mentioned: in the "Great Masters" series, **Watteau**, by **Mr. Edgcumbe Staley**, a book on the artist and his school, well furnished with illustrations, and accompanied by statements of fact, amplified with many light deductions; in the "Continental Churches" series, **Notre Dame**, by **Mr. Charles Hiatt**, and **Mont**

St. Michel, by **Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé** (which might with advantage have contained an illustration of M. Frémiet's statue); in the "Miniature" series, **Murillo**, by **Dr. G. C. Williamson**, and **Millais**, by **Mr. A. L. Baldry**. **Stratford-on-Avon**, by **Mr. Harold Baker**, can barely be classified in the "Cathedral" series, but it is a portable and readable guide.

Under the title of **The French Impressionists** (Duckworth), **M. Camille Maclair** devotes special chapters to Manet, Monet, Degas and Renoir, grouping other artists of the school. The narratives—hardly biographies—are illustrated chiefly from the Durand-Ruel Collection.

The fourth edition has been issued of **Sketching from Nature**, by **Mr. Tristram J. Ellis** (Macmillan). The book is full of precept and practice, and it fully deserves appreciation.

The life and work of **Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A.**, described by **Mr. Joseph Hatton** in our **EASTER ANNUAL**, forms a monograph which will be useful as a record of great achievement. We may be permitted, perhaps, to hope that the publication will prove of exceptional interest, partly because the artist's creations have been so seldom reproduced, and partly because of the popularity of the author.



St. George.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

Working Model for the Statuette on the Clarence Tomb, Windsor.

(Reduced illustration from the "Easter Annual, 1903.")



By sculptor Albert.

The Virgin.
Working Model for the Statuette on the Clarence Tomb, Windsor.



Motherhood.

Zeal.

Justice.

Fortitude.

Sympathy.

Industry.

Brotherhood.

Photo, Hollier.

The Westminster Abbey Memorial to Henry Fawcett (B. 26 Aug. 1833, D. 6 Nov. 1884).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

AT HOME AND AT WORK.

I.

NO artist has been more sought after by writers for the Press than Mr. Alfred Gilbert. The literary chronicler as well as the professional and the unprofessional critic have found him singularly reticent, which has been regretfully commented upon by distinguished editors who have only desired to do honour to his art. Gilbert's uncommunicative reception of their overtures for information of a personal character has arisen from no vain sense of his own importance. It is the outcome of a constitutional disinclination to be made the subject of journalistic comment or *réclame*, and a fastidious depreciation of his own work; a kind of modesty which is not common in these days, when the spirit of commercialism is so generally recognised as an almost necessary factor of success in every walk of life. The privilege of an intimate friendship, affording me opportunities of understanding his character and observing the variety of his artistic labours and his enjoyment of life, in spite of the many clouds that have lowered upon his house, has been to me a delightful experience; and when the Editor of *THE ART JOURNAL* despaired of being enabled to pay to Gilbert's genius the tribute of a special number, in which Sculpture had yet to be honoured, I ventured into the breach, and have never been engaged upon a pleasanter though more difficult task.

The romance of a great man's life is not easy of narration in his own day. A certain reserve, that never belongs to obituary memoirs, restrains the expression of one's admiration and tones down the romance of personal achievement, in order that the narrative may not offend the susceptibilities of the living hero. At the same time it may be permitted to a writer, who is rather laying in a sketch of an eventful life than attempting an essay in biography, to take frank note of its shadow as well as its sunshine. It may truly be said for Mr. Alfred Gilbert that he has fought his way to the head of his profession through disabilities that would have killed many a less

determined student, and who, in his ardent worship of the Ideal and the Beautiful, and in his efforts to realise what he conceives to be his duty to the Art he loves, has preferred comparative penury to a life of affluent luxury that might have rewarded an adaptation of his genius to the sordid temptations of a commonplace commercialism. His story up to the present is that of one who has lived the life of the humble student in Paris, Rome and Florence; and at the age of a year or two over thirty, attaining the height of his ambition, so far as a spacious studio in London with complete appliances for the practice of his art was concerned, to fall from that high estate, financially, at what the Art world considered to be the zenith of his fame. One day with a courageous heart he turned his back upon his fallen fortunes to find a new home. This was to be in Bruges, as he



The Broken Shrine.—By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

thought. But the temporary resting-place which he had secured there was, for the time being, superseded in a way that suggests romance rather than the prose of real life. From the Maida Vale house, labelled with the *affiches* of the auctioneer, he moved into a Royal palace. Their Majesties the King and Queen of England, hearing of his misfortune, commanded him to make a statue of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen, and gave him a studio and suite of apartments in Windsor Castle. This and his reception by their Majesties is in the nature of a chapter from a fairy tale. While certain of his contemporaries were lamenting his financial collapse, they would probably have almost elected to undergo a similar experience for the reward of such practical and human sympathy from the Royal host and hostess of Windsor Castle.

Having regard to the fine statue of Queen Victoria, which set a new fashion in the treatment of draperies in marble and bronze, there is every reason to look forward to another masterpiece in the portrait of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, upon which Mr. Gilbert is at the present time engaged. No less courtly in his manner than his English patron, the late Lord Leighton, Gilbert was a favourite with her late Majesty, who honoured him with many privileges. He is understood to have asked the Queen, upon the occasion of her visit to his studio in the early days of his work on the Clarence memorial, to permit his mother to witness his interview with Her Majesty, which was graciously granted.

An enthusiast who puts himself

into his work, an artist who sees the human as well as the spiritual side of an artistic subject, and whose work appeals to the tenderest sympathies of the heart, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, if I may judge by their recorded opinions, also satisfies the highest canons of the travelled and the disciplined critic. If I were a master of "the gay science," I think I should feel that in his very excellence would lie my greatest difficulty as a commentator. It is easier to find fault than to dwell continually upon the perfections of a picture, a statue, or a book; though it has been well said that the first qualification of a critic is sympathy. In his lectures, in his life, and in his work Mr. Gilbert preaches the duty of reverence, humility, and high endeavour.

An enemy to mere convention, his own modest estimate of his greatest achievements inspired me with courage to undertake a task for which my appreciation of the artist is my only justification. If I regard him from the point of view of the novelist, who builds his story and develops the character of his hero upon the basis of truth; or should I exercise the simpler art of the journalist in providing text to carry the accompanying pictures, and converse with him on the lines of that delightful book of Medwin's, "Conversations with Lord Byron," I can hardly fail to interest the reader. It has often struck me as more or less of a paradox that Gilbert's symbolism never seems to lose touch of a certain human simplicity that would realise to the least trained intellect the full significance and beauty of his highest work of imagination. I have never met with such abundant fancy, or an artist so lavishly inspired with the power to represent an idea in symbolic form. While lifting a subject to the supremest platform of poetic imagination, he has the subtle power of linking it with a reality that brings the noblest art down to the humblest understanding. You find this in everything he has ever done—from a brooch to a drinking cup, from an official chain of office to the centre-piece for a great Queen's table, from a baptismal font to an altar-screen, from a domestic group to that magnificent memorial of the Duke of Clarence, which may be said to have almost exhausted the resources of his art, and made no small tax upon his physical strength.

In the old days a work of such magnitude would have been considered enough for the achievement of a lifetime. But this is an age of rapid and extensive production; and he who lives for his art, and whose ambition is not checked by the desire for carriages and horses and country estates and social distinction, must work slower than his more worldly brother, to whom these possessions are of primary consideration. Genius at its best needs the backing of persistent industry, in no branch of work more so than in that of the sculptor and the artificer in metals. Conception is one thing, realisation another. The very endowment of a fine imagination in the plastic arts demands the trained manipulation of the expert whose handicraft is not outdistanced by his fancy. This remarkable combination is found in the works of Alfred Gilbert. That which the great old masters possessed Gilbert has achieved—a versatility too little appreciated in our day. If you have ever spent an hour or two at the Musée Plantin at Antwerp you will understand what I mean. There you find examples in various directions by such masters as Rubens, Teniers, and Van Dyck in the graphic arts. Versatility in modern days has been so discounted by the triumphs of machinery that it has come to be decried as weakness rather than strength in every branch of art and learning.



Handle of Seal.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

By permission of Lady de Vesci.



Photo. Hollyer.

Head of a Girl.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

A Study in the possession of Luke Fildes, Esq., R.A.

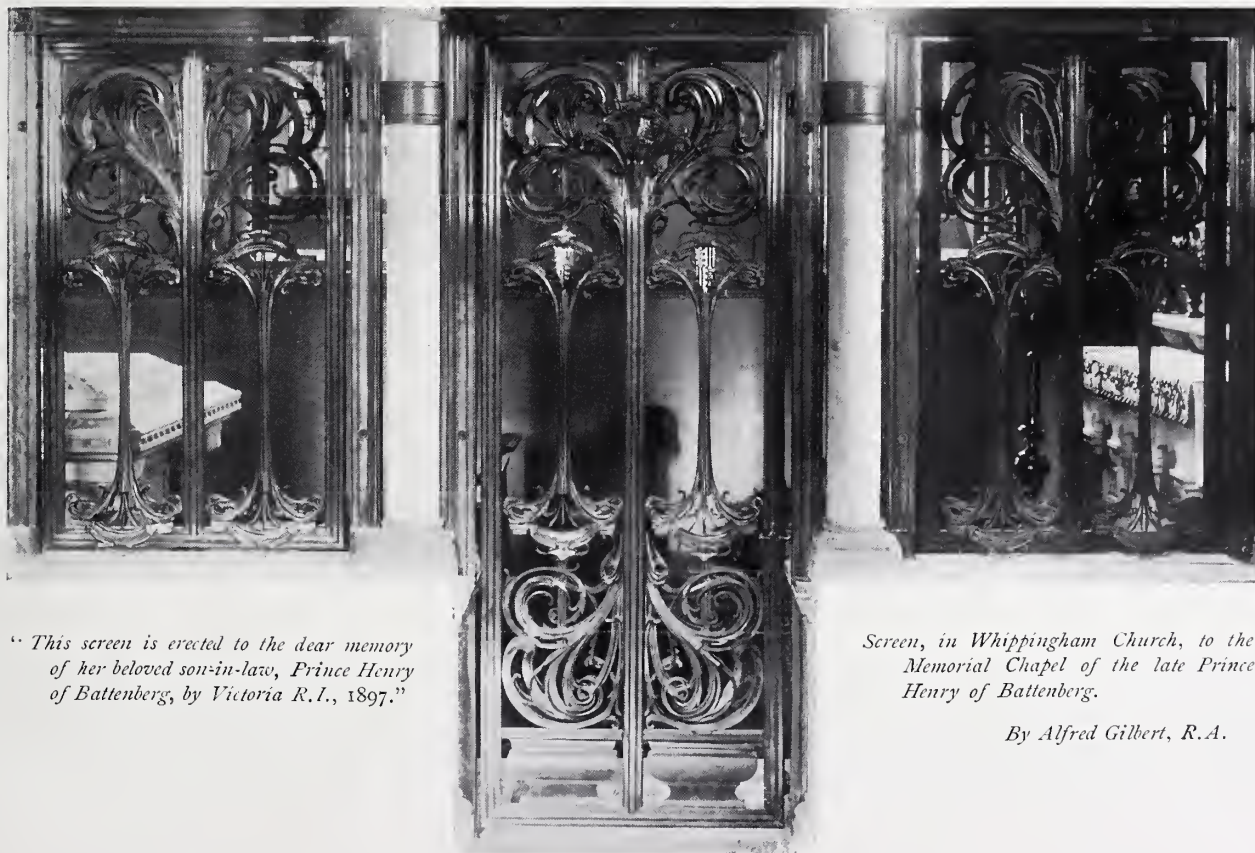


Photo. Hollyer.

Study of the Head of a Capri Fisherman.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

By permission of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.



"This screen is erected to the dear memory of her beloved son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg, by Victoria R.I., 1897."

Screen, in Whippingham Church, to the Memorial Chapel of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

Photo. Kirk.

The commonplace and misleading proverb, "Let the cobbler stick to his last," has been applied even to the ambition of the rarest intellects, though we have continual evidence that versatility in the arts is the concomitant of genius. I have seen Gilbert working with the tools of the artificer in metals, and with no less delight than when engaged in modelling a statue or labouring with mallet and chisel on a block of marble. "He is as good a workman as any of us," said a monumental mason to me one day. And, "There's no man defter at a bit of metal work, either as designer or executor," said an expert in that line when speaking of the exquisite Mayoral chain of Preston. To these passing tributes I might add the evidence of a multitude of witnesses from the critical press and the lecture platform.

I prefer to quote from "British Sculpture and Sculptors of To-day," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the following appreciative condensation of them, which is not a criticism, but a record: "The position of Mr. Gilbert in the art world of England has long since been proclaimed by his brother-artists and accepted by the public. Their admiration, which is born of sober judgment, has set him on a pedestal so high that his work as a whole is almost beyond the range of outside criticism, even as his reputation is beyond harm and

attack. The enthusiasm with which his name is everywhere received and his work welcomed amongst artists and connoisseurs is the result of no sudden vogue, but of a deliberate verdict after critical examination. Rarely has a man in the whole history of art burst upon the world with a message of hope conveyed in more splendid achievement, and so gallantly maintained the position at the very front of his profession. Alfred Gilbert's name stands alone as one who has preached in his work a great movement, and in less than a decade effected, more than any other man, the salvation of the English school, and influenced for good, quite as much as M. Dalou, most of the young sculptors of the country."

II.

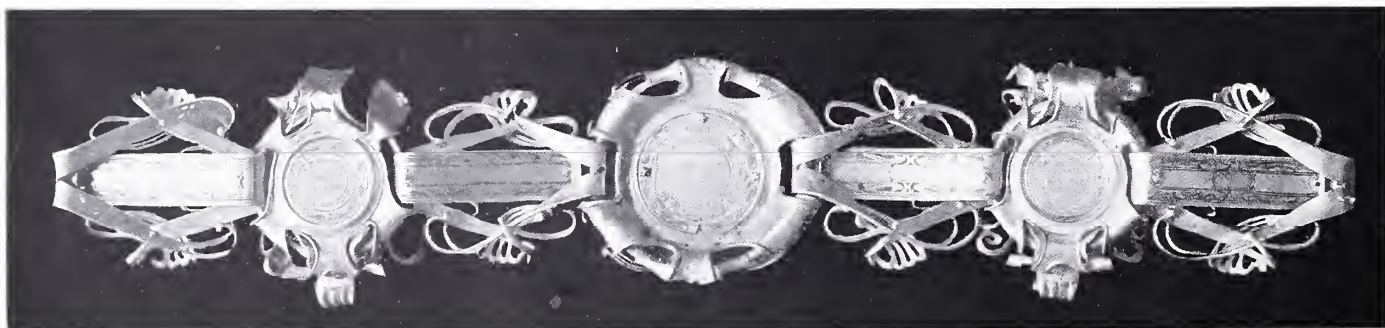
Art is a jealous mistress, and Gilbert has denied her nothing. Often when he had not satisfied her punctilious demands, he has broken his work and began it afresh, or in its costly decoration has put more precious metal into it than the patron for whom he had laboured would ever be asked to pay. This may seem Quixotic, but the wings of Gilbert's art are never clogged with gold; they soar. The Piccadilly fountain, the beauty of which grows upon even the ordinary citizen, cost Gilbert several thousand pounds more than his contract with the



Photo, Carter.

The Preston Chain: Small Dress Collar.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Photo, Hollyer.

The Preston Chain: Elevation.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

authorities. And what an unappreciative body these authorities appear to be! Here is a fine piece of work—a fountain, and they keep it without water; a fountain designed as a public ornament, the main scheme of which is concerned with the artistic treatment of water; and all that we are permitted to see of this feature of the artistic idea is a portion of its lower lines, the upper part of the fountain remaining as dry as the imagination of the London County Council, the basin a puddle for the *gamin* of the streets, and the steps a slovenly flower market. No one would desire to drive the flower women from this coign of vantage, nor rob them of their characteristic shawls and baskets; but somebody should be responsible for the decent order of the place; it should not be strewn with scraps of paper, nor the pedestal defiled with dirt. The aspirations of English artists cannot be said to find much encouragement in the treatment which the most earnest attempt at street ornamentation in our public memorials has received at the hands of the authorities. You need not spend laborious days nor seek for inspiration at Rome and Florence, to be enabled to produce effigies of men in frock-coats which to the cultivated mind add new terrors to death. Many of the statues that look down upon the passing crowd in our great cities are little better than ordinary stonemason's work; and yet what a tumult of

ignorant criticism the fountain at Piccadilly excited! I have enlarged upon this theme in a later chapter, in which will also be found a brief *résumé* of the curious history of the much discussed memorial, by the sculptor himself (p. 13).

Mr. Gilbert's mother sat for the Queen's robe of the Winchester statue (p. 8), and the sculptor's clay sketch of it was moulded with the speed of hot iron on the anvil. In a direction altogether different, but notable by way of comparison, Gilbert is as quick and facile in making a sketch with clay as Doré was in pencil studies for a black and white drawing; and I have seen them both at work. "The strong points of Mr. Gilbert's statue of Victoria, speaking generally," says one of his critics, "are its nobility, its freedom from conventionality, its concentrated richness of arrangement, and the fine design that lurks in all its details. The second of these qualities is conspicuous in the treatment of the Queen's robe, which has nothing in common with the usual blankety empti-

ness. The complex unity of the conception is nowhere more striking than in the arrangement by which the Queen's head, with its cap and crownlet, is surmounted by a second crown, imperial in form and colossal in size, and also by a sort of irregular chaplet of leaves, without the least appearance of crowding or accident. Finally, the thought lavished by the sculptor on his episodes, as we may call them, is shown by the presence at the back of the throne of a small



Photo. Carter.

The Preston Chain complete.

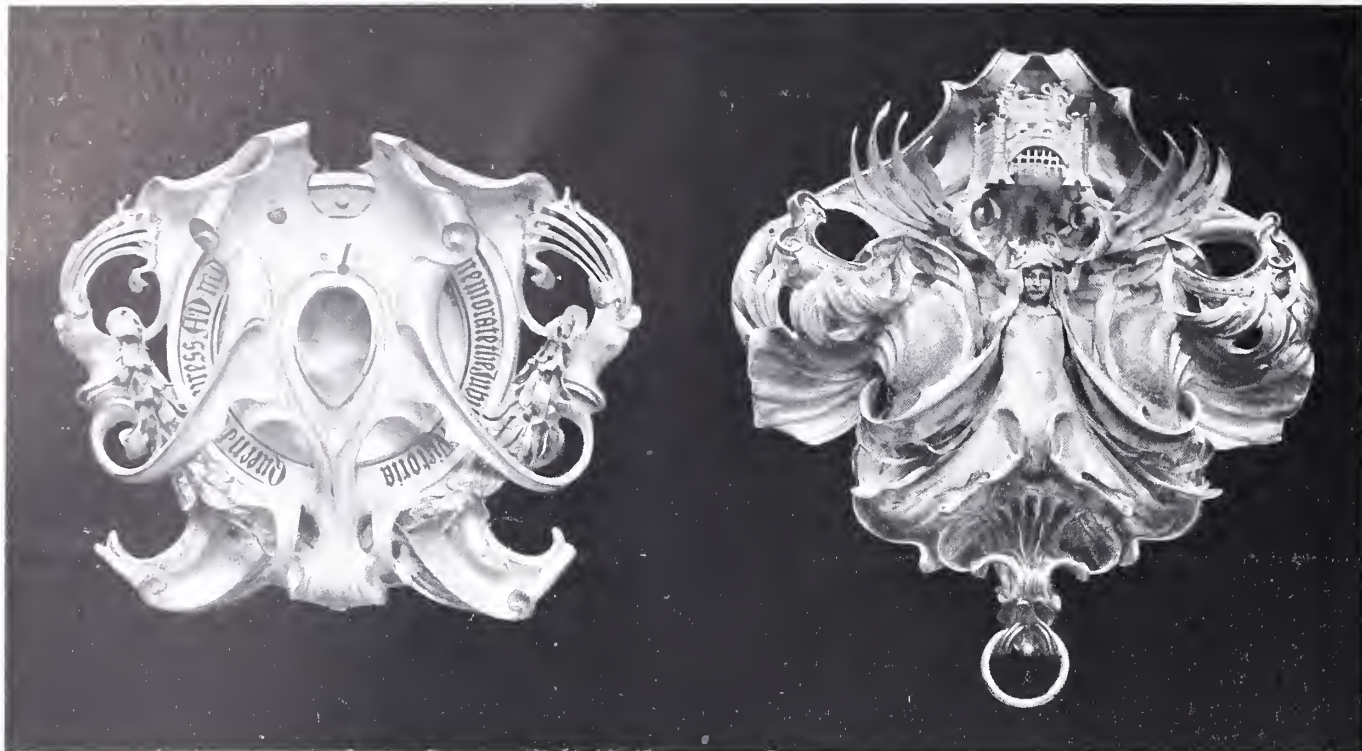
By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Photo. Hellyer.

The Preston Chain: Section.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

*Back centre of Badge.**(Photo. Hollyer.)**Front centre of Badge.**The Preston Chain in course of execution.**By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.*

'Britannia,' which we do not fear to call one of the happiest creations of our modern school" (p. 8).

III.

All the more that the palatial studio and home which Gilbert built for himself no longer belongs to him, I recall the many pleasant hours I have spent there and the wonderful procession of art treasures that I have seen pass through my host's hands. Altar-pieces typifying the story of the Sacrament; fonts that now adorn distant churches; romances of history represented in official chains of office; brooches with legends in the heart of them; portraits of dead heroes of Science and Philanthropy who live again in his marble; figures for cathedral walls that seemed to sanction with a pathetic sign-manual the yearning hope and belief of man's immortality. I recall under that hospitable roof in Maida Vale glee and madrigal parties, when the old English ballads were sung by a society of which my host was president and his

*Working model in plaster for one of the corners of a casket for the late Baron Huddleston.**By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.*

father the musicianly conductor; I recall little dinners with Bohemian guests, who loved Art for its own sake and talked of it with a loving freedom and reverence for its masters; I recall the welcoming home of the sculptor's sailor sons from the high seas—the younger in the merchant service, working hard for promotion, the elder already, though a mere boy, a lieutenant in the Navy, and possessing the Benin medal; I recall many another scene of simple domesticity, and of family reunions, and the elder daughter of the house busy with her mother, considering the dress in which she was to have the honour of being presented to Queen Victoria. As these remembrances recur to me, more particularly in regard to the transfer of work in the clay from the studio to the foundry, or dainty trifles of souvenirs in gold or silver to their fortunate owners, I see them sentinelled by the angel at the feet of the dead Prince, who is lying in sleeping effigy on the tomb which will immor-

talise, at the same time, the Duke of Clarence and the sculptor, and mark the present as an epoch in the history of English art. In the most festive times of my recollections of the Maida Vale house I recall that the angel and the Prince were reverently enwrapped and screened from view, "as some sacred shrine behind cathedral grille." One could not have been inclined to mirth in the shadow of so solemn a work. Many a time the vocal strains of the choral club of which I have spoken were in harmony with the eloquent message of the winged figure on the unseen tomb.

FROM 'THE KISS OF
VICTORY' TO
'COMEDY AND
TRAGEDY.'

I.

I have mentioned Medwin's "Conversations of Lord Byron" as one of the most delightful, and I may add realistic, examples of biographical essays. It is what would to-day be called a series of "Interviews." Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is one continuous interview of the famous lexicographer, and the principal charm of "Pepys' Diary" lies in its interviews of famous persons, varied by introspective conversations with himself. In the estimation of fastidious critics, the term "Interview" has been somewhat vulgarised in our day by its use in connection with more or less irresponsible and hasty conversations for the ordinary newspaper, though the chronicles of journalism as well as our literature enshrine many an important human document in the perhaps unhappily named "Interview." Accepting this form of essay, as well as its undoubted applicability to what may be called biographical reminiscence, I think it desirable to give the reader this cue to my method, feeling that he will be none the less indulgent that, while falling far short of my model, I have by Medwin's inspiration given the reader a closer insight into the sub-



Photo. Hollyer; from the working model.

Memorial Font to the son of the 4th Marquis of Bath.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Photo. Hollyer; from the working model.

Memorial Candelabrum to Lord Arthur Russell, at Chenies, Bucks.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Photo. Hollier; from the study in plaster.

The Winchester Statue to Queen Victoria (p. 5 and plate).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

ject of my sketch than if I had attempted the severer art of the didactic essayist. The biographer who makes his subject talk, and who keeps his own personality as far in the background as possible, is, I take it, the best expositor of another man's life and work.

If it had occurred to me during the past few years to treat my intercourse with Alfred Gilbert as matter for ultimate publication, I should have made many interesting notes with a volume in view. But such reminiscences would have been chronicles of confidential intercourse between the acts of his own work and mine, and on my side always with profit. Moreover, if I had attempted to record Gilbert's many passing flights of imagination, his incidents of student life in Paris, his work under difficulties in Rome, and transferred to the cold pages of a notebook his cheerful optimism, his courageous pursuit of his ambition, his utter disregard of every other object than that of devoted worship at the shrine of the highest Art, and his despair at ever reaching his ideal, yet at the same time his delight at being at least on the road thither, I should have been a mere diarist instead of a deeply interested companion. One evening, however, some time after I had undertaken to prepare this essay, I said, "Now, we must really talk about your work from a personal point of view for the purpose of my ART JOURNAL record."

"Well, put me through the ordeal in your own way," he said. "I have recently passed through the most trying one that Fate could possibly have arranged for me, in one of those courts where they deal severely with mundane facts and figures that men post up in ledgers. I went through those inquisitionary fires so successfully that your sympathetic interrogatories from the standpoint of literary professionalism promise, by comparison, only an agreeable awakening of reminiscences—not all of them unpleasant. When looking

back over difficulties and obstacles surmounted one is surprised that we took them so seriously. Memory has a comforting way of healing old wounds, and strewing flowers upon paths that, in the long ago, seemed to be thick with thorns and dark with pitfalls."

And so we drifted into our reminiscent chat.

"What you would call my first ambitious essay," said the Sculptor, "was 'The Kiss of Victory.' In regard to my previous efforts M. Cavallier told me I had better make boots, in which occupation I should be more profitably employed than in making sculpture. Opposition is often a good stimulus to exertion. After I had been away from school, at work in an out-of-the-way corner of Paris, I brought M. Cavallier a sketch of this first great endeavour, 'The Kiss of Victory.' He examined it critically. I had been anxious to work in Rome, and a question as to my quitting Paris for that purpose had elicited that freezing reply about making boots. 'Shall I go to Rome?' I asked, after he had examined my sketch. 'Yes,' he said; 'go to Rome, and carry out your design.' This was the first time



Photo. Rider.

The Winchester Statue to Queen Victoria (see plate): View showing the figure of Britannia (p. 5).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



By Alfred Gilbert, R.S.

Photo. Fisher.

The Winchester Statue of Queen Victoria

he had ever been kind to me, and he kissed me on both cheeks. I am not tall, but Cavallier had to reach up to embrace me.

"Well, I went to Rome with my wife and two children, little more than tickets for the train in my pocket. We had had a hard time in Paris; but it had its bright side. It is wonderful how happy, and how miserable, you may be in a couple of rooms, with a few francs. I went to Rome trusting to get work enough to enable me at the same time to carry out the idea of which Cavallier had so cordially, and I might say sentimentally, approved.

"The work itself was the outcome of a dream. I was three years in Paris, too poor to go to the Salon and see the exhibition. A fellow student told me he had seen there a beautiful group, which, I believe, was supposed to be by Doré. He could not describe it, but said he thought its title was 'Le Baiser de la Gloire' ('The Kiss of Glory'). The title appealed to me so much that I could not get it out of my head until I had made a sketch as the idea had shaped itself in my mind. I determined, however, that I would go the next day and see the group in the Salon. Meanwhile, that night I dreamt that I had seen it, and I left my bed to touch up my sketch from the point of view of my dream. On the next day I went to the Salon and saw the actual thing, which was so different from my sketch that I determined to carry out my idea, so enamoured was I of the subject. I may remark that Doré's chief figure was the familiar one of the French soldier of the period, with his chassepot. I was three years trying to execute the work. I had been enabled to rent a studio and work upon it through a commission for its completion from Mr. Somerset Beaumont. I had already finished the clay model when my wife fell seriously ill, and I had to take her away from Rome and leave my model, to find it on my return all fallen to pieces. In two successive years the same thing happened. At last it was finished, I myself having carved it in marble, in the course of which I entirely remodelled it; and finally delivered it, a somewhat tardy return, I fear, for Mr. Beaumont's kindness."

The fastidiousness of the artist in revising his model while completing it with his own hand in the marble was no doubt, however, considered by Mr. Beaumont a sufficient appreciation of his useful commission.

"By this time," continued my host, "I had grown tired of French influence, in which I felt my own individuality was overshadowed. I availed myself of an opportunity to visit Florence, and there it was that the scales fell from my eyes. I saw, for the first time in my life, the works of the fathers of the Renaissance; and I was struck by the absolute independence and freedom of thought and truthful representation of the ideas they



O.



R.

*By permission of
the Art Union of London.*

Jubilee Medal executed for the Art Union of London. By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Photo. Hollyer; from the model in plaster.

*Bronze Memorial in Glasgow Cathedral to the memory of William
Graham of Burntshields, Renfrewshire.*

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Photo, Hollyer.

'Perseus Arming' (p. 10).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

By permission of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.

possessed. So impressed was I with the fact that their representations were not mere photographs, but yet so true to Nature, that they seemed to reveal to me what I then understood as style, and which I have since learnt to regard as the expression of an individuality. 'The style is the man himself,' as Buffon says; and I think it was Chesterfield who added, 'Style is the dress of thoughts.' Well, I returned to Rome, and at once set to work to make a statuette called 'Perseus Arming' (p. 10). The reason I chose the subject was, that from evidence I had witnessed in Florence of the choice of subjects, I had become convinced that after all there might be nothing more

original as to a subject for artistic treatment than the banal or old-time story; but that in its exposition every story has two sides—the one being the accepted and literal text, and the other that which the text suggests. After seeing the wonderful and heroic statue by Cellini, amazed as I was by that great work, it still left me somewhat cold, inasmuch that it failed to touch my human sympathies. As at that time my whole thoughts were of my artistic equipment for the future, I conceived the idea that Perseus before becoming a hero was a mere mortal, and that he had to look to his equipment. That is a presage of my life and work at that time. And I think the wing still ill-fits me, the sword is blunt, and the armour dull as my own brain . . . But now comes the astonishing thing about this figure. I sent it to the Salon; it was accepted, and obtained for me honourable mention. This gave me great encouragement to continue the task I had set myself—that was, to go on writing my own history by symbol.

"The next figure was Icarus (p. 10), a commission from Mr. Leighton, afterwards President of the Royal Academy, and, at his lamented death, Lord Leighton. This was more difficult than the Perseus, because I had set myself the task not only of making a realistic representation of the human figure, but had also made up my mind to execute it from start to finish with my own hands; thus it was the

first casting in bronze that I had made myself. It was said to be a great success. Mr. Leighton approved of it. And here the symbol comes in again—the human side of my mythical story; Icarus, prepared to fly, sees at his feet, before throwing himself from the rock, a bird with its natural means of flight strangled by a crawling thing, a snake!—a presage of our life."

II.

Gilbert, who is not altogether unconventional in his worldly views of life, and who in conversation treats its mysteries and superstitions with the cold analysis of a student and investigator, is nevertheless moved as few men are by their very influences. He probably does not think he is a fatalist; but he is, and sees clearly in his own mind a continual forecasting of his destiny. This strangling of the bird by the snake he takes to be another symbol, not merely of life in general, but as especially applicable to his own.

"Well?" I say presently, interrupting a passing reflection.

"Where was I?" he asks.



Photo, Hollyer.

Icarus (p. 10).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

"With that symbol of annihilated hope and ambition at the feet of Icarus," I reply.

"Oh, yes. Well, in the intervals of that little story I was working at no end of studies in Rome; much plain living and much high thinking, after the manner of certain intellectual Scotchmen; but in a delightful atmosphere of art and sunshine, among needy artists like myself. Don't you think that after all our happiest memories are those of our novitiate on bread and herbs? . . . Eventually I left Rome for London; and what first of all struck me most was my success—success with what I considered incomplete work; and my second impression was the possible reason for my incompleteness. While my

success puzzled though it elated me, my shortcomings were a quick and emphatic revelation. I had made a statuette, but its pedestal, to my horror, was a mere carpenter's job, made for an exhibition. At once I felt the necessity of taking a further lesson, or, rather, of picking up one which I had failed to seize from the Florentines. I awoke to the conviction that they had not made the pedestals to their figures for nothing. For the first time I realised the value of these adjuncts, which I had passed by unheeded during my first lesson in Florence (p. 26). I noticed that my statuette of Icarus was a fitting reminder of my incompleteness through his hesitancy. This lesson revolutionised the whole train of my thoughts. Being unwilling to copy or steal the method of ornament I had so strangely neglected, I set myself a new task, the hardest task of my life, which some day may bear fruit.

"Then came the statue of 'The Enchanted Chair' (p. 11), which was entirely suggested by my dreams of hope and my desire at that time to break away from mere material and matter-of-fact expression in my art: an attempt to incorporate life with realistic representation and the romantic side, which in painting always holds good, and in sculpture is too often conspicuous by its absence. Here I received a very severe check, for I was pronounced too picturesque in my ideal. This statue of 'The Enchanted Chair,' only executed in



Photo, Hollier; from the study in plaster.

The Enchanted Chair (p. 11).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

plaster, I broke, having kept it by me to the last hour of my quitting my Maida Vale studio, when it shared the fate of my own undoing. At the same time I destroyed many other incomplete works. I could not bear the idea of their going into strange hands, whose owners might have different views from mine, and have gone so far as to have them completed by other sculptors. My next work after 'The Enchanted Chair' was the fountain at Piccadilly Circus, a most uncompromisingly realistic piece of work, and my first effort in ornament.

III.

"All these things carry out the cycle of the story which culminates in the statuette of 'Comedy and Tragedy,' when I

began to see breakers ahead; it was really the climax to my cycle of stories. It had, however, a fair success. It was spoken of as being cynical. It represents a boy carrying a comic mask. He is stung by a bee—the symbol of Love. He turns, and his face becomes tragic (p. 12). The symbol is in reality fact. I was stung by that bee, typified by my love for my art, a consciousness of its incompleteness; my love was not sufficient. I saw trouble ahead of me. . . . Shall I tell you how I came to think of this subject of the boy and the bee?"

"By all means," I answer, delighted to find my friend responding to the promptings of his own thoughts and reminiscences instead of being led on to talk by my suggestions.

"I was living a kind of double life at that time, enjoying the society of Irving and Toole and other famous and pleasant members of the Garrick Club, going to the theatre at night, and with Tragedy in my private life, living my Comedy publicly, if not enjoying it. Among my happiest memories has been the society of men occupied in branches of art other than my own, and the pleasure has also been a source of education. At the time I am thinking of a one-act play was being enacted at the Lyceum called 'Comedy and Tragedy,' by a namesake of mine, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, with Miss Mary Anderson in the leading rôle. I think the little piece was almost a monologue. Attracted

by the title of the piece in much the same way as I was attracted to Dore's 'Kiss of Glory,' I went to see it, and was so deeply impressed that I went night after night. The dramatic fable with which the play inspired me gave me no idea of how to treat it in plastic form, and yet the subject haunted me. Always having the Theatre in my mind I conceived the notion of harking back to the old Greek stage upon which masks were always worn, and I conceived a kind of stage property boy rushing away in great glee with his comedy mask, and on his way being stung by a bee. This was the only way



'Comedy and Tragedy' (p. 11).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

By permission of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.

in which I could present the hidden pain and passion of the boy. I confess that I had to resort to rather adventitious methods to convey my meaning; and, indeed, I now look upon such methods as more or less legitimate tricks. The youth, seen from one position through the open mouth of the comic mask, exhibits an expression of hilarity, but from the opposite view he is seen glancing at his wounded leg, and his expression assumes one of pain and sadness."

Then, after a moment's reflection, he adds, "And, surely, that is a symbol of our lives; it certainly is of mine, or was at the time"—a piece of unconscious egotism which is a phase of the sincerest modesty.

The reader will observe how, in Gilbert's views of his work, this revelation of himself, his ambition, his methods of work, his idealistic realism—if I may use such a term—have to do with his own personality; and it seems to me that you will find this kind of individuality underlying the creations of genius in every branch of art. The same may also be said of the great actor who, though as a rule merely the interpreter of other men's ideas, becomes little short of a creator when his artistic impersonation lifts a character beyond the text he is reading, as in the case of the Mathias of Sir Henry Irving in "The Bells," which is not the Mathias of M. Coquelin, but the burgomaster of Erckmann-Chatrian dealised into that of the dreamer and the poet, justified

by the criminal's perception of the pathos of the tragedy in which he is engaged—the howling of the dogs at Daniel's farm, the crying of little Annette, and later, the haunting sound of the bells on the Jew's horse, and his eventual death through the acuteness of his fearful imagination. M. Coquelin, a comedian of deserved fame, in his interpretation of the character evidently only saw one side of the burgomaster's story. Irving—to quote an aphoristic remark in a previous conversation with Gilbert—sees two, and the result is practically a creation inspired by the original hero of the impressive fiction. If this view of creative power is a little strained when submitted to the severe logic of analytical criticism, Irving's superb art and his all-round appreciation and skill of stagecraft should be its ample warrant.

Considering the evanescent character of the actor's art, one likes to feel that there are exceptions to the rule which denies the status of artist to the man who is not himself a creator, but only an interpreter. Many an author has been amazed on discovering how much of suggestion a great actor has found in his work that he had not even dreamt of; and of course, on the other hand, many an author has suffered deep mortification on finding how little he has been under-



'Comedy and Tragedy' (p. 11).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

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stood by the actors who have undertaken to impersonate his characters. But there are actors and actors, and to-day the art of acting is not generally what it meant to the masters whose portraits decorate the rooms of the Garrick Club, nor what it means to the few men of our day who were trained in the old school of the stock companies. There are compensations, no doubt, in the general perfection of the scenic presentation of plays in our day which have given intense satisfaction to masters and students of the graphic arts generally. Sir Henry Irving set the example of annexing for the completeness of his presentations every branch of art, and other actor-managers have followed in his footsteps with distinction and success. First nights at the Lyceum used to attract not only

the students of [the Royal Academy, but the leading Academicians and Associates. If the Theatre to-day can hardly be said to be any longer a school of manners and elocution, it is at any rate a very fine gallery of pictures, with what may be called occasional "side shows" of real life and delightful glimpses of fairyland. With the great number of theatres in the present day our best actors are scattered among numerous companies. If a manager might have the privilege of casting Shakespeare and the old comedies from among the "stars" in our extended theatrical firmament, I have no doubt he could give representations of the poetic drama worthy of the best days of the London and provincial stage. At the same time it must be confessed that the commercialism of the syndicate era of management is at present exercising a degrading influence on one of the most beautiful combinations of the varied arts of the dramatist and his interpreters. . . . If I seem to have been unduly led away from the main subject of this essay in these references to the stage, I might quote the influence of Gilbert, one of whose chief delights, and also one of whose best remembered inspirations, are associated with the playhouse. I have never seen a spectator accept the conditions of the acting of a stage-play with more sincerity or pleasure. Moreover, he is as great an admirer of Irving as an actor as he is of the work of his illustrious namesake, Sir John Gilbert; and there is a special appropriateness in these references to Sir Henry Irving in the illustration of Mr. Gilbert's tribute of the silver bell designed as a birthday gift to the impersonator of Mathias in the Erckmann-Chatrian drama (p. 13).

THE PICCADILLY FOUNTAIN.

I.

Nothing is easier than to be critical of the acts of public bodies. They afford a continual theme for the overtaxed citizen and the cynic who sees the worst side of everything. Mindful of much good work which the County Council have accomplished, it is nevertheless permissible to condemn and regret their shortcomings in the direction of street architecture and decoration. Shaftesbury Avenue, and the degradation of Leicester Square and Piccadilly Circus, are painful exhibitions of their inefficiency and bad taste; they have lumped lavatories and "wash-ups" upon important thoroughfares with as little consideration as if they had been dealing with the slums of a mere manufacturing city. If during the next few years their public works do not redeem something of their past, they may go down to posterity as the survival of a strange vandalism in the most prosperous days of the great metropolis. Commendable as organisers of hygienic reforms, and not ill-intentioned in their sweeping away of worn-out thoroughfares and insanitary dwellings, they might have won for themselves undying renown if they had only taken into



Photo. Hollier.

The "Irving" Bell (p. 13).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

A personal gift from the artist to Sir Henry Irving on the 30th anniversary of the performance of "The Bells."

their councils men of education and culture, students of the arts, and citizens inspired by an Imperial pride in the capital of the Empire, whose government should be an example to our fellow-subjects beyond the seas and indeed to the world at large. The public authorities of the time left it to a private citizen to convert the dustheap of Leicester Square into a garden. Their successors have turned it into a public lavatory.

A still more noble site for an elevated art treatment they grudgingly relinquished to a committee of citizens for a memorial in honour of a great, good man. The subscribers entrusted the work to an artist of renown; but the County Council hampered him in his design, cut it short of its fair proportions, and then mocked it and ruined a noble open space with a public lavatory, empha-



Photo. Hollyer.

Ornamental base of the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain in detail.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

sised in its ugliness by what they conceived to be the realistic treatment of a ventilator surmounted with a cluster of street lamps. Almost as puzzling as the attitude of the County Council towards Piccadilly Circus and Leicester Square, and their failure to utilise an unusual opportunity for the creation of a fine thoroughfare in Shaftesbury Avenue, was the hostile criticism that some of the newspapers and their correspondents flung like mud-splashes at Mr. Gilbert's fountain, which, in spite of its absence of water, is still London's most conspicuous success in street decoration. The story of its conception and execution is so interesting an episode in the history of the plastic arts, and of Gilbert's art in particular, that I have induced him to relate it.

II.

"It is difficult," he said, "to tell the story dispassionately, but I will try;" and it will be admitted, I think, that he has done so with a modesty and an abnegation of self that under the circumstances fully atone for a certain resentment at the unnecessary difficulties which the County Council flung in his way.

"The whole work was the outcome of a very warm recommendation given to the committee by Boehm to employ me, and as they only had a limited sum at their disposal, and as my pecuniary ambitions were quite a secondary consideration in view of the opportunity of so

interesting a work, I attempted more than I was able to realise. I started on my task not too well equipped for its achievement. Never having attempted a design of such magnitude, while I was at work upon it I was absolutely studying all the time that part of my art to which I sought to give expression. So the task was doubled from an artistic standpoint, and rendered almost impossible from a financial one.

"Then there were conditions as to site, and the proper provision for water, and a thousand and one technical questions which I had to master as I went along. The result was what I have always considered an incomplete expression of an enthusiastic intention. Artistically, however, it was more or less a success, financially a great *débâcle*. As the fountain now stands it in no way represents my original design; for the site, although I had it in mind as a hoped-for and possible one, was not actually granted until the work was ready for erection. When, at last, the site was selected, the present surrounding great buildings were not in existence, and the environment was constantly open to alterations. On the opening day, when the fountain was unveiled, there existed eight drinking-cups of more or less elaborate fashion, attached to the main body of the work, secured by a very carefully hand-wrought chain, specially designed and made for the purpose. The next morning I believe only two of the cups were left, but the frag-

ments of a third were found carefully broken and deposited in one of the basins, carrying clear evidence that the damage had taken some considerable time to effect, and was no doubt meant as a malicious criticism, if not a protest, against the work itself. I believe subsequently the Council recovered much of the missing material—a further proof that the damage was not done for the sake of theft. . . . Then followed a storm of abuse of the work itself, with no attempt at just criticism, but inspired by, and given utterance to, through the grossest form of ignorance. For instance, the figure surmounting the whole design was stated by some ingenious Solon as intended to convey a silly pun on the name Shaftesbury, because it had discharged its shaft from the bow. Then came another phase of criticism. Why should I have been employed in the making of so important a work to the exclusion of younger men, any one of whom could have taught me the ordinary elements of design? Oddly enough, at the time I was by several years the junior of the so-called band of youthful artists. . . . Time brought its little revenge, for I had what might have been the pleasure, had I felt malicious, of seeing my own work imitated, not to say travestied in detail, in many works that were subsequently given to the public.

"I refrain from going into any further details on these personal features of a somewhat painful subject, though I am grateful for the experience of its teaching, which proved far more beneficial than any I could ever have derived from the unqualified praise of the unattached critic. Moreover, I have the gratification at times of hearing from sources whence emanated my hardest knocks that the work has begun to gather estimation, and is beginning to be understood far more easily than my own handwriting. This is no time for recrimination, neither would it be becoming in me to take advantage of such a weapon as I now have in my hand to defend my much maligned child, since I could not do it at the moment when it most needed support. It is still growing, and when it comes to its maturity it will take care of itself and of me.

"It is futile to pretend that I started out to make that design with a view of illustrating any particular or symbolical meaning. Knowing that it was to be a fountain, I naturally selected a form which should be most appropriate to the purpose, and it only required a slight stretch of imagination to determine that fish and the offspring of the mermaid would be best adapted to my purpose. Then, having to do with an octagon shape, I did not wish to make the surface matter covering the eight different sides to appear as eight representations of the same scheme; in other words, I wished from every point of sight that the combinations of the eight faces, themselves alike one to the other, should present a varied design to the spectator. To do this necessitated much scheming, impossible now to describe, and resulted in the ornamental part of the fountain. The cistern-like structure immediately above the ornamental part I should have mentioned as the leading feature of my programme; it was practically laid down in my instructions that I must provide a means of storing water enough to help the supply to the lower parts from those above. The bronze base was an afterthought, for when the work was nearing completion I was made acquainted with the fact that provision should be made for the refreshment of the thirsty man and beast. I never originally intended this base to be in such confined relation or near proximity to the rest of the work. I had no alternative but to make it so, and the question of supplying the wandering cur with cool refreshment retarded me for weeks in the making of this portion. How to give the itinerant dog a good supply of fresh drinking water was a problem that I never was able to solve. Yet I believe that dogs occasionally, when they find a provision awaiting them, do lap from the basins which I made for them, and even return to the streets alive. As to the men and women who prefer the liquid from my fountain to that of the neighbouring palaces, I believe also that occasionally some innocuous refreshment is obtained when the fountain is allowed to perform its functions. Now these angle-pieces, where the drinking places for man and beast appear, I confess are the outcome not of the suggestion of a pun on the

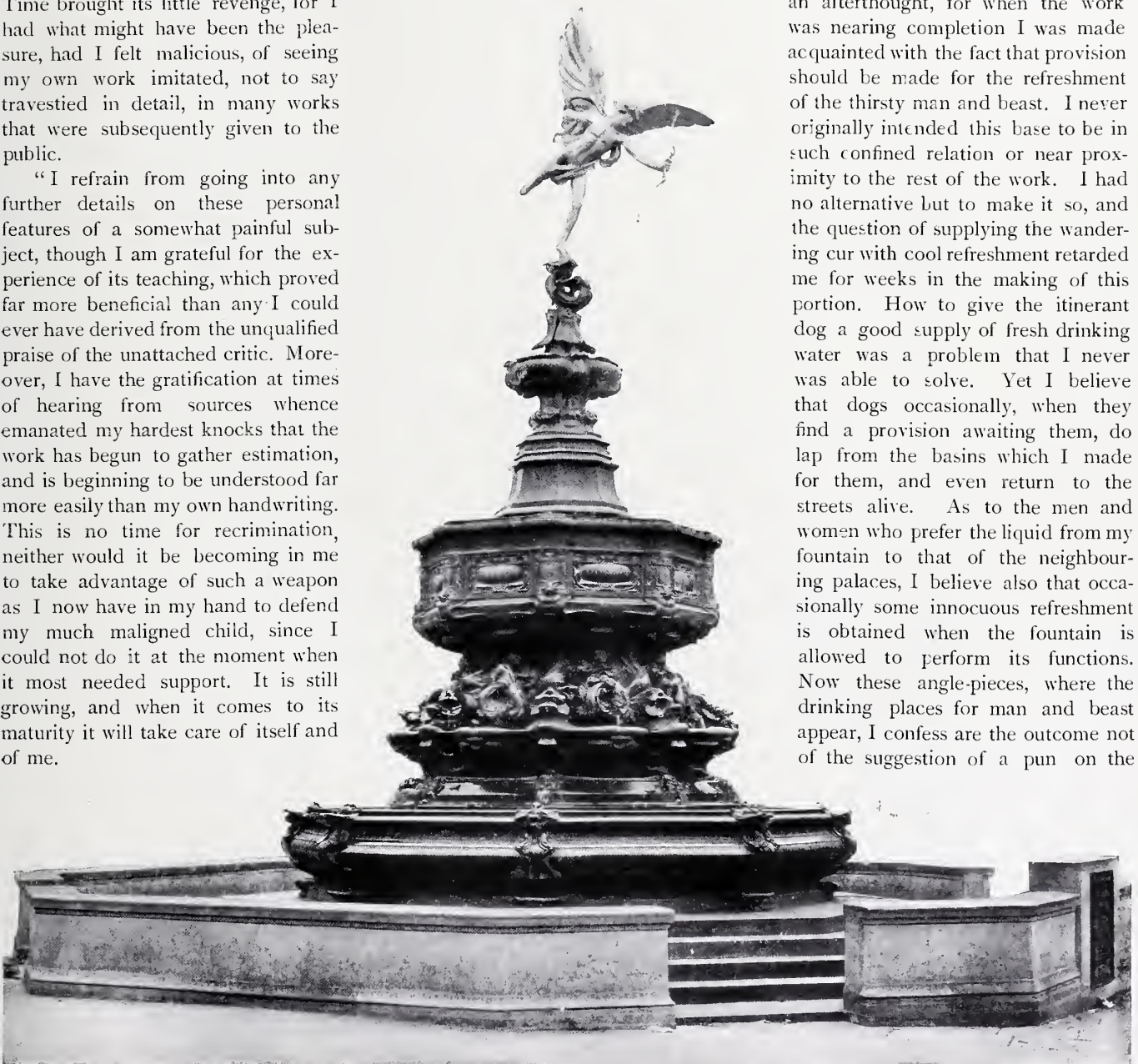


Photo. Hollier.

The Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain at Piccadilly Circus (p. 13).

Unveiled by the Duke of Westminster, June 29, 1893.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

name Shaftesbury, but of the ancient form of rebus, whereby a builder, or a monarch, or any other important person chose to leave the impress of an individuality on his work without scrawling his name; and, to be frank, I have chosen the form which the chain composes to represent a sort of monogram of the word Shaftesbury, the little figure being merely an echo of the work above and the link between the two S's.

"As to the figure surmounting the whole, if I must confess to a meaning or a *raison d'être* for its being there, I confess to have been actuated in its design by a desire to symbolise the work of Lord Shaftesbury; the blindfolded Love sending forth indiscriminately, yet with purpose, his missile of kindness, always with the swiftness the bird has from its wings, never ceasing to breathe or reflect critically, but ever soaring onwards, regardless of its own peril and dangers.

"The original site upon which the fountain now stands

was figured and determined by the not very wise rule that seems to hold good in all London streets—by the intersection of the thoroughfares; and this site was of the impossible shape of a distorted isochromal triangle, square to nothing of its surroundings—an impossible site, in short, upon which to place any outcome of the human brain, except possibly an underground lavatory! I had this horrible shape on my mind continually, and that is why I determined upon the plan and elevation of my work—an octagon which should by means of treatment really present the same adaptability to any site, just as a circular form would. Another difficulty, when I had practically finished, presented itself; I was beset with the threat that my fountain being a thing of utility as well as ornament, there could be no fitter site than its substructure for the then proposed underground lavatory. The alternative scheme—since carried out—was to be something which would teach Londoners what



Photo. Hollyer.

Figure of St. George.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



By Alfred Gilbert, R.S.

Photo. Kellogg.

Epergne for Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

utility and ornament should be ; in point of fact, I believe this extremely ordinary yet utilitarian product of the practical brain of the County Council cost half as much again in its perpetration as my attempt at street decoration cost my committee. I draw the veil here over the cost of the fountain ; everyone has to pay for the whims of his spoiled child. It should be understood that this work was a 'gift-horse' of the Shaftesbury Memorial Committee to the County Council, to whom the givers naturally

could not, in the face of the generous accordance of so important a site for their gift, do other than acquiesce in the decision as to the treatment of the base and really most important part of the whole. I had provided for a great supply of water, thinking very little of the cost of it to the rate-payers, and it was my intention that my fountain from all its salient points should distribute jets of varied shapes and forms upwards, inwards, downwards and crossways, and indeed in every direction, and through the overflow create a perpetual cascade round the part now occupied by steps into a large basin, previously formed by the stone parapet, which was removed shortly after the unveiling, when it was found to be a somewhat costly experiment on the part of the Council. On this parapet I had placed at the urgent desire of the Committee a bust of Lord Shaftesbury, which was afterwards removed."

III.

It would not be difficult for the least imaginative person to form an opinion of the novel effect of Mr. Gilbert's work had the space occupied by the present steps been devoted to a basin, or pond, always filled with the water that would have been continually flowing into it from the various ornamental jets above, the whole structure being some six feet higher than at present. What must strike any dispassionate critic or mere spectator as so inconsistent with common sense, to use the mildest term, is that any public authority, having placed an important artistic work in the hands of a distinguished sculptor, should take upon themselves to tinker with it as though it were of no more importance than the work of an ordinary stonemason, or a parochial architect's design for a public lavatory.

The reticence with which Mr. Gilbert accepted the hostile and often very unjust criticism of his fountain is broken now for the first time, and not without some pressure. All other considerations apart, his story is interesting as showing the disabilities that embarrass the practice of Art in this country, in spite of which so many large achievements have been realised, and at the same time in consequence of which our great cities shame us with so many frock-coat-and-trouser statues. Mr. Gilbert confesses that his work at Piccadilly Circus has taught him many a valuable lesson. If only the County Council will lay to heart the moral of the story, London should be the gainer in her future street improvements.

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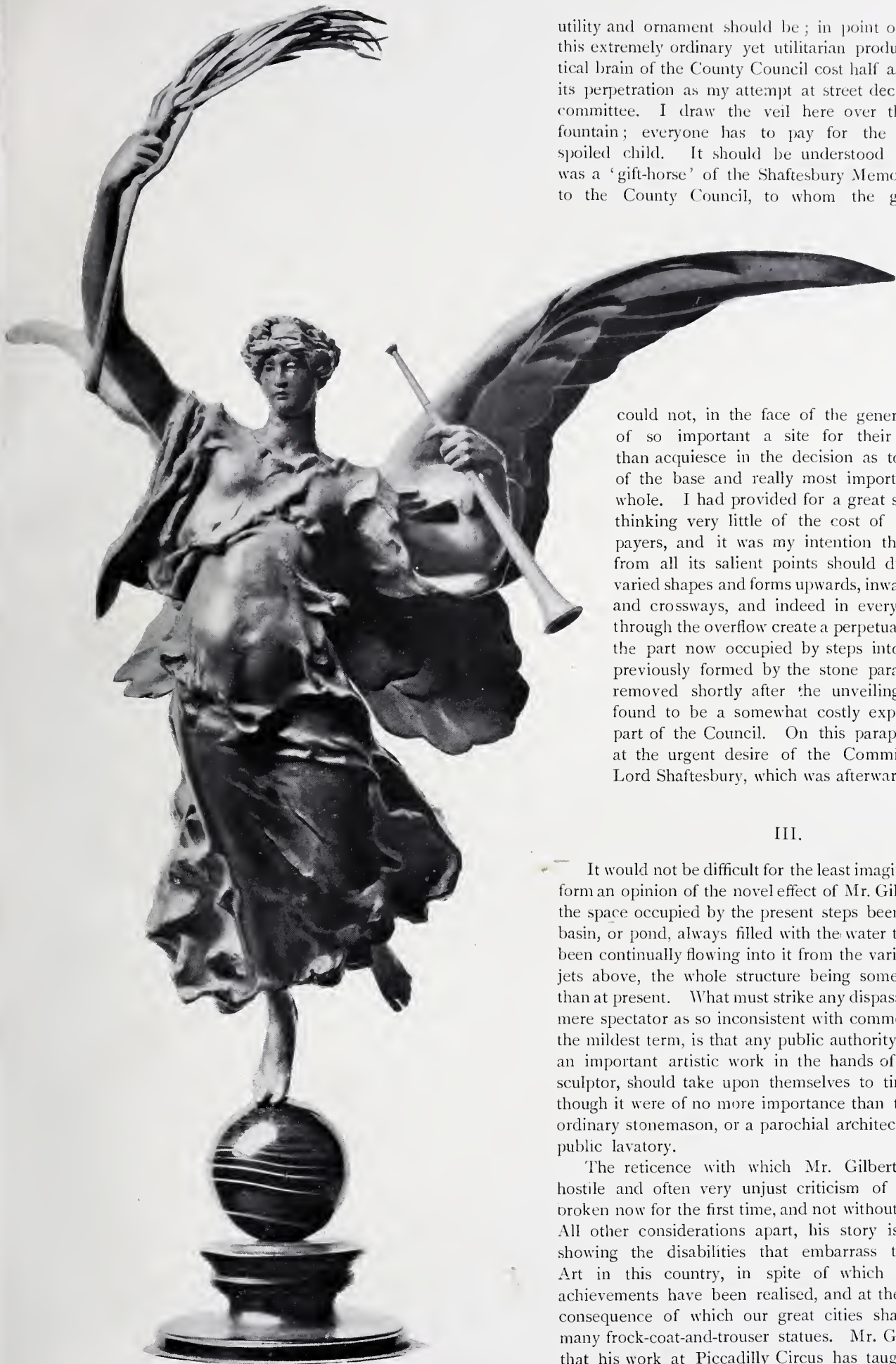


Photo. Hollyer.

'Victory.'

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND EDUCATION.

I.

Alfred Gilbert was born on August 12th, 1854, in Berners Street, Oxford Street, London. His parents were teachers of music. On one side of their abode lived Balfe, and on the other Vincent Wallace. No wonder that young Gilbert should himself be a musician of no mean capability. If, as he tells us, he has often been inspired by the theatre, he must also be much indebted to music. He knows the technique as well as the literature of the art which has been to him a great solace and recreation. His father, after whom he was named, died on February 6th, 1902, at the age of seventy-four. To quote an appreciative tribute from a musical critic, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, senior, "did good service to his art when it received less support from the general public than is happily the case at present." He was born on October 21st, 1828, at Salisbury, and at the early age of fourteen became a pupil of Dr. Charles Corfe. He entered the Royal Academy of Music in 1845. For theory he studied under Charles Lucas, the famous master, and for the piano under Robert Barnett; the principal of the Academy at the time being Cipriani Potter. In early life Mr. Gilbert established a choral and orchestral society, known as the Orion, almost coeval with Leslie's Choir. His next artistic enterprise was the Polyhymnia Choir, famous in its day. He was one of the first members of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, and its honorary musical director to the day of his death, having held the position for upwards of forty years. The Musical Artists'

Society, founded for the purpose of producing the works of English composers, inspired his sympathetic and energetic directorship. His activity, his cultivated taste, his musical scholarship and judgment were manifested as a director of the Philharmonic Society, as well as in its orchestral management, to which he succeeded on the retirement of Mr. Cummings. So far back as 1851, in conjunction with the Misses Cole, he organised a series of classical chamber concerts, which live to-day among the pleasant reminiscences of many ardent lovers of good music. Mr. Gilbert married Charlotte Cole (the elder of the two sisters, both popular vocalists), who survives him. Organist at several churches of note, Mr. Gilbert was also the author of many operettas, cantatas, choruses, songs, and orchestral compositions. His devotion to his art is well exemplified in the fact that he found his chief recreation in editing and fingering, for the use of pupils, works of the old masters.

The sculptor's mother is a remarkable woman. Though age has subdued her vocal powers, she is still an enthusiastic musician, and her reminiscences of notable people of her time are peculiarly interesting. In the village of Tarrington, Herefordshire, where she was born, her father was the organist. A man of varied abilities, he built the organ upon which he played. Mrs. Gilbert remembers Shirley Brooks (afterwards editor of *Punch*), James Davidson (the accomplished critic of the *Times* and husband of Arabella Goddard), Jarrett the impresario, and Desmond Ryan (critic of the *Standard*), paying her father a visit, and that she and her sister sang to them, being accompanied



Sketches for various objects.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Alfred Gilbert, R.A., in his Studio in Rome.

From a painting by J. M. Swan, A.R.A.



Alfred Gilbert, R.A., working in the London Studio of Mr. Seymour Lucas.

From a painting by J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

on the piano by Davidson. Her father had taught them singing to the violin in the old-fashioned way. The gentlemen from London were so impressed with the singing of Mr. Cole's two daughters that by their advice they presently went to the metropolis and took up music as a profession. As the Misses Cole they made their first appearance at Exeter Hall in the same year, and were engaged for the Hereford Festival. They were the first to sing, in public, Mendelssohn's part-song "O Would that My Love." For many years they were popular vocalists at classical concerts and in oratorio. Mrs. Gilbert's mother was the cousin of John Parry, the accomplished pioneer of the class of platform entertainment in which Mr. Corney Grain and Mr. George Grossmith afterwards excelled. Mrs. Gilbert's sister, Susannah, was the understudy on tour for Jenny Lind, and sang for her on several occasions. So that Gilbert's childhood may thus be said to have been cradled in song. He remembers with pride being taken to concerts to hear his mother sing; and one of his delights, even now, is to sit down at the piano with her and recall some of those happy days.

II.

I asked him where he obtained his early education.

"My first school," he said, "was the Mercers'. My fellow-Academician

Leslie had been brought up there. On leaving the Mercers' I was sent to the Aldenham Grammar School, in Hertfordshire. My own boys have been educated there. It is a kind of traditional school with us."

"And when did you begin to feel an impulse towards the study and practice of Art?"

"I suppose my very earliest inclinations must have been in that direction. To get off fagging at Aldenham I used to go down to an adjacent chalk-pit and amuse myself. I collected walking-sticks, and carved heads upon them, and by judicious presents of the same

obtained immunity from some of my lessons. I took a little room for a studio in the village, for which I paid a shilling a week. My first model was a school-fellow, my junior, Stanley O. Buckmaster, now K.C. Another of my school-mates at the same time was William Barnard, who, as a barrister, has now an extensive practice in the Divorce Court. Sir James Wilkes, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, had been educated at the same school. At that little studio I went on neglecting my school tasks and in order to cover my disgrace, being thought

a failure for a University career, I elected to go in for the ordinary examinations for the College of Surgeons. I was thereupon allowed to leave school and go to London, which was no doubt my leading idea in selecting to go in for medicine. Instead of entering myself at the hospital, however, I spent nearly all my time at the British Museum and other places, where I met some of the most famous artists of the present day—met them, so to speak, in the nursery. Then I entered Heatherley's School of Art—the historical Heatherley's, where Thackeray and others of his time had studied—and from Heatherley's I procured entrance to the schools of the Royal Academy. In those days the Academy school of modelling was only a make-believe; and, feel-

ing that it was necessary to learn the business I had resolved to follow, I applied for a place at the then Mr. Boehm's, as an improver. I stayed with him a year, during which time I competed for the gold medal of the Royal Academy, and learnt the best lesson of my life—how to take a beating from a better man than myself; and that man was Thornycroft."

Much as I hope that the reader will take pleasure in Gilbert's revelation of himself, I can honestly say that it is to me a delightful task to be his interpreter. Now and then with a smile, now and then with a sigh, he seems to be telling me the story of some other person, a friend whom he had



Photo. Hollier; from the model in plaster.

Detail of the Howard Memorial, Bedford.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

known years ago, a companion in whom he had taken a deep interest.

"‘And then?’ you ask," he presently remarked. "Well, during the latter days of the time I am speaking of an intervening incident had been ripening; not of a more poetic nature than, perhaps, my aspirations in Art, but still one which carried more material facts in its influence on my eventual career. A fervent passion for something more lovable than my beautiful art had taken possession of me, and, choosing between the two mistresses, I preferred the more conventional and material of them; at which time I was glad to follow my master's advice, and my father's acquiescence in it, and go to study in Paris. It was, I must confess, not my immediate desire to study in Paris, but the natural desire of all young men to secure a wife; and at twenty-one I married my cousin Alice. A few months afterwards I wrote home announcing the fact and enclosing my marriage lines. . . . Then followed for both of us — borne with patience and courage, I think — a long and terrible punishment of what, at the time, was considered an indiscretion. We had to live. I had to study and work as well. Besides working at art, I followed up my medical studies, and in the intervals taught boys the elements of

Latin and Greek, dabbled in various trades, and, with assistance from my parents, managed to exist. Three years thus passed away in Paris. I remained all the time in an unsettled state of mind as to whether I should follow art or surgery. It was the incident of ‘The Kiss of Victory,’ which I have previously explained to you, that decided me; and I had become the father of two children. I went to Rome, as I said; and, having been working there for seven years, I returned to London, with the specific idea of designing and making the quadriga with which it was proposed to substitute the statue of the Iron Duke by Hyde Park Corner. This fell through. Things

went on without any particular incident, except such as we have already discussed, until Boehm's death. I occupied myself in doing all I could to deserve well of his recommendation. I never knew an artist so utterly devoid of personal jealousy as Boehm. He was one of the kindest, most gentle and generous of men; at the same time sensible of what was due to his Art, socially and generally. He was on pleasantly familiar terms with his illustrious sitters, more especially with Ruskin and Carlyle. It was the habit of certain critics to disparage his work; but I don't see any equestrian statues to-day that are better than his."

"About the time of Boehm's death you were living at Gomshall?"

"Yes; but prior to that in a bungalow, at Birchington, which for a short time had been occupied by Rossetti, who, as you know, is buried there. But The Gravel Pits, at Gomshall, was our haven — the haven of my wife and family — and our heaven in England. Holl had lived there, and I had many pleasant walks and talks with him while he was building the house, which is now occupied by Leader. After Holl left the house Boehm took it; and I took it from Boehm. One of my neighbours happened to be my first client, Mr. Somerset Beaumont, who commissioned ‘The Kiss of Victory.’ The Gravel Pits was an old Henry the Eighth house, a delightful place. I

did some of my best work there, in quiet and peace. Environment is a great thing to an artist. The Surrey lanes and woods are always beautiful. One of the most notable figures in the village of Gomshall was the celebrated Dr. Capern, a great authority on butterflies. Through his remarkable collection, I think, I owed the development of my love for natural forms and the development of my desire to make use of them. The wonderful things that Dr. Capern showed me fully endorsed my views of their importance in my work. In my subsequent efforts in the way of design I more than ever made use of natural forms, not alone, of course, in the way of butterflies, beetles and moths, but in



Photo. Wellsley.

Memorial to John Howard, at Bedford.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

Unveiled by the Duke of Bedford, March 28, 1894.

the treasures of the sea, fishes of all kinds and every class of molluscan and crustacean life—the crab, the lobster, and such like. To these beautiful models I am indebted for many of my best incidents of artistic design and construction."



Photo. Hollyer; from the working model.

Exeter and Rosewater Dish. Presented to H.R.H. the Duke of York (the Prince of Wales) by the Officers of the Brigade of Guards.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

PROFESSOR AND LECTURER.

I.

Gilbert's appointment to the Professorship of Sculpture and Lecturer at the Royal Academy came to him as a welcome distinction at an unpropitious period of his career. He had been harassed with the completion of works upon which he had incurred heavy losses. Financially, in other ways, the world looked very dark to him. But the world had to deal with a man of courage as well as talent. Few could

have stood up against the calamities he had endured. He had neither the leisure nor the inclination to make, as he afterwards described it, "a literary monument" of his professorship. While he regarded the duties of the office with pleasure, the thought of his great predecessors, Flaxman, Weekes, and others, made him anxious, but at the same time strengthened his resolution to follow out his idea of a new departure. The spur of circumstances over which he had no control made the situation one that, even had he wished otherwise, prohibited the preparation of his lectures in the customary form of written studies for ultimate publication, which he had resolved to shun, making his addresses familiar talks with the students, that belong rather to the class-room than the platform. As he was leaving his house in Maida Vale to give his first lecture he opened the door to a bailiff, who had come to take possession of the ideal home and studio which he had built and furnished, and occupied with so much hope and pride.

"Turning my back," he said to me afterwards, "upon that melancholy situation, like an actor in a play changing to what is called the comedy relief of tragedy, I found at the Academy a large and cordial audience of students and friends awaiting me. I was deeply touched by their reception. They little dreamt with what varied emotions I addressed them. I had trusted in Providence, not only for my ability to speak, but also for the matter of my lecture. The change of scene, from the lowered lights and tragic mask, as it were, of the bailiff and his mission, to the comedy of the lecture room, the dark curtain and the light, haunted me for a moment; but, encouraged by the unfettered and sympathetic aspect of the new situation, I played my part with an apparent indifference to all outside influences, and frequently elicited the kindly applause of the audience. My success was sufficient to warrant me in pursuing the same course of extemporaneous lecturing in the future, and, I believe, with advantage to my hearers. Under

these conditions a professor is moved by the occasion. He would not dare to sit down to his desk and write things in cold blood that he would say and illustrate on his black-board under the impulse of the time and the responsive influence of his audience."

A student who was present at the first of the third series of lectures told me that, towards the close, Gilbert made a pause that cast a gloom over his audience which was hard to dispel, though it terminated in a ripple of sympathetic applause. It was when the lecturer referred to the death

of his friend and brother artist, Onslow Ford, and failed to do so without altogether controlling his emotion. "It was a pathetic incident," said my friend, "and one to be remembered in the remarkable address of the new Professor."

"Counting, as I could," said Gilbert, resuming our talk, "on an audience by no means ignorant, and often very acute in regard to the literature of art, I felt that I could treat my subjects on broad principles, not dealing with sculpture preferentially. I don't believe in a sculptor or painter as a mere specialist. I feel that the student should be trained on the most catholic principles theoretically; yet mechanically on the most rigid principles. Since I gave my first lectures as Professor of Sculpture at the Academy, I have been called upon to lecture elsewhere; so much elsewhere, indeed, that it has almost become a tax; but I felt that the work, while



Photo. Hollyer.

An Offering to Hymen.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

By permission of J. P. Heseltine, Esq.



Badge of Office for the President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

Reproduced by permission of the Council.

very pleasant, was also educating me in the very way I designed to educate my students—by practice and experience, which beget confidence."

II.

Talking on another day about extraneous influences on the craft of the sculptor or the painter, Gilbert said, "No artist can properly study Art without studying the thoughts and expressions enshrined in Literature, especially those who use Literature as their means of expression. It has often been said, and pretty well proved, that great poets have not always been capable of writing verses suitable for musical setting; but it can never be said that a great poet or prose writer is incapable of conveying suggestions to an appreciative and sensitive mind, which may not be useful in another form of expression. It is not always the versifier and poet who gives the best suggestion for modern treatment in a broad way. Writers of fiction and romance must often be inspired with a spontaneous suggestion which, coming to a versifier, he would have to consider, construct and trim, before he could bring it to perfection. In this way the spontaneity might be lost. You remember what Byron said of Scott, that 'his prose was poetry and his poetry prose.'"



Post Equitem sedet atra Cura.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

yesterday. He spoke extemporaneously to an influential and deeply interested audience for over an hour, fancifully illustrating many of his points with dainty references to the classic story of Pygmalion and Galatea. He remarked that the art of sculpture was three-fold in its purpose: mechanical, real, and ideal, and through idealism became the highest expression of artistic form. The work of the sculptor was not merely the work of one who hews and breaks, and tries to make a figure. There is, or should be, behind his efforts something of love, veneration, and faith. Pygmalion loved the image his brains had created, and he longed for something more—namely, that his great creation should speak. The supreme object of the sculptor was that his creation should speak without the aid of an exhibition catalogue. The work of the artist should be the work, not only of his art, but also of his heart. The more he thought of it the more he was astonished that the practice, teaching and

I interrupted him, to ask what he considered to be the essential elements of a great work of art.

"It is not," he said, "merely the exposition of an individual's idea and perception of Nature, but is a great work, in proportion to the way it appeals generally, severally, and to different intellects, through the original medium of its creator. . . . Art is not Nature; and Nature can never be Art, because Art is merely a conventional means of transcribing and translating the effect and spirit of Nature upon its observer into conventional form, and which is surely the only means of transmitting its impression."

I have, upon my desk while I write, a collection of brief summaries from the *Times* and other journals of Mr. Gilbert's lectures. They betoken a singularly happy variety of subject. I shall only refer to one of them, and that for an interesting reason. I knew that Gilbert was to deliver a lecture at Cambridge. I asked him a day or two before if he had formulated his ideas for the occasion. "No," he said, "I shall think it over as I go down in the train." Meanwhile, I commissioned a reporter to give me a short note of the lecture, in three or four hundred words. As Gilbert travelled down to Cambridge he saw, at one of the railway stations, the announcement of a performance of his namesake's charming play of "Pygmalion and Galatea." That wayside poster gave him his cue for the treatment of his subject; and my "chiel amang them takin' notes" reported him as follows:—

"Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., lectured on Sculpture in connection with the University Extension at Cambridge



Photo. Hollyer.

Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

From a painting by G. F. Watts, R.A.

encouragement of Art was so little thought of. He was surprised that the Fine Arts were not included in the curriculum of a University career. Form in sculpture was absolutely identical with form in literature, poetry and music. The sculptor should be as well equipped as the great mathematician, the great poet, or the great architect. The speaker urged the importance of connecting the practice of sculpture with the practice of general education, for until we had that he was convinced we could never hope to take that rank as artists which great men amongst the

Greeks took in a comparatively short time. That was the outcome not merely of pure mechanical training and skill, but also the influence of great mental culture. When we looked at their works we had to acknowledge our impotence in the creative faculty. The artist must read and be a thinker, and the more he thinks the better artist he is likely to be. In conclusion the lecturer eloquently emphasised his view on the kinship of sculpture with literature and music, and concluded an impressive and brilliant address amidst loud and long continued applause."



FRANCIS MONTAGU HOLL, R.A.
Born Died
MDCCCXXXV. MDCCCLXXXVIII.

How short the life,
How great the work.

Memorial to F. Holl, R.A., in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

[We are specially indebted to Mr. William Vivian for allowing access to his collection, and for permitting the reproduction of the working models for the statuettes on the Clarence Tomb, and for other illustrations of Mr. Gilbert's work.—EDITOR.]

THE STORY OF THE CLARENCE MEMORIAL.

I.

Often as I had seen Gilbert engaged on the great work which now enshrines the mortal remains of the King's lamented son and heir to the throne, who was called to his rest in the early days of his manhood, the sculptor was always studiously reticent as to the Royal commands concerning it or the origin and intention of his general design. He appeared to feel that it was not wise to discuss it in its earlier stages, seeing that he was continually revising the details of his model. While the broad, masterly form and artistic scope of the work remain the same, its decoration is being from time to time elaborated with a loving and patient care. Though in a measure complete in the impressiveness of its general effect, it is understood to be the wish of His Majesty the King that no pictorial representation of the tomb shall be published until every detail is finished to Mr. Gilbert's entire satisfaction. The elaborate character of the decorative details which are still in progress will be fully appreciated by my examples of several models and studies, which have not, however, in every case been followed in their final treatment and execution. The artist has related the story of the memorial tomb from his point of view, which, I venture to think, will, to the reader of this brief sketch, be the most interesting from all points of view.

"Immediately after I heard of the death of the Duke of Clarence in 1892 I received a telegram requesting me to go to Sandringham. I arrived there quite uncertain as to the nature of my mission. I had never been in the Royal presence before . . . Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales had sent for me to design and execute a memorial to their lamented son. I had been selected because I was the pupil of the late Sir Edgar Boehm, who had been Sculptor in Ordinary to Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria; a title which had been revived after long abeyance, as a special honour to him. It appeared that during his lifetime, unknown entirely to myself, out of the kindness of his heart he had spoken very highly to their present Majesties of his pupil. That was doubtless the reason of my being sent for. I was at Sandringham from Saturday until Monday. During

the night of Sunday, until just in time to catch my train on Monday morning, I conceived and designed the *ensemble* of the entire monument as it now stands; and it has never been altered. Within three days I submitted to their Royal Highnesses a sketch embodying my conception. It was approved, the working out of the details being, of course, left to me entirely.

"The reason for the form I have chosen is this: understanding that the monument was to go into the Memorial Chapel, formerly known as the Wolsey Chapel, naturally my first desire was to visit the spot and study the aspect under which the completed work would have to be seen, the conditions it would have to fulfil. The only available site in the chapel was the exact centre, as there already existed two monuments, one being a cenotaph to the memory of the late Prince Consort, and the other a memorial tomb to the late Duke of Albany. I found, to my great satisfaction, that the recollection I had of the chapel, which I had seen years before, had not played me false, and that the character of the design I had made was a fair basis to work upon, in harmony with its environment. The chapel is Gothic, and its history is well known in connection with the times of Edward III. and William of Wykeham. The interior is for the most part a restoration, and the mural decorations, which are of the most costly character, inlaid with precious stones and marbles, are not at all Gothic either in feeling or intention—stained glass windows being the only part of the modern restoration which is at all in harmony or respect with the original edifice. Here presented itself, to my mind, a great difficulty: that of placing a modern work which should be in harmony with the ancient work, and yet not be a mere reproduction of its parts, but rather the outcome of its suggestion, and, so to speak, be what I took ancient Gothic to be to those who practised it, the best expression of a living artist. I thus determined to treat all my detail, and in fact the whole work, in such a way that its general appearance should be that of Gothic, yet it should be absolutely devoid of the slightest evidence of imitation.

"This decision enabled me to indulge in greater freedom as to the design of the ornamental treatment of those parts where costume had to



Bronze Pedestal, surmounted by the figure of St. Elizabeth of Hungary (see p. 30).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

be dealt with, and also as to the form of the sarcophagus which was to contain the remains of the Duke of Clarence. With this explanation it will be readily understood why the whole monument takes the form of an altar-tomb—a form of shrine, in fact, the sarcophagus being a sort of sacred receptacle, protected by an open-worked grille or screen, as is often seen in ancient works, especially Gothic. At the time I had no idea that upon that very spot there had existed, down to the days of the Civil Wars and after, the remnants of the great monument which Torrigiano had made for Cardinal Wolsey at his own command. On the completion of his famous monument to Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey the great artist was called upon to execute this work in the Cardinal's own lifetime, and while in the plenitude of his greatness. The work was for a considerable time in hand, and Wolsey fell into disgrace and died before it was finished. On learning this piece of history I made inquiries, and found records of what the work would probably have been when finished, and to my utter astonishment and amazement, not to say great pleasure, I found that I had hit upon the treatment which the great Torrigiano in his time had judged most fitting. I confess that the work of the great master, as shown in his offering to the memory of Henry VII., inspired me with views which led to my making my own design; its relation to the Abbey is entirely that which I conceived my own work should bear to the Memorial Chapel. I had long before seen and studied the Abbey memorial, and noted that there was a work, with Gothic surroundings, which was entirely in harmony, though the work of a then living man, and a most illustrious child of the Renaissance.

"I decided to treat my offering as a shrine, as a Gothic sculptor would have done; rather than a mere portrait effigy. In the conception of the pierced-work grille I had in my mind the traditional tree of Jesse—a kind of heraldic allusion to the ancestry and the patron saints of the Prince and his house. Thus there came to grow into expressed form representations of the patron saints of the various countries with whose rulers our own Royal house is allied; and thus the representation of certain saints who are acknowledged patrons of the late Duke's pursuits, and his being in life—viz., St. Nicholas, for Russia, the patron saint of boys and sailors; St. Edward the Confessor, name-saint of the builder of the chapel; and of Edward III., who built it; St. Barbara, patroness of armourers and fortifications—soldiers in fact; St. Etheldreda, or Audrey, the Old English saint for Cambridge and the Eastern Counties. St. George and the Virgin were suggested to my mind for

a twofold reason. It appears, in the history of the chapel, that when Edward III. called upon William of Wykeham to aid him in its building, he desired that this part of the building should be dedicated to St. George, the King just having founded the Order of the Garter; and there is some sort of supposition that this adjunct to, or restoration of, an existing edifice was meant as a lady-chapel. William of Wykeham, not a little sore at the King's desire to be considered the master builder, took umbrage, and refused further work

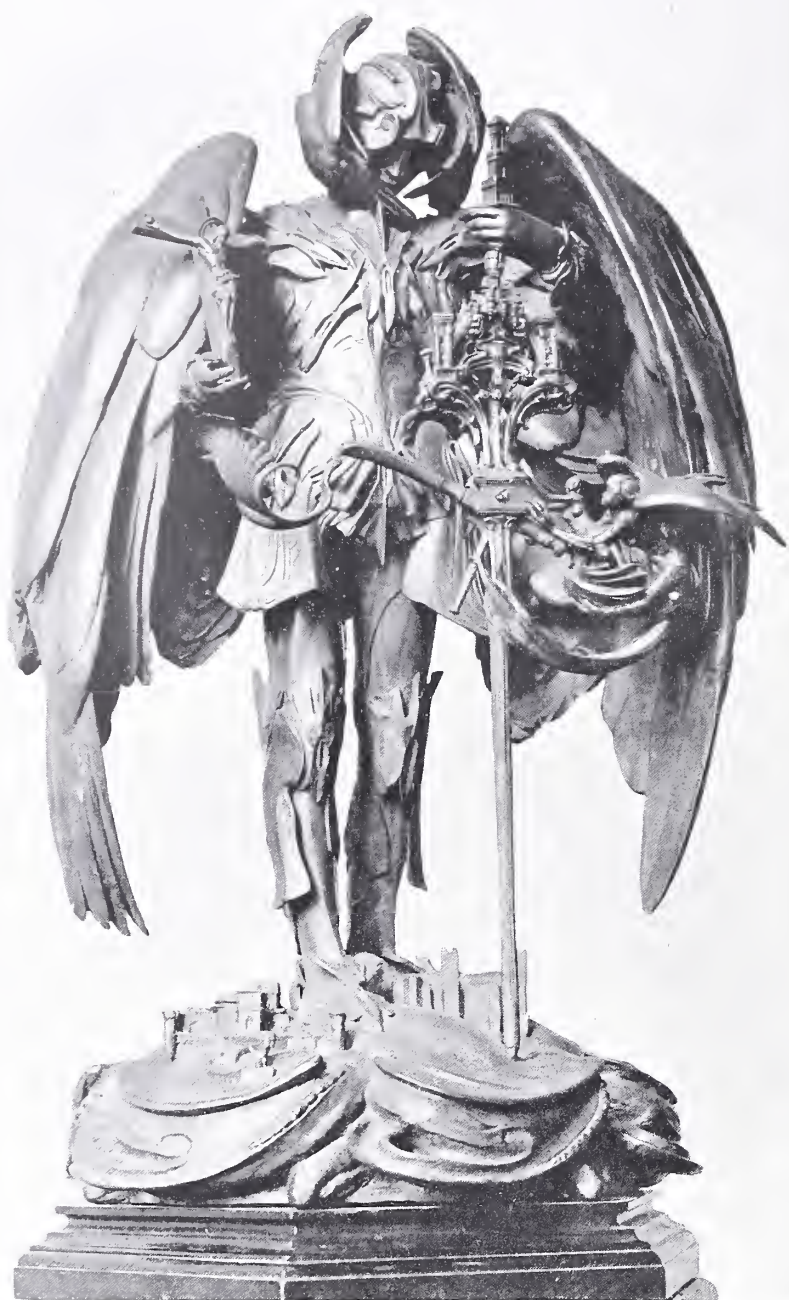


St. Edward the Confessor.

Working Model for the Statuette on the Clarence Tomb, Windsor.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

unless his own share should be recognised; and he is supposed to have furthermore stipulated that the chapel should be dedicated to St. George, with the Virgin as a tutelary saint. This hearsay legend was sufficient suggestion to my mind for the introduction of representations of the two saints. The other reason was that I considered that a national monument to the eldest son in the direct line would not be complete when other saints were represented without the introduction of the patron saint of his country. I prefer to withhold all excuse for the introduction of a representation of the Blessed Virgin, in regard to which symbol, however, I had no other intention than the desire to portray



St. Michael.

Working Model for the Statuette on the Clarence Tomb, Windsor.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

the suggestion of a maternal devotion which to my mind could not be otherwise illustrated.

"Now we come to the sarcophagus. The recumbent figure was necessarily a representation of the dead Prince, and as such had to be a realistic one in order that in future times his lineaments and clothing should be truthful history. This was a great difficulty, and necessitated the representation being placed at such a height from the eye that its very modern details should not present a jarring note in the whole conception. The adjuncts to this recumbent figure, which are more plainly visible, were necessarily treated in a conventional manner. Another reason for the much condemned altitude of the position of the recumbent statue grew out of an

expressed desire that the remains of the dead Prince should rest as it were in mid-air. The kneeling angel at his head, supporting the elaborately wrought crown as a sort of canopy over the figure, is symbolical of the promise of eternal life, the crown being a representation of the twelve-gated city, alluded to in the book of Revelation. At the feet is the representative of Love—an Anteros rather than an Eros—the sad Love holding in its hands a broken wreath, its head bowed and draped, and its wings enveloping the feet of the dead Prince. This symbol, I think, is sufficiently apparent, in view of the circumstances which surrounded the death of the youthful Prince on the eve of his entering the state of perfect manhood."

I pause here to remark that I know of no finer example of the sincerity of Gilbert's art than is to be found in the accessory figures on this magnificent altar-tomb of the Duke of Clarence. They exemplify, it seems to me, the highest expression of idealism with a perfect sense of realism, a combination that brings Nature and Art harmoniously together. The technique, though perfect in every detail, makes no special claim upon the spectator's attention. One may see that the details have been the work of years; it is the *ensemble*, the perfect whole that impresses—the simplicity that is so often achieved in all the arts by persistent and untiring labour. The poet wins his flowing verse and his harmonious metre after much revision and rearrangement of words. Mr. Gilbert's poems, in bronze and marble, have been similarly realised. I saw those two figures of the Virgin and St. George, so long in

hand, progressing with such minute additions of details, made up of studies from crustaceous occupants of the sea, together with shell forms and other objects of natural history, that I grew to understand why the sculptor did not always turn out his work with what the tradesman calls "punctuality and dispatch." Gilbert employed no staff of assistants. His studio was not busy with helpful students and apprentices; and no one acquainted with his methods and his work could fail to deplore in his case the pathetic truth of Longfellow's familiar reflection that "Art is long and life is fleeting." Having made a mental note of this pause in our conversation and lighted a cigar, while my friend paced the room, I drew his attention to the thoughts I had in my



St. George.
Working Model for the Statuette on the Clarence Tomb, Windsor.
By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

mind, more particularly having regard to the figures in question.

"St. George," he said, "occupied two years of steady work. The armour is absolutely an invention. Every detail of it is so made and so contrived as to be a working model of a suit of armour that could be worn. The shapes of its parts and the ornamentations upon them are merely a *résumé* of the entire monu-

ment; every line being one which can be found in the smallest detail existing in the rest of the work, which has the appearance of Gothic; and yet I maintain there is not the slightest resemblance to anything we know of Gothic work, unless the use of shells and other natural forms may be said to have influenced me as they doubtless did the Gothic craftsman of mediæval times. The sword, even, which represents a double-handed one, is a pure invention, and

is rather meant as the symbol of such a weapon than an archæological fact. The pedestal upon which the figure stands is a free use of the conventional form denoting a reptile, arranged geometrically, so as to form a base for the figure suggestive of the Dragon and All Evil, which the saint has overcome.

"The question of treating the costume regardless of archæological accuracy arose from the consideration that all the figures represented should appear of one family, of any time; setting forth, as they are meant to do, symbols rather than actual representations; and as indicating also that they form a large family of symbolical relations, and therefore of one period more or less. From the artistic point of view, also, this treatment lessened my difficulty with regard to the general character and effect of the whole monument. Had the figures been dressed in the various and characteristic costumes of their respective times, they would have presented an incongruous contrast to the general design. Similarly to the way in which St. George has been treated, so has the costume of each individual saint been composed of a reproduction of component parts of the whole work—the figure harmonious with the tomb generally, and the tomb with the building.

"Many inquiries have been made as to the introduction, and also the meaning intended by the treatment, of the figure of the Virgin. As to that I can only say it is the outcome of reflection upon the nature and character of the divine personage (see frontispiece). I have represented her as standing in the midst of a wild rose bush. Circling her feet, it forms a natural Crown of Thorns, which, sprouting, send their shoots upwards and around the figure, in their turn giving off roses to within reach of her clasped hands, where a white lily rises to her touch. Thence the fronds ascend and twine around her head and form a natural crown of full-blown roses. The Virgin is simply draped, with a head-covering over-



St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

Working Model for the Statuette on the Clarence Tomb, Windsor.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

shadowing her half-sad expression of features; and she is meant to be in an attitude of resignation rather than that of prayer. The same base which supports the St. George carries this figure, as it does all the others."

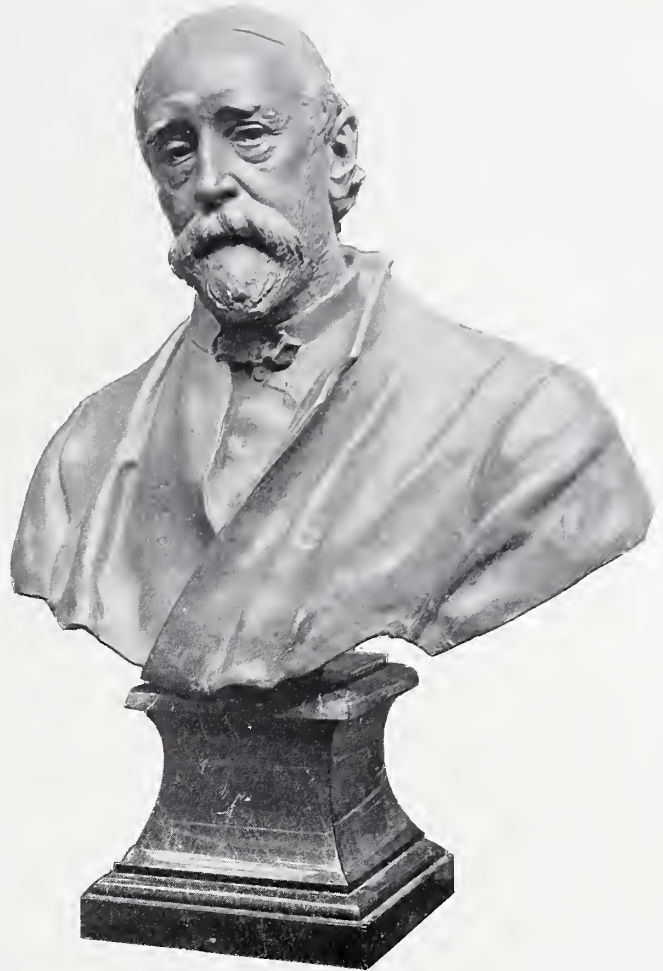
The statuettes, as component parts of the rest of the monument, are not only remarkable for their design and beauty of detail and ornamentation, but for the lustrous glory of the colours that distinguish their costumes. The shifting light of the sun, or the flickering of memorial candles upon them, refreshes the eye with the iridescence of pearls and precious stones and crystals, and what appears to be a gorgeous pigment, all toned in accordance with their relative values and in artistic combination—effects, by-the-by, which may be found in Mr. Gilbert's altar-screen at St. Alban's, and in many of his smaller works in metals. I now asked him if he would give me some information about these arrangements of colour, in which the art of the painter had been annexed by the sculptor.

"The colouring of these figures," he said, "is not paint, neither is it enamel. It is produced by a medium which, by many experiments, I thought would serve me well, as it has abundantly proved. As it is composed of oxides and certain liquids of natural but imperishable lacquers, I have every confidence that it will last for ever. Some of the colours are vitreous, though not in the sense that they have been treated with heat. The sarcophagus itself is made of Mexican onyx, and actually is, in its construction, rather a piece of engineering work than that of masonry; and this part of the structure, although invisible, is, perhaps, the most elaborate and most deeply thought out portion of the whole work; for all sorts of questions, such as weight-bearing, compensation for changes of atmosphere, thrust and stability, to say nothing of the necessity for providing a safe bearing for the enormous weight of the whole monument over the thinly groined vaulting of the floor of the chapel, had to be considered."

II.

I have referred to Gilbert's fancy and idealism. It had often appealed to me as a phenomenal gift. Asked, now and then, some question concerning a piece of work in hand, I always found that it was to him an allegory or a symbol, and sometimes more—the illustration of a legend or romance, or the story of a miracle. One of the figures on the tomb is Saint Elizabeth of Hungary (p. 30). On the eve of completion, it struck me as singularly novel, and my inquiries concerning it evolved one of many instances of the sculptor's intensity of purpose, and was to me, as something of a novelist, not only a remarkable appreciation of the beautiful subtleties of legendary romance, but of the capacity to give it life in words as well as in imperishable metals. I brought him back in this conversation to that ideal figure of the Hungarian saint.

"The reason for the introduction of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," he said, "was, that when the names of the proposed saints were submitted to Queen Victoria, she expressed a desire that Saint Elizabeth, who was the progenitrix of the late Prince Consort, should be represented. This suggestion of Her Majesty's was a particularly happy one. It gave me scope to carry out my train or thought with regard to the Virgin and the other female saints, to represent Saint Elizabeth as the all-charitable and



G. F. Watts, R.A.

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

therefore loving embodiment of the best human nature. According to the legend, you know, she was the wife of the Landgrave of Thuringen. She was given to profusion in almsgiving to the poor, despite the sordid proclivities of the Landgrave himself; to such an extent that he refused to find her any more means for the exercise of her charities. In order that she might continue her desires, she sacrificed her jewels and other portable possessions. One day, when she thought the Landgrave had gone hunting, Elizabeth, filling the skirts of her gown with bread and fruits and other things, went forth on a mission of mercy. She was met unexpectedly by her spouse, who, seeing her so heavily laden, inquired what she carried. 'Only roses,' she replied; and, extending her arms, there fell from her garments in rich abundance a mass of roses, red and white; and this miracle converted the Landgrave to the faith of Saint Elizabeth.

"I have chosen to represent this saint richly clad and crowned, as becoming her rank, and in contrast to the errand which earned her glorification, that she might present a distinct embodiment of character to that symbolised by the representation of the Virgin, who, though of lowly estate, was the greater. Her self-denial and the Virgin's are equal. The dress is so composed that her ample sleeves form pockets, falling from them flowers, creating a crown of roses about her feet, while she herself wears on her head an earthly crown of

responsibility and great weight—the Virgin has the thorns at her feet, the Elizabeth the rose; she is a mortal, bearing the emblem of the greatest earthly power on her head.

“It may be observed that all the female faces bear a family likeness; they are meant to represent individual members of the same family. The study for the heads was made from the same living being, and with the same ideal prompting—Edward the Confessor, through the

type I have chosen, is an embodiment of an indulgence which I permitted myself as my own personal recompense for my labour, by portraying a suggestion of a contemporary existence of the greatest poet-painter of our era. The head is actually a portrait, and I have not thought it impertinent to dress my hero as a King in his art and a Confessor in his modesty of purpose.”

JOSEPH HATTON.

Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

LIST OF WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

- 1882. The Kiss of Victory. (Sent from Rome).
- 1884. Study of a Head. Bronze.
Icarus (p. 10).
- 1886. Cyril Flower, Esq., M.P. Bust.
The Enchanted Chair (p. 11).
M. R. Corbet, Esq. Medal (bronze).
(*Mr. Gilbert elected A.R.A., 1887.*)
- 1887. Post equitem sedet atra cura (p. 24).
Robert Glassby, Esq. Portrait sketch. Head.
- 1888. H.M. the Queen. Model of a statue erected at Winchester (p. 8).
Sketch Model for a Collar, Chain, and Badge for the Corporation of Preston (pp. 4, 5, 6).
- 1889. Design for Reverse and Obverse of Medal.
Executed for The Art Union of London (p. 9).
J. S. Clayton, Esq. Bust.
G. F. Watts, Esq., R.A. Bust (p. 31).
- 1891. Henry Tate, Esq. Bust (bronze).
Daughter of Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D. Bust (marble).
Working Model for jewel, in silver gilt and gold.
Executed for The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours (p. 23).
Victory. Statuette (silver) (p. 17).
- 1892. Sir George Birdwood, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. Bust.
The Late Baron Huddleston. Posthumous bust.
Chain of Office of the Corporation of Preston.
Presented to the Corporation to commemorate the Jubilee of H.M. the Queen (pp. 4, 5, 6).
Comedy and Tragedy: “Sic Vita.” Statuette (p. 12).
(*Mr. Gilbert elected R.A., 1892.*)
- 1894. Sketch Model of the Tomb of H.R.H. the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale, K.G., (to be placed) in the Memorial Chapel, Windsor.
- 1896. Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., F.R.S. Bust.
Sir George Grove, D.C.L., LL.D. Bust.
St. George. Statuette (aluminium and ivory).
- 1897. Gold Medal, cast and chased, for annual presentation at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in memory of the late Sir William Lawrence, Bart.
Ewer and Rosewater Dish. Silver. Presented to H.R.H. the Duke of York, K.G., by the officers past and present of the Brigade of Guards (p. 22).
- 1898. Lionel Smythe, Esq., A.R.A. Sketch bust.
- 1899. Sketch Working Model for Bronze Screen at Whippingham (p. 3).
- 1900. Baptismal Font: In Memoriam Johannis Botteville Thynne, son of the late Marquis of Bath (p. 7).
Mrs. Henry Cust. Bust.
Thoby, son of Val. Prinsep, Esq., R.A. Head (bronze).

WORKS SHOWN IN PARIS.

- 1883. Salon. Perseus Arming (p. 10). Mention honorable.
- 1889. Exhibition. Head of an Old Man, and Icarus. Grand Prix.

WORKS NOT MENTIONED.

Memorial, in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, to Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, First Earl of Lytton (1830–1891).
Statue of John Bright, in Palace of Westminster.
Monument to the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton.
Statue of Lord Reay, at Bombay.
Altar Screen, in St. Albans Abbey.

HIS ASSOCIATION WITH ARTISTIC SOCIETIES.

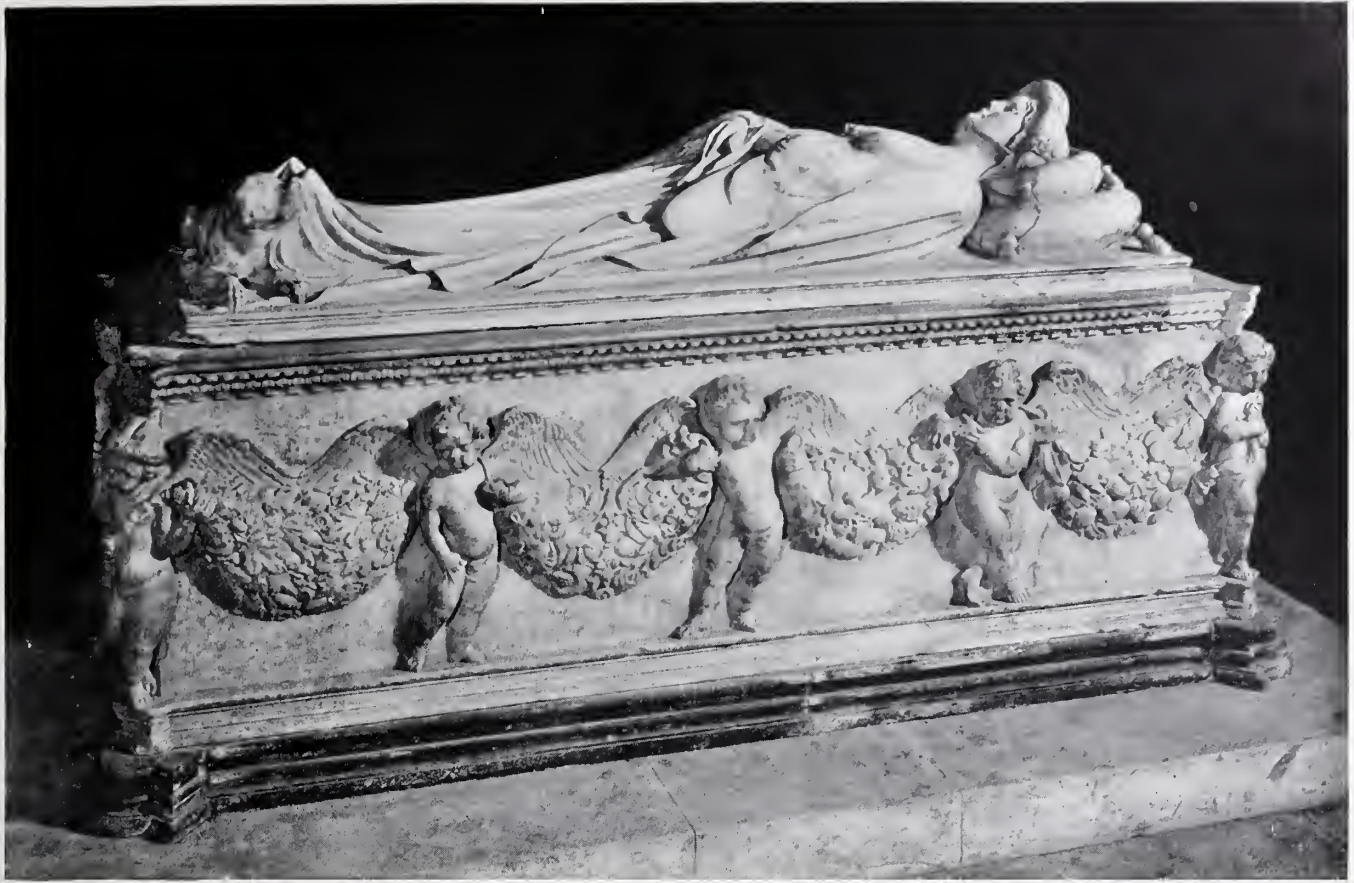
Honorary Member of the Royal Society of British Artists.
Honorary Member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.
Honorary Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.
President of the Surrey Art Circle.
On Consulting Committee of the New Gallery.
President of Sculpture Section, Liverpool Art Congress, 1888.



RANDOLPH CALDECOTT. Born at Chester 1846. Died in Florida, U.S.A., and buried there 1886.

“An artist whose sweet and dainty grace has not been in its kind surpassed, whose humour was as quaint as it was inexhaustible.”

Memorial to Randolph Caldecott in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral.
By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Tomb of Ilaria del Carretto. (In the Cathedral of Lucca.)

Sieneſe School; beginning of Fifteenth Century.

By Jacopo della Quercia.

Great Portrait-Sculpture through the Ages.—II.*

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

KEEPER OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

THE Fifteenth Century in Italy—the *Quattrocento*, to use the word which in the student of Italian art evokes a thousand memories of passionate delight—is the age of all others in which the human individuality, as such, received the most fearless and yet the most reverential treatment. The great artists of that time approached the study of the human envelope, of the human form and feature, with the main object of revealing beneath it, of summing up in deep-graven traits of ineffaceable force and significance, the human idiosyncrasy. It mattered not whether it were lovely or unlovely, attractive or forbidding; whether it enlisted the sympathies of the artistic creator and the onlooker, or by the assertion of unbridled force and capacity for violence and crime, compelled them against themselves to admiration of a wholly different kind. Every stage and type of life—whether youth in its exuberance and playful charm, the early prime of manhood in its vigour, and of womanhood in its graciousness and suavity—whether fierce maturity worn by war and lust, whether old age tough and defiant still, or, it may be, soul-worn and resigned—every stage in the existence of the individual was deemed equally worthy of the most strenuous realisation, both without and within. Fearless truth, hand in hand with a true artistic intuition, trans-

lated beauty and ugliness, youth and age, patriotic fervour, and lofty inspiration; but also the ambitions and the lustful yearnings of the lower order. A touch of fearlessness, of passionate sympathy with humanity in all its phases, of legitimate exaggeration deepening the essential lines, broadened realism to the point of grandeur, without effacing or weakening its ruggedness. The sixteenth century loved to present the individual in representation, consciously striving not so much to deceive the world as to turn towards it his best and most imposing side. The greatness, the majesty, the vital force, the riddle that is in the humblest and homeliest human being, merely and wholly as such, as well as in the loftiest, no longer seemed to the noble and gracious masters of the *Cinquecento* a sufficient motive in itself. There must be, to raise the portrait of the individual into higher realms still, the drama of the soul revealed or suggested, the indication, whether by characterisation or by incident, of a destiny that vast ambition or intensity of passion, tragedy hidden or revealed, had stamped with a peculiar significance.

To somewhere between the years 1406-1413—both dates have been given—belongs the tomb of Ilaria del Carretto, by the Sieneſe Jacopo della Quercia, in the Cathedral of Lucca (p. 129). It is thus, as nearly as possible, contemporary with the tomb of Philippe le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, by Claus Sluter, to which

* Continued from page 18.

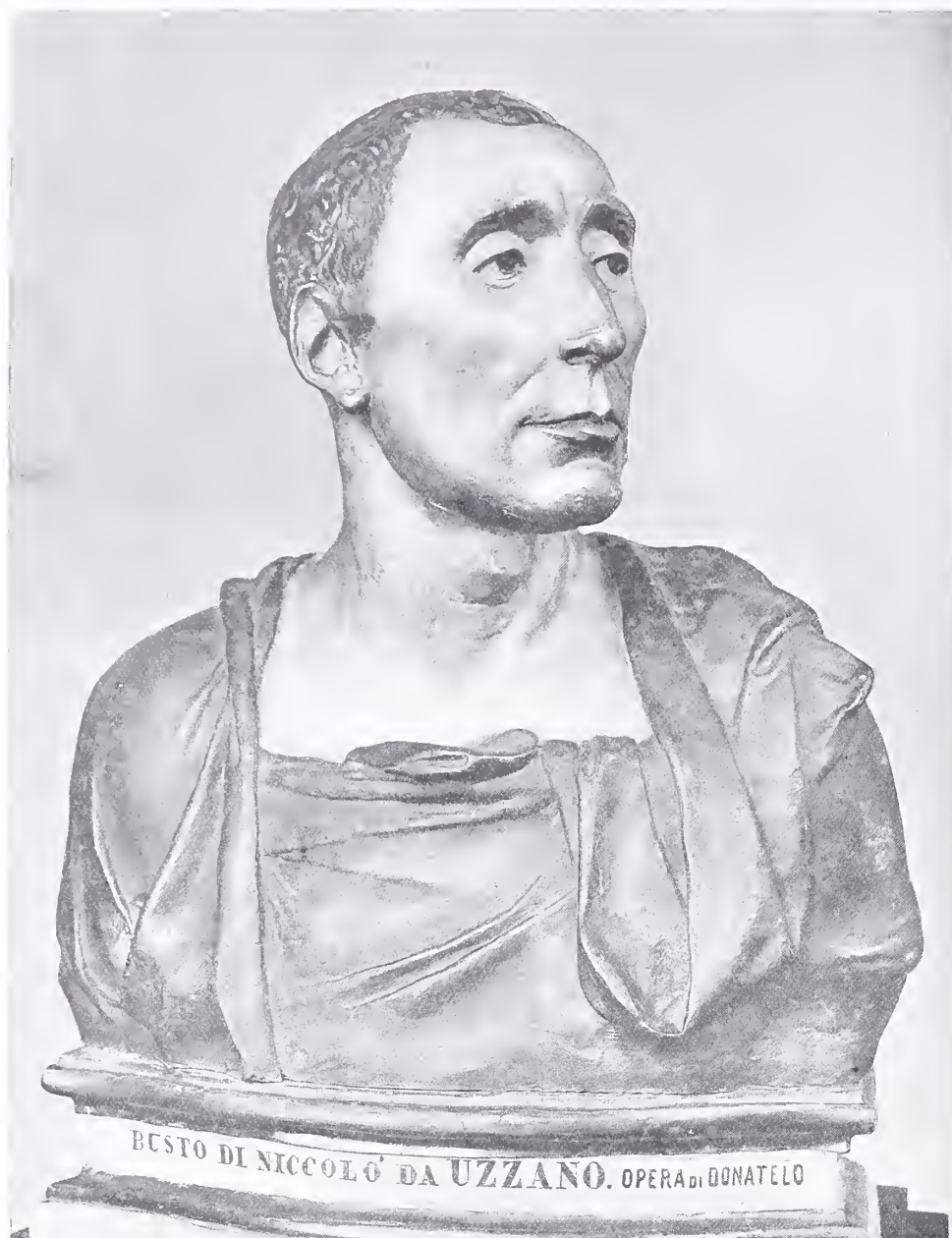


Photo. Alinari.

Niccolò da Uzzano. (In the Museo Nazionale at Florence.)

Florentine School; first half of Fifteenth Century.

By Donatello.

reference was made in the preceding article. We have here the last flower of the Italian Gothic, the first flower of the Italian Renaissance; and it is no sentimental exaggeration to use the much-abused and vulgarised word "flower" here. No other so beautifully evokes the famous effigy of Paolo Guinigi's young spouse. Let the unforgotten words of Ruskin first describe it:—"The statue of Ilaria became at once, and has ever since remained, my ideal of Christian sculpture. It is, I will venture to say, after forty years of further study, the most beautiful extant work of the Middle Ages, faultless as far as human skill and feeling can or may be so." The form and conception of the monument, its architectural mouldings, are still pure Gothic; the exulting *putti*—winged Angels or Loves, holding up huge swags or garlands of flowers—are as purely Renaissance in their imitation of late classical models. Strange that Jacopo della Quercia, the precursor of Michelangelo,

with hands folded and the cross of his richly wrought sword on his breast, beautiful as a Greek god, but of a beauty illumined by a softly-glowing spiritual flame—his day's work nobly done and his life cheerfully given—this lovely soothing presentment of youth in death has hardly any parallel in art, and certainly none in the work of the master who produced it. Here, then, is the true form, the true type of the sepulchral effigy. It should suggest, not the agony of the last moment—that moment which is often not the most, but the least significant in life—not even the troubled thought, the weariness, the doubt of this world, but infinite peace and infinite confidence, the unruffled slumber as of the child at rest in his mother's bosom. It is for this reason that the finest Italian type of tomb surpasses even that of French and Burgundian art, in which the lifeless effigies, as they repose on their splendidly sculptured sarcophagi, maintain, even in the last sleep, the attitude of prayer and appeal. What shall be said of such

the master whose energetic yet in some ways superficial and exterior conceptions disappoint those whom at first admiration and astonishment hold, and that by reason of a certain grandiose emptiness—strange that the sculptor of the Fonte Gaja, once in the Piazza of Siena, of the great central portal of S. Petronio at Bologna, should have here produced the most exquisite, the simplest, the most appropriate recumbent effigy of the dead that Italy contains—the most beautiful, perhaps, in the atmosphere of holy calm evoked, in the suggestion of faith, hope, and perfect peace, that any tomb north or south of the Alps can show. If any sepulchral monument can compare with it in these qualities it is the recumbent effigy of Gaston de Foix, executed a hundred years later by Agostino Basti (Il Bambaja), and now in the museum of the Castello at Milan. This last-named tomb, judging by the fragments in the Ambrosiana, this same museum of the Castello, the Turin Museum, and the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, must have been a masterpiece of misapplied technical skill and elaborate triviality. But the effigy of the youthful hero slain in the moment of highest achievement, as he lies

strange, unconsoling conceptions as those in which the later ages, full of trivial conceit, indulged: as the 'Maréchal de Saxe' descending, the centre and cynosure of a group of frigid allegorical figures, into his tomb, which Pigalle devised for Strasbourg; or the 'Shelley,' cast up naked, shamed, and forlorn by the waves, for which Onslow Ford is responsible?

The painted terra-cotta bust of Niccolò da Uzzano, by Donatello (p. 130), now in the Museo Nazionale of Florence, is infinitely interesting, and that from many points of view. It is typical of the watchfulness, the unresting intellectuality of Florence; it is at the same time individual with an intensity that is almost painful. Rome as the source of Donatello's great portrait-art is irresistibly suggested, and at the same time we are made to see where the greatest master of the Quattrocento went beyond his models in vital force, in fineness of observation, in human sympathy. The rather violent and realistic colouring, which is not in its entirety that of the original, causes some shock to the beholder on a first acquaintance, and he is thus made to feel how dangerous is too near an approach to Nature, how impossible it is to compete with her on her own ground. Were it not for the overpowering genius of Donatello, that here, in a perilous attempt, achieves victory over self-set obstacles, we should be dangerously near to the boundary line which divides the human from the monstrous. This effect, be it noted, is produced by the coloured original, and not by the uncoloured reproductions.

Even to run through the list of great sculptured portraits of the earlier Renaissance—even to enumerate the Florentine portraits which constitute the greatest treasure of that particular moment—would be impossible on the present occasion. No first-rate sculptor of the period which, for our purpose, may be taken to end somewhere about 1520, left this great branch of his art unattempted—none save Michelangelo, whose one portrait, the colossal bronze statue of Pope Julius II., done for Bologna, was, a few years after it had been set up, destroyed in an anti-papal riot there.

The sublime 'Lorenzo de' Medici' and 'Giuliano de' Medici' of S. Lorenzo, with which we shall deal presently, constitute only a nominal contradiction to



Diotisalvi Neroni. (In the collection of M. Gustave Dreyfus at Paris.)

By Mino da Fiesole.

Florentine School; second half of Fifteenth Century.

this exception just made. A parallel statement may be made as to the painters of the same great epoch. All the great masters of the brush save Michelangelo alone—and here we know of no exception, since, even among the drawings, no portrait by him, avowedly done as such, is known to exist—all of them distinguished themselves greatly. And not those alone who might be styled the professional portrait-painters, but, above all, the protagonists of Italian art: in its earlier phase a Castagno, a Paolo Uccello, a Fra Filippo, a Botticelli, a Domenico Ghirlandajo, a Piero della Francesca, a Signorelli, an Antonello, a Giovanni Bellini; in its later a Giorgione, a Titian, a Leonardo, a Raphael. These, even beyond their most gifted brethren of narrower view and scope, were the men who in the portraiture of that microcosm, the human individual, then in its moment of fullest and most untrammelled development, touched the highest altitudes and the lowest depths.

And this applies also to the sculptors, to whom we must now return. Desiderio da Settignano, the most gifted and the most personal among the sculptors of

Donatello's school, added to his glory by the recumbent effigy of Marsuppini, the central feature of this Florentine politician's famous tomb in Santa Croce, and by that curiously intimate and realistic presentment of youth and sprightliness the 'Princess of the House of Urbino,' in the Museum of Berlin. Antonio Rossellino, to say nothing, in this hasty survey, of less considerable works of this class, produced in the 'Cardinal of Portugal' of S. Miniato, one of the loveliest portrait-effigies that ever graced and illuminated a tomb with the beauty of perfect technical accomplishment, the freshness of unspotted purity, and the mild effulgence of faith and hope. On the portrait-art of Mino da Fiesole a few words will be said presently in connection with the reproduction of one of his greatest busts. Verrocchio, the inventor of that half-alluring, half-disquieting expression in the imaginative portraiture of humanity which Leonardo da Vinci appropriated and developed, and upon which the whole Milanese School played variations *usque ad nauseam*—Verrocchio, the suave and yet the austere, has produced a number of masterpieces in portraiture—leaving out of the question for the moment the great equestrian statue of the *condottiere* Bartolommeo Colleoni, which is much less a portrait than a representation, irresistible in fierceness and rhythmic force, of the typical leader of armed bands, the victorious captain of the Renaissance. We have from his hand, so subtle in strength, the harmonious and wholly Florentine 'Lady with the Beautiful Hands' of the Museo Nazionale (Bargello), and a somewhat similar bust in the collection of M. Gustave Dreyfus, at Paris; we have the terra-cotta busts of 'Lorenzo de' Medici' in the collection of Mr. Quincy Shaw, at Boston, and of 'Giuliano de' Medici' in that of M. Dreyfus just mentioned. Benedetto da Majano, in such works as the 'Filippo Strozzi,' in the painted terra-cotta version of Berlin and the marble version of the Louvre, shows himself the equal in portraiture of all but the greatest Florentine sculptors of his century, but oversteps somewhat the true bounds of realism when he fashions his pseudo-Roman 'Pietro Mellini' (Bargello), a bust which, moreover, recalls too nearly the *écorché* to be attractive or essentially truthful.

Mino da Fiesole is the most prolific portrait-sculptor of the Quattrocento, and on the whole, after Donatello, the most forceful and immediately impressive of the great band, if not the most penetrating, or the one who most successfully brings breath to the lips and the inner life to the surface. It is evident that one side of his artistic nature sought and found relief in this vigorous, rough-hewn, outspoken portraiture, splendidly synthetic as to Man's essential traits of character, even in the audacious frankness of its realism. His excessive suavity in these endless decorative reliefs of the Madonna and Child, in the endless sepulchral monuments of Florence and Rome, must have palled upon him, as it palls upon us. But here is the real man, fearlessly attacking the most uncompromising subjects, bringing out the Florentine assertion of true individuality, exterior and interior, the Florentine intellectuality and dry wit, and leaving with each masterpiece an indelible impression upon the eye and the mind. Take, first, the 'Niccolò Strozzi' of the Berlin Museum, an illustrious citizen of Florence, whose face is as pear-shaped, as unmanageable to the artist, as that of King Louis-Philippe himself. The effigy stands for ever, with something of the Roman grandeur, but with a higher vitality, a still stronger

self-concentration and avowal of individuality. A whole row of portrait-busts by Mino follow upon this, and merit the detailed analysis which cannot at the moment be accorded to them. Apart from the effigies on the tombs in the Badia of Florence and elsewhere, we have the 'Rinaldo della Luna,' the 'Piero de' Medici' (Il Gottoso), and the 'Giovanni de' Medici,' all of them in the Museo Nazionale (Bargello); we have the 'Leonardo Salutati, Bishop of Fiesole,' in the cathedral of that ancient Etruscan city. But the noblest achievement of all this series, and one of the most absolutely representative works of the Florentine Quattrocento, is the 'Diotisalvi Neroni' (p. 131), executed in the latter half of the fifteenth century, but before 1466, and now in the more than once mentioned collection of M. Gustave Dreyfus, which, after the Berlin Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, possesses by far the richest and best chosen group of sculpture, in marble and bronze, illustrating the Italian schools of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Between this period and the eighteenth century there is nothing so finely characterised, so alert, so representative at one and the same time of an epoch and an individual. It is only when we compare it with the 'Niccolò da Uzzano' of a Donatello that we see that the characterisation penetrates less deeply below the surface, less wondrously surprises and perpetuates the very essence of the being, than in this but recently described portrait-bust of the greatest master of the Quattrocento, which in the audacity, the arrogance of its truth, might well be styled "terrible." There is, besides, more conventionality, more *parti pris* in the technical rendering of Mino's bust, although in one particular this surpasses the analogous works of Donatello himself. The decorative aspect of the 'Diotisalvi Neroni' is incomparably fine. The rhythm of perfect and yet quite unstrained harmony; the way in which the bust is placed on its low plinth is singularly happy.

It is only by stretching a point that it is possible to bring within the scope of this article the two world-famous statues of Giuliano de' Medici, Duke of Nemours, and Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino, which surmount the sarcophagi of these princes of the Medicean House in the Sagrestia Nuova of S. Lorenzo at Florence. In no sense were these world-famous works, which, with the vault of the Sixtine Chapel, represent the soaring genius of Michelangelo in its moment of highest flight, portrait-statues, and hardly even remotely can they be said to represent or to stand for the not very noteworthy son and grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent. The 'Lorenzo de' Medici' (p. 133), with which we are here chiefly concerned, has been called the *Pensiero* of Michelangelo. And, indeed, the mighty warrior, in classic armour and arms, who, so entirely typical of the Renaissance conception of antiquity, sits majestic and solitary, plunged into the abyss of despairing, limitless dream-thought, is the very essence of Michelangelo's own genius at this moment of its highest expansion, but also of its deepest dejection. Titanic as it is in form—carefully considered and wrought out, too, in every particular, after the fashion peculiar to all Buonarroti's finished works—the 'Lorenzo de' Medici' is not a person, not an action, but an embodied thought, even as the sublime 'Jeremiah' and his brother prophets, even as their august sisters, the Sibyls, in the vault of the Sixtine are embodied symbols of the spirit of prophecy. Let us consider for a moment Michel-



Lorenzo de' Medici, Duke of Urbino. (From his monument in the Sagrestia Nuova of S. Lorenzo at Florence.)

By Michelangelo Buonarroti.

angelo's answer to Giovanni Battista Strozzi's laudatory verses commemorating the setting up of the *Notte* on Giuliano's monument:—

"Grato m'è 'l sonno e più l'esser di sasso,
Mentre ch'è'l danno e la vergogna dura:
Non veder, non sentir, m'è gran ventura.
Però no mi destar; deh parla basso!"

These words, which once read engrave themselves for ever in the heart, apply still more convincingly to the 'Lorenzo'—to the *Pensiero*—than to the *Notte*, so awful in the beauty, in the exhaustion of the Titan-Mother. It is Michelangelo's spirit that here communes with itself, poised in flight high above humanity, yet intent upon its woes and his own; it is *his* great soul that broods in the sorrow beyond remedy and beyond consolation to which his verse gives such poignant utterance. Through all time will the embodied spirit dream on in despair beyond tears and beyond wailing; through all time will the world-woe, will the irreparable tragedy of his own life and being oppress his mighty heart. And who is there among puny mortals so foolhardy that he would venture to break in upon such musings, such fathomless depths of vision and thought, that no rainbow light of Hope illumines with its life-giving beam? As soon would the miserable denizen of earth dare to arouse Milton's Lucifer himself, as with outward majesty and the show of power regained, but with the smouldering fires of Hell everlasting in his breast, he muses and plans in vain for the recovery of his lost divinity and the salvation of the legions cast forth for ever into the abyss. Who knows but what the youthful Milton, when he drank inspiration in Florence, whose glamour, both palpable and impalpable, is in more than one instance to be distinguished in his verse—who knows but what he may have received from this statue a fruitful germ in brain and heart, which afterwards found definitive shape in the loftiest conception of the Arch-Fiend that great poetry can show!

When we come to the portrait-art proper of the sixteenth century, whether Italian or other, there is evident, notwithstanding the perpetual effort to maintain a certain material dignity of aspect, a certain outward grandeur that seeks to impose itself and its own estimate on the outer world, a great descent from truth and vitality, from the fearless appreciation and presentment of the human individuality. The gap is much wider between the *Quattrocento* and the *Cinquecento* portrait-sculpture than between the painted portraiture of these respective periods. On canvas Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Palma, Lotto, Cariani, Moretto, and Moroni produced counterfeits of noble, passionate, and gracious humanity that never have been and never will be surpassed. When we seek for their analogues among the portrait-busts of the most prominent sculptors of the same period, we obtain but imperfect satisfaction, since the place of the immortals is taken by such showy and brilliant yet less than first-rate men as Benvenuto Cellini, Leone Leoni, Jacopo Sansovino, Giovanni Bologna, and Alessandro Vittoria.

It is but seldom that as in a great bronze bust of Gregory XIII. (Berlin Museum), well worthy of a great name, but to which at present no great name can be attached, the vitality and the fearless realism of the *Quattrocento* are allied to the breadth, the monumental grandeur of the succeeding century. Benvenuto Cellini, who once—or it may be twice—rises to the heights where sit enthroned the divinities of the first rank in the Italian Olympus of Art, shows, with all his won-

derful skill as a caster of bronze and *ciseleur*, a terrible falling off from the true Florentine ideal in his colossal bronze bust of Cosimo I. of Tuscany, now in the Museo Nazionale (Bargello). It is here with him as it is in painted portraiture with a much greater man, Albrecht Dürer. Exaggeration of detail and finish, exaggeration, above all, of physical fact in the working out of the eyes, and the physiognomy generally, deprive the celebrated work of true vitality and character, making of it—like the still more renowned 'Hieronymus Holzschuher' of Dürer in Berlin—something that in its wondrous yet misunderstood fidelity to form and feature becomes very nearly monstrous and extra-human. It is in the 'Perseus with the Head of Medusa' of the Loggia de' Lanzi—a masterpiece of imaginative conception as well as of searching execution and decorative effect—and the pathetic 'Crucified Christ' of the Escorial that Cellini vindicates his right to the fame which as a goldsmith he has usurped. Next to the 'Perseus'—a work greater somehow than the man was who fashioned it—the most important bronze group produced in the middle of the sixteenth century, when the Renaissance was at its height, is the 'Charles V. triumphing over Fury and the Horrors of War' (p. 135), executed by Leone Leoni for his great patron, the Emperor-King, and now, with a whole series of bronze and marble busts of the same august monarch, his son, the sinister bigot Philip II., and their family, to be found in the Museum of the Prado at Madrid. This dates from the years 1551–1553, and is thus exactly contemporary with the 'Perseus.' Leone Leoni, the rival and arch-enemy of Benvenuto Cellini, and a ruffian as unscrupulous as he, but less splendid in vice, was, as a sculptor, at least his equal in accomplishment. He created, indeed, no 'Perseus,' but on the whole he understood the essentials of the sculptor's art better than the man who agreed with him only in the unbounded worship of Michelangelo. His statues and busts of the Emperor Charles and of Philip II. show a much truer sense of the great and arduous task that the sculptor has to perform when he translates into eternal marble or bronze the physical structure of the human being and sums up in broad, deep-graven traits the human physiognomy, than the dazzling Benvenuto has in any similar work given proof of. The two views here given of the great bronze group dedicated to the glory of Charles V. render a detailed description of its aspect or meaning unnecessary. The victor of Mühlberg, the ruler of Spain and the Holy Roman Empire, appears here in the absolute nudity of the god or hero of antiquity, divinely mild in overpowering strength; so mighty in will and the power to enforce it that resistance must seem hopeless, so lofty that victory is seen to be his by right, that defeat and chastisement may from him be accepted without shame. The portrait of the Emperor is, after the incomparable series left by Titian, the noblest and yet the most faithful that has been bequeathed to the world of his maturity, when the ugly Hapsburg jaw was hidden by a beard, and the cares of the vast and unmanageable Empire had stamped deep lines of thought and sadness on the brow. In him the Spanish *grandeza* appears loftier and more human, less intolerant and outrageous in assumption than it shows in the features of Philip II., in whom, as Leone Leoni exhibits him in the masterly full-length statue and the busts of the Prado, obstinacy and bigotry seem but to stimulate lust and cruelty. The 'Charles V. triumphing over Fury' is generally

exhibited at the Prado, not in heroic nudity, but in a magnificent suit of armour of classic fashion, which Leoni devised so that the susceptibilities of the rigid Spanish Court should not be wounded by the too frank display of the Imperial form. It is easily adjusted on the Imperial person, and as easily removed when it is desired to exhibit this masterpiece of the Renaissance in its full beauty. No later sculptor dared to exhibit imaginatively, in the complete nudity of the demi-god, an absolute ruler of men, until Canova in the colossal marble statue of Napoleon I., now in the inner hall at Apsley House, thus emulated—no doubt at the bidding of the modern Cæsar himself—the august representations of the Roman Emperors.

The Venetian Alessandro Vittoria, whose portrait-busts are contemporaneous with the painted portraits of Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and the galaxy that surrounded them, certainly gives to his work of this class the grand air, and leaves the impression of a natural fellowship with the masterpieces just mentioned. Superb in aspect are undoubtedly—to cite almost at random—the too little known terra-cottas in the Seminario Patriarcale at Venice, the marble busts of Pietro Zeno and Ottavio Grimani in the Berliu Museum. But if you interrogate these sumptuous presentments of Venetian dignitaries too closely you will find them, as compared with the strangely, the poignantly human portraits of the Quattrocento, poor in vitality, superficial in character.

Very difficult to follow, still more difficult to sum up in a few words, is the portrait-sculpture of France during

the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Nowhere, after the great beginnings of the Netherlandish-Burgundian school at Dijon, as to which something has been said in the preceding article, does this branch of French art equal the painted portraiture, as exemplified in the 'Charles VII.,' the 'Juvenal des Ursins,' the 'Etienne Chevalier' of Jean Fouquet, and, at the very end of the fifteenth century, in the works which are now by degrees being rescued from anonymity and assigned to Louis the Twelfth's Court painter, Jean Perréal. A noble series of funerary effigies of the Burgundian school and type followed upon the epoch-making works devised and in part carried out by Claux Sluter and his group at Dijon; but for these the reader must be referred to the churches of France and Burgundy, to the Museum of Dijon, to the Louvre. The most striking of all these is perhaps the tomb of Philippe Pot in the Louvre. This work, dating from the third quarter of the fifteenth century, is in its rugged strength and pathos, in its disregard of conventional formula, tremendously impressive. Yet it cannot for a moment compare with the masterpieces of Sluter dating from the beginning of the century. One of the most important, one of the most attractive, yet hardly one of the most impressive monuments of the earlier French Renaissance is the great marble tomb of Francis II., Duke of Brittany, and his consort, in the Cathedral of Nantes. This was, according to documentary evidence, executed by Michel Colomb, at the end of a long and fruitful career, from the designs of the many-sided Jean Perréal. It belongs to the earliest years of the



Photo. Lacoste.

The Emperor Charles V. Triumphant. (In the Museum of the Prado at Madrid.)

By Leone Leoni.

North Italian; middle of Sixteenth Century.



Photo. Lacoste.

The Emperor Charles V. Triumphant. (In the Museum of the Prado at Madrid.)

By Leone Leoni.

North Italian; middle of Sixteenth Century.



Bronze Bust of Charles IX., King of France. (In the Wallace Collection.)

By Germain Pilon.

French School. Second half of Sixteenth Century.

sixteenth century, and shows French art when the breath of the Italian Quattrocento in its later phase had passed over it, adding suavity and charm to truth and naïveté, but leaving the art still national at its root. Later on in the sixteenth century Italy will no longer be the life-giving zephyr, lightly passing and leaving flowers on its path, but the all-enveloping wind from the south, that transforms everything for the time being with the forcing power of its exotic heat; creating, it may not be doubted, something "rich and strange" in the place of what it finds, but yet evolving a style which in its contorted and mannered elegance is not deeply or essentially expressive of the genius of the French nation. Such successive waves of influence passed and passed again over France, submerging her art for the time being, but never completely drowning or obliterating it.

French art can, in the first quarter of the sixteenth century, show no nobler sepulchral monument than that of Louis Poncher and his spouse, Roberte Legendre, by Guillaume Regnault and Guillaume Chaleveau, which is now in a disjointed state in the Louvre. The art here exhibited has, in its masterly simplicity and concentration, more in common with that of the later Quattrocento than with the style of contemporary Italy. Yet these funerary effigies are, in a certain sweetness and naïveté tempering the solemn quietude of the tomb, essentially

French. Later on, the so-called *gisants*—the nude and forlorn figures of the dead, awaiting divine justice and divine mercy—will, evoking all the terrors of the grave and what lies beyond, destroy in the onlooker the mood of peaceful, solemn contemplation, and fill with the desolation of awful doubt and misgiving.

Pierre Bontemps's bust of Claude de France, first consort of François I., in the abbey church of St. Denis, is a fair if not an absolutely masterly example of the Franco-Italian style in its later phase. It is still, in a certain sweetness and reposeful charm, French; it lacks the subtlety and the penetrating power of Italian portraiture, the earlier rather than the later Renaissance style of which it seeks to assimilate. The supremely elegant and in its whole conception decorative art of Jean Goujon was inadequate to express great portraiture, even if this typical master of the later Franco-Italian Renaissance could conceive of humanity from the standpoint from which great portraiture must necessarily set out. His exquisite decorative full-length of Diane de Poitiers as the Divine Huntress, which came from the Château d'Auget, and now adorns the Renaissance gallery of the Louvre, is perfect as an integral part of a fanciful sculptural decoration, but does not aspire to consideration from any other point of view. It was meet that the lovely Diane—essentially, whatever might be her spiritual or her intellectual qualities, an ornament, a decoration of the French Court and the French Renaissance—that the-goddess—or shall we not rather say demi-goddess?—whose view of life was so much more liberal than that of the Olympian divinity whose name she bore,

should thus and not otherwise be immortalised by the most facile and brilliant sculptor of her time. Not in this light-hearted fashion did Jean Goujon's younger contemporary and rival, Germain Pilon, approach the task of evoking a human personality in bronze or marble. If in such an exceptional work of monumental decoration as that group of three Virtues—three Christian Graces—supporting the marble heart which was destined by Catherine de Médicis to receive that of her unfaithful spouse, Henry II., this master produced a thing of perfect balance, grace and beauty, but not of the highest possible expressiveness, in his portrait-statues and portrait-busts, he worked with a feverish passion, with an intensity of sympathy, with a fearless appreciation of character, to which Jean Goujon was an utter stranger. No finer example of his art as a portraitist could be desired than the bronze bust of Charles IX., King of France, in former years one of the brightest jewels of the Pourtalès Collection, and now a chief adornment of one of the armoury galleries at Hertford House (p. 136). For reasons which cannot be described otherwise than as wholly insufficient, it has in recent years passed in France as the bust, not of Charles, but of his even more sinister and less virile brother, Henri III., King of Poland and then of France. The contemporary medals of the author of the Bartholomew Massacre, showing him slightly bearded, and laureated, as he

appears in the bust of the Wallace Collection, leave no reasonable doubt that we have here the likeness of the short-lived Charles IX. As such this rare and precious example of French Renaissance sculpture has always been, and still is, described at Hertford House. The bust is a triumph of casting by the *cire perdue* process and of chasing that adds exquisite yet not excessive finish, without destroying largeness or vital strength of treatment. In this respect the magnificently draped royal mantle, sewn with fleur-de-lys, which is with a cunning negligence cast over armour of classic type, and half hides the Order of St. Michael, is even more remarkable than the head itself. Yet this is, as a piece of fearless characteri-

sation, of the deepest truth and significance. The blood of the Valois and the Medici in evil conjunction has made this hapless human being, so royal of mien though so sinister. As self-torturing, as unsatisfied as the Fiend himself, he is without the redeeming qualities of pity and love, that temper resolve and sweeten suffering. This is the very man who must endure, and therefore is goaded to inflict, suffering, mental and physical; from whose heart no spontaneous impulse of human love or sympathy may go forth, and who therefore must, consuming body and soul in awful solitude, despair and die.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)



"'Mid the Hills o' Kerry."

"IF it's woild scenery ye'r wantin', sorr, go to Waterville in Kerry; sure 'tis the last bit o' land God A'mighty chopped out o' the Atlantic. Jist go to Killorglin and ye'll get the car ter-morrer mornin' to Cahirsiveen, a matter o' twenty-five moile, and yer can go on ter Waterville next day; that's only twelve moile, and there yer are on the edge o' the ocean." The speaker was a Waterford man, and having no definite plans, I decided then and there to take his advice and go west.

A tedious journey relieved by "changes;" but Killarney at last, with just sufficient light to catch glimpses of its far-famed loveliness; then twilight, rain, night, and Killorglin. At the time of my visit the single line which now connects Cahirsiveen with Killorglin was in course of construction. So "early to bed and early to rise," breakfast by candlelight, the clatter of hoofs, and off we rattle through the sleeping town in that "darkest hour which precedes the dawn." The last black blur is quickly left behind; it was perhaps a house—but who shall say, so dense is the misty darkness. We know we are in the open country, for the hollow echo of wheels and hoofs is absent. Phantom masses seem to grow out of the night, formless, ever-changing; they hang in mid-air, then reunite with earthly darkness: fragments float away into the dim obscurity, reappear larger but undefined. What weird genii rules this strange uncanny realm of shadows, this fantasy of Dreamland? Slowly blackness glides imperceptibly into purple, great wreathed mist-clouds climb heavenward, the hills are casting off their vestments of the night; yet a little while and "the purple-skirted robe of twilight" melts to tender gray, and then the soft sweet light of newborn day. Our route is through wild mountainous country, an un-

tamed wilderness of crag and heather, ash-gray boulder, yellow fern and grass of vivid golden green; patches of elder or a dwarf oak here and there, but generally devoid of trees save in the ravines or sheltered hollows. In parts the road is little better than a track or water-course, and follows the mountain side. On our left the hills slope gently upward or frown down upon us at close quarters, while on the right they fall away, then wave-like reform with wide gaps revealing a veritable fairyland, a feast of delicate prismatic colour. Though intervening hills too frequently obscure the view, the brilliancy of these glimpses is accentuated by their rugged setting between the dark spurs of the range we are skirting. Bathed in the rich October sunlight, this panorama, of which we get such fleeting views, is the Peninsula of Dingle, a broad ridge of mountains descending abruptly to the Atlantic on the west, and on the south to Dingle Bay. In the mid-distance lies the bay, palely green, sparkingly bright; beyond, a gleaming line of faintly yellow beach, and then the



A road which runs by the shore of Lough Currane.

By C. Wilkinson.

hills, billowy, cloudlike; delicate blues, greens, purples, rose, and gold, blended in a haze of luminous pearly gray, a shell-like medley of broken colour melting by subtle transitions into the horizon. These are the ranges of Benoskee and Connor Hill which further west rise into the fine peaks of Brandon, one of the lords of the west. At this point Dingle Bay is six or seven miles wide, it opens to fifteen miles at its mouth.

We pass a solitary wayside cottage only distinguishable from a cowshed by the blue peat-reek. A gleam of brilliant crimson suddenly chains the eye; an ancient dame in all the good old-fashioned bravery of hood and cloak, little Red Riding Hood grown old, has come out to see the mail-car pass. "Hold on, gintlemen!" Hold on it is for dear life. "It's a bit roughish, yer see, sorr," remarks Jehu ironically. It is "a bit," if you could see

The following day, after a delightful drive through the sweet-smelling moorland, Waterville is reached; there is no disappointment here, but a veritable "El Dorado" of charming scenery, a perfect combination of lake, mountain and coast. The village is situated on a neck of land about half a mile wide, having Lough Currane behind with Ballinskellings Bay in front; the road skirts the beach, affording an uninterrupted view of the opposite shore, which terminates in Bolus Head; from these cliffs rises Mount Bolus. Further to the west, some distance out at sea but not visible from the village, are three small islands—the Lemon Rock, Little Skellig and Great Skellig. On the east the bay, which is roughly circular, terminates in a blunt Atlantic bulwark known as Hog's Head, with the rocky island of Scariff beyond. The Anglo-American Telegraph Company's cable lands on the inmost curve of the bay,



The bridge on the Waterville Road.

By C. Wilkinson.

what was coming matters would be simplified, but vision is limited on a car. The near wheel climbs out of the hollow on one side of a half-sunken boulder, bumps down on the other, jogs out of that hollow, and before you have recovered yourself, up goes the off wheel, and so on with variations *ad lib.*; nevertheless, some stretches of the road are not merely the result of wheels and hoofs, but have really been "made" admirably; it is but little used now as the railway takes all the traffic.

Up hill and down dale, and again up hill, then in the distance a silvery gleam—Valentia River—our journey is nearing its close; down hill again, and we are on the river bank. The tide is at full flood; its wavelets almost lap the walls of a picturesque ivy-clad ruin, Carhan, the birthplace of Dan O'Connell, "the Liberator." Cahirsiveen at last, a wretched little town—Irish to the core—but well placed at the foot of Bentee and overlooking Valentia Harbour and the promontory of Douglas Head.

giving constant employment to a large staff of operators.

Lough Currane is second only in size to Lough Leane (Killarney), which is the largest lake in the south of Ireland. It forms a rude triangle three miles from east to west along its base, and about two miles from this to its north end. On its western side the country is undulating, while on the east and south mountains to the height of 2,000 feet rise from the shore. On the west a road traverses the length of the lough and the Commeragh River; running into the Reeks district. The Commeragh enters the Currane at its northern end, while to the west the lough itself narrows to a short stream which passes under the bridge on the Waterville Road, finding its way into the bay by an easy gradient. From this bridge there is a good view of the distant Macgillicuddy's Reeks of which the highest summit—Carran Tual—is 3,414 feet, the monarch of Ireland.

Being of those who hold that Nature must be lived



Macgillicuddy's Reeks from the bridge.

By C. Wilkinson.



A typical homestead at the head of Lough Currane.

By C. Wilkinson.

with to be rightly understood, I spent several weeks in the vicinity of this lough with only an occasional trudge out of the district. In October mountain scenery is at its very best, and here, owing to the humidity of the air, together with the proximity of the Gulf Stream, the temperature is deliciously balmy, and the cloud and mist effects are a constant source of delight, the colour is remarkably robust. In both landscape and sky there is a luscious wetness, producing what might be defined as a rich "velvety" quality of colouring, which imbues this quarter of Ireland with a spirit all its own. There is a road which runs by the shore of the lough toward its eastern end; here the rocky heads and distances possess a certain classic charm of line, which, with the vigorous autumnal tints, present delightful surprises easily varied by a climb to gain more extensive views. At the head of the lough there is a typical homestead, ash-grays and soft gray-browns, against a background of purple hillside.

In the absence of an available boat I was unable to explore the islands which lie to the east of the lough; the most important—Church Island—contains the ruins of an ancient church and the circular dwelling of St.

Finian Cam, which is relegated to the sixth century. Whatever else Ireland may be poor in, she is at least rich in saints. The worthy Cam has given his name to the ruined abbey on the Great Skellig, which is little more than a cliff, and St. Finian's Bay to the west of Bolus Head.

Within a short distance of the village there are so many charming "bits" that selection is difficult. Attracted by the distant music of rushing water you leave the road and scramble over a stretch of sweet-smelling knee-deep fern and boulders, to discover a glen in miniature, with its rocky tree-clad ravine and brawling stream, in a setting of misty mountains. Following the main road southward over Mount Coomaketa a grand panorama suddenly unfolds itself; from this elevation, about 500 feet above the sea, a fine view is obtained over the mouth of the Kenmare River, the distant Slieve Miskish hills and a medley of islands, while, further still, Bantry Bay and its broken seaboard hover hazily on the high horizon. Looking west, the glory of an autumnal sunset over the Atlantic is a vast and beautiful picture, one of memory's choicest treasures.



Twilight. A sketch on the outskirts of Waterville.

By C. Wilkinson.

Hearing that a small coasting steamer, bound for Cork, put into Cahirsiveen once a week, I determined to avail myself of this opportunity for a cruise round the wild ironbound south-west coast. Reluctantly bidding farewell to lake and mountain, I returned to the town, where a short stay was imperative to be in readiness to catch the boat. A stroll over the bridge was rewarded by an experience, difficult to frame in words.

On the crest of a hill is an old isolated burial ground, a wilderness of long grasses, tangled weeds, and twisted, stunted trees, with here and there an ancient tomb hidden in moss and ivy. A bleak place swept by the four winds of heaven, cut off from the world of living men by the swift-flowing river below, and by a mountainous ridge above. It is a gray evening, nearing twilight, a purple canopy of cloud hangs sullenly in the sky. A peasant is digging a grave, he has thrown up a couple of rich brown skulls and other bones, but ere his work is completed, the coffin, on a rough Kerry cart, and the mourners are at the gates. They gather around the grave, five or six men and four women; three of the latter seat themselves on the ground, they appear old and worn. The coffin is lowered and for some minutes the men kneel in prayer, with the exception of a tall powerfully-built man who stands at the head of the grave opposite the old crones

crouching at its foot, his eyes fixed on the coffin, his breast heaving with convulsive sobs. No priest officiates. A mourner rises spade in hand and commences to shovel back the earth; the first spadeful falls with a dull hollow thud—instantly a wild awful wail pierces the still evening air, rising to a tremulous agonised shriek, falling suddenly to a whispered groan; gathering force and rising again in weird cadence, terrible, awe-inspiring; resembling nothing earthly save the voice of the wind sighing, raving, shrieking around a tenantless mansion amid gaunt leafless trees. It is the dirge of the autumnal equinox.

The men are silent. Shrouded in dark shawls, their faces invisible in the deepening dusk, the crouching crones sway backward and forward and from side to side as if drunken in this mad debauch of grief. No sound breaks in upon the haunting rhythm of their wail, save the dull thud, thud, thud of the falling earth, monotonous, immutable; a muffled drum in this wild requiem of death.

Akin to music, the "keening" of the west is untranslatable by words; it is a triumph of sound absolutely expressive of an emotion. The most sorrowful note in Nature is the wail of the wind, and its imitation by these untutored children of the hills is the most profoundly sorrowful dirge of which the human voice is capable.

CHARLES WILKINSON.



A Glen in Miniature.

By C. Wilkinson.



A Glimpse into Hell.

By Elihu Vedder.

The Later Work of Elihu Vedder.

AN article upon this famous American appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, of 1899, from the pen of Mr. Ernest Radford, the critique leading up to the Omar Khayyam illustrations as exemplifying the last and most potent phase of the craftsman. A recent visit to Rome and to Mr. Vedder's studio suggests to me an allusion to the quality of brushwork which Mr. Radford, who had seen only the work in reproduction, frankly refrained from judging, confining his criticism to the design. He made, however, a guess in passing, which deserves quotation.

"As a decorative artist, adopting Sir Edward Poynter's idea that everything in the 'grand style' is essentially decorative, Mr. Vedder must rank very high indeed. Grand as a figure painter, good as a decorative artist, the charge that remains unanswered is that he is not a pleasing painter. . . . I fancy the verdict will be that Mr. Vedder has done much (in his later works) to repair this defect . . . not by greatly daring, perhaps, but by adapting the tone to the idea, and evolving

something like a consistent colour scheme, which cannot be other than decorative."

Being fresh from my visit to Mr. Vedder's studio, and comparing this impression with a former one received in 1893, Mr. Radford's guess strikes me as a successful one. There comes an instant perception of advance in the qualities of tone and of brushwork. This does not apply to all his later pictures, but in the two 'Fortune' works it is very noticeable. It is also noticeable in an original painting of the design for Bowdoin College. Apart from the nobility of its figures, this design has a distinction of handling and a reticence of colour arrangement which belong to good painting. Mr. Vedder also showed me a small but very choice landscape, a sober mood of Italian hill and stream, treated in the large spirit of Watts. He showed it to me on my first visit, a preparation awaiting its final fusion into completeness. The next visit showed me that fusion accomplished; the artist had given it that complete overlay of work which makes

consistency, tonality, style—all that indescribable combination of qualities which sums up the art of the matured workman, and for the attainment of which he gives his laborious years.

This continuous growth, this gradual extension of grasp, reminds the beholder of the long and gradual growth of the genius of Burne-Jones. It would be incorrect to speak of Mr. Vedder as the Burne-Jones of America. Still, in considering these men one may find certain similarities peculiar to men of that rare imaginative temperament, though their careers were separated by wide chasms of difference—difference of country, of race, of physique, indeed of almost everything, it would seem. At a distance from one another both men have walked, instinctively, on the same artistic way. Their technique and subject-matter have been always inseparable: which is the way of the strongly imaginative artist. Their likeness lies in their large meanings, and these large meanings have impressed upon their technique—just as the spirit will impress upon its enveloping body—a natural mien of belonging to some ancient civilisation whose stately, gliding pace is not suited to these iron roads of whirling mechanism. One man belongs to the imaginative world of Celtic tradition, the other belongs to the imaginative world of old Etruria and all which Etruria implies, half-linked to the mystic East. Burne-Jones drew from out of old hidden places a certain type of lovely and lovable womanhood, which he impressed with his imagination and made his own for all time. Vedder has done the

same; out of that strong and almost virile beauty which seems peculiar to Roman women, he has drawn a type which suggests also the mysterious beauty of the Etruscan princess-priestess. "A splendid woman with a splendid idea." One often has this impression while looking at such later figures as the 'Fortune,' and the Bowdoin College design, and the Minerva-like figure of Wisdom in the decoration of the Congressional Library of Washington. Fully developed, though never Titans, like the creations of Michelangelo, these heroine presences seem to bring back a vision of the Golden Age.

The surroundings of Mr. Vedder's present Roman studio are more Rubaiyatesque (to coin a word) than those of the studio in which the famous illustrations were actually composed. The old studio was in the city; this latter studio is a villa with an elderly-looking garden, near the Porta Pia, outside the russet mediæval walls. There is much shrubbery, and a grove of large stone-pines, standing like sentinels between the villa and the Campagna, across whose dim expanse you can see the blue Alban mountains and Tivoli. As you enter, the dreamy quack of ducks salutes you on the right, where they swim at peace in a pool surrounded by tall bamboos, their white bodies all amid the green dusk of water and foliage suggestive of nymphs bathing in Arcadia. This air of ancient repose is over all the rest of the garden, with its gnarled trees and great green flower-pots of worn classic mould, and the double flight of steps, green and lichened, leading up to the door of the studio. One ascends these windings till one arrives



Samson.
By Elihu Vedder.

at a little vestibule of reproductions and studies, all having that same look of the broad wear of many years—that feeling of the ripe beauty of a past civilisation.

The studio, higher up yet—*excelsior*, one is tempted to say in these symbolical surroundings—is a spacious and lofty chamber, with side windows only. It is a matter for regret that in this place the artist cannot light his work from above, as it makes a difference in the appearance of his work in exhibitions which are entirely illuminated in this manner. From the visitors' standpoint, however, the present condition of the room, with its side windows and fine views, seemed on that day more suggestive and interesting, because of the intimate connection between this particular artist and his surroundings. There on the easels and shelves were the latest of those strange ideas and fancies which, like the designs of the "Rubaiyat," impress us as being so curious and yet so true to our inner lives that they soon seem to be old fancies of our own.

And turning one's head one saw there through the window the mysterious plain, full of human secrets, which will never be told—the Campagna, shining in the sober glory of a golden afternoon, and the blue heights of Tivoli beyond, with little ivory villas specking their sides. Near at hand waved the feathery foliage of a deodar, and tall cypresses stood like pillars beside. The surroundings were in harmony with the thoughts out of which was born the art of Elihu Vedder. Old Roman forms lay half hidden in the grass, an old classic world yet lingered in those stone pines which Hawthorne loved to describe and Turner loved to paint.

Rome has been terribly altered during the last twenty years, but parts of the fringe of the Eternal City yet remain which seem charged with old meanings, and which preserve old mellow beauties yet. In one of these nooks the artist continues to live creatively. His imagination, steeped in those old wells of the past, has taken tint from those romantic woodlands and solemn mountain ranges; it seems every year to fructify with a ripeness of more mysterious quality. Looking at his work in the studio, one can see how much of this quality is due to the large under-preparation of that method which his temperament has evolved. He never hurries a picture; he never hastens through a study. His pictures are not made, they grow, and not always regularly. He puts down his idea in paint as soon as he has thought out the main lines of it, and when it is thus amassed, he leaves it for months or years, confident that some time will come the mood for ripening. The time and the mood arrive, and the fresh work flows over the whole and completes it, sometimes very quickly after this long waiting. The first process of painting is an important foundation, which is laid, and laid with the most studious deliberation; the rest takes its own time and way like a growing tree. For this reason his work, considered as craftsmanship merely, is likely to abide the test of time, and be approved by many generations beyond this.

Colour in the Campagna is variable, sometimes sober, at other times wild. The strange beauty of the contents of the studio was on that afternoon singularly reflected by the view through its window, a mystic effect of bronzed plains and purple-blue mountains, turning a little later to a marvellous scarlet sunset, with an after-glow in which the landscape shone like copper through the dusky green of the cypresses. One saw

then how much of Nature's rare moods had influenced the artist's mind. His strong and sometimes strange colour was justified out there in the open lands and sky.

His principal picture, only recently brought to completion, was one of these same strong combinations of colour, and struck one at first as almost violent. The other works alongside being of simpler tone, this sensation did not immediately pass away, though the northern eye soon falls in with Mr. Vedder's brighter works. The quality of his drawing, again, has a sculpturesque beauty, which attracts one's attention so much that at a first glance one rather resents the colour as an interruption to one's enjoyment of the essential statement, just as one resents the colour upon a fine statue. Still, despite the fact that the colour is the least attraction, without the colour this picture would lose much significance.

Mr. Vedder gave me to understand that it is one of a series of works the rest of which only exist in studies, or in his mind. Through all will run an astronomical suggestion. This first phase is called 'The Eclipse of the Sun by the Moon.' It shows the red sun sinking with all his glorious life, passing from mortal sight; as he sinks his light is obscured by a vast blue-dusky globe on which sits a beautiful but melancholy woman, writing with a luminous pen upon the last few pages of a large book. She is the intellect gone barren, from whom the light has passed, and with her back turned even to the last gleams of that light she traces the same old design over and over again. She is a darkened world, continuing mechanically the motions of former days, and in her path she shuts out the light from others. Inward light has left her, and therefore her inward life has become vain. The contrast of leaden blue with the scarlet gleam was an important colour chord, apart from its other significance, but had a certain emphasis about it which seemed obtrusive in what was essentially a decorative design. In many of his landscapes, impressionistic and with no insistence on classic form, the artist had used this colour chord very pleasingly, one could perceive; but in this picture the colour seemed to clash with the forms. Such occurrences in Mr. Vedder's earlier paintings have called forth friendly warnings from his compatriots—Charles De Kay and others. It is a matter of the little more which is too much, rather than of the little less which is far away. I say this all the more freely, having seen that in other works just as recent Mr. Vedder showed that he had adapted the tone to the idea, and had evolved a consistent colour scheme, as Mr. Radford once guessed to be a possibility with him. These works, the 'Fortune' pictures, were there, hard by the 'Eclipse,' that of 'Fortune the Maleficent' being, indeed, still wet with the last touches. One was a very simple harmony of pale cool tones, turquoise and creamy pink, the other deep and strong, with warm tones ranging from amber to black, against a rather full-coloured background of blue sky and sea, all kept decorative despite a certain wet freedom of brushwork.

The Fair Goddess Fortune was a gay creature, with butterfly wings and a torrent of golden hair. The shape of this rather large picture was almost a square, with much decorative border and text. The jocund divinity appeared as a nude figure in the perfection of healthy bloom, riding through fair weather on her wheel. With laughing eyes and royal gesture she spread



Delilah.

By Elihu Vedder.

her shapely arms and flung the dice of good luck downward for mortals to catch and use.

The other Fortune was not placed on the square canvas, but upon a narrow upright shape, such as Burne-Jones preferred. This Fortune, bringing as much pain as pleasure to men, appeared as a handsome dusky-skinned Sibyl, such a woman as might have prophesied victory to Lars Porsenna of Clusium ere he marched his army against Rome. Borne upon a glowing cloud—like those clouds over the Campagna that afternoon—she stood stately, robed in a long black veil which fluttered with her flight. Far below you perceived the sea, a mass of fluent blues and purples; further beyond that, the ruddy cliffs of the land. Vedder has a way of getting vastness into his skies, and you feel the great deep of this one, through which maleficent Fortune bears her gifts. She has gold coin in a jar, which cracks because of the very closeness of her grasp, so that unwittingly she lets fall to earth a few gold coins of comfort along with the dice of discord and hazard.

Miss A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmsteter) has alluded to him as a "mystic of no century but his own." His later works certainly are evidences of a curious blend in him of the Old and the so-called New World thought, which perhaps could not happen in any other times but these. Mystic he certainly is, living in a world in which the dead walk beside the living. His works have deep meanings, a curious yet natural fitness, like flowers flourishing among ruins. The man himself, genial of mien—just as he appears in Sir W. B.

Richmond's portrait of him—unaffected in speech, with a certain soldier-like bearing and an undercurrent of thoughtful humour, seems less of a mystery. His tragic moods are there before you, secrets for you to read, if you can. He helps you with hints, but refrains from sermons. When in talk he touches the great mysteries, he touches them lightly.

The quality of emotion appears strongly in 'A Glimpse into Hell' (p. 142). As the crowd of suffering faces flows by on a fiery torrent, you receive an impression of different lives; this one sullen and unrepentant; that one miserable and yet noble in its half-protective effort to shield another, whose expression is peevish and self-absorbed; a fourth face shows mere puzzled terror, as of one who has sinned in ignorance; and the fifth face is wholly wicked, the face of one who would draw others to destruction. In none is there a gleam of hope. The 'Samson' (p. 143) shows a strong, proud warrior, framed with broken pillars, burst rope, the shears and cut hair, and other emblems of his career. 'Delilah' (p. 145) has the same framework, but more faintly expressed, as if worn down with years, or as a repetition of Samson, the original. Her history is connected with that of Samson as the history of a parasite is connected with the tree whose life it sucks; and in the word Delilah, which is inscribed in Hebrew characters above her, a portion of one letter is obliterated—in which marred name one may perceive more veiled symbolism, such as is charac-

*The Heart of the Rose.**By Elihu Vedder.*

teristic of Mr. Vedder. The woman's face is like her name—fair-seeming and boldly expressed, but inwardly untrue.

'The Heart of the Rose' (above) is much such an exquisite fancy as one finds in the art of Burne-Jones, a perception of the delicate suggestion of femininity which is in flowers. The crumpled petals of some kinds of rose, seen edgewise, have a resemblance to folds of classic drapery, and Mr. Vedder has seen the suggestion, and has made a beautiful design out of it. He has many more ideas stored away, in studies and

small coloured wax models, renderings of his vision of the nature-spirit in things. Since the ornamental cup-work and other aspects of him as sculptor have been correctly touched on by Madame Darmsteter, and as Mr. Vedder's work for the last few years has been chiefly pictorial, no more need here be said about it, except that the somebody who writes his life will have to take up that side of him, and deal with it at greater length than has been done hitherto.

LEWIS LUSK.

'Happy Days.'

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. MENZLER.

SPORT being a more serious occupation than mere play, in the depiction of it the artist must, as an indispensable feature, denote the presence of strength. Whether the picture or piece of sculpture is inspired by witnessing a vigorous contest, or whether it is a child of the imagination, all representations of sport must possess the attribute of power seriously applied in the effort to gain supremacy. But this stern essential may well be modified in intensity when lighter forms of athletics provide the subject; it may even be entirely absent, as in the accompanying plate.

Here the quality of strength is not strained. We perceive a game in progress, the exercise is light, there is a demand for no more effort than the word vivacity expresses. That the maidens adroitly pass the hoops may be conceded, that they enjoy the pastime is certain, because they are young. The artist has composed the figures gracefully, and by giving them an intelligent though trivial occupation he has escaped the possibility of insipidity. The effect is pretty, and the Arcadian scene is only unconvincing in the fashion of the costumes worn by the participants in the game.



The 4th of June at London

W. Meyer

Copyright 1904

Painted by W. Meyer

Happy Days.





High Street, Campden, with the Almshouses of Sir Baptist Hicks, leading up to the Church.

The Guild of Handicraft, Chipping Campden.

THE Editor's request that I should give some account of the Guild and School of Handicraft that shall have special reference to the influence of the country and the country life upon the work and output of its members, is not an easy one to comply with. The very request involves an examination of many of those deeper social and economic questions with which the Guild as an educational and productive experiment is and has for the last fifteen years been concerned. Nor is the time yet ripe for saying how far this new move justifies the hopes of those of us who look to great things from it. It does, however, represent the outcome of a now settled conviction, and as such the main points we seek to keep always before us may be worth noting. In the light of them, too, the move into the country suggests many reflections.

When fifteen years ago the plan of our undertaking was first mooted in East London, and the help and encouragement of those we valued was invited, one well-known Englishman—an ecclesiastic who shall be nameless—wrote in response to my request for sympathy: "I wish you would start your venture anywhere else but in Hell." A Churchman, of course, must not traffic with the Devil, he must be thorough in all his works; but to the layman some little com-

promise may, perhaps, be forgiven. It is certain, however, that had we not had the fourteen years' growth and development in the great city we should never have been stable enough to stand apart and away from it.

For all this my ecclesiastic was right. The life of a great modern city is not, nor can it ever be, congenial



The open Market-Place, Campden. Sir Baptist Hicks' building.

to the work the Guild sets out to do—good honest craftsmanship with or without the aid of the machine. Good honest craftsmanship is better done the nearer people get into touch with the elemental things in life. It is the complexities of modern life that make the approach so difficult. Anything that brings us nearer to the realities, anything that simplifies, is as such to be welcomed; the complexities fill us at times with a vague sense of despair.

But a reflection that has in it the hope of a better outlook is that culture, the culture needed for the doing of good craftsmanship, is best acquired in the country or in such a small centre as Campden. The culture, however, that I mean is not necessarily schooling, nor going to church to satisfy conventional punctilio, nor using public libraries and galleries such as are at the disposal of the townsman, but such culture as comes of or tends to association, the association of men and women who are engaged upon a work that is not extraordinary, but perhaps a little above the ordinary. As soon as men and women meet together in an honest conviction and endeavour to improve the condition of their existence, to think of other things than the



The Martins, High Street, Campden.

money at the week's end, the fretting details of the house, or the beer at the bar, then it is that culture which all should and many do desire begins. Bishop Creighton used to tell us at Cambridge in his epigrammatic way that in the Middle Ages the centres of culture were not the towns but the country parts—meaning by implication that in modern times the process was reversed.

Now, what are the elements of culture?—the fundamental things that go to build up character, fellowship, pleasant and sweet surroundings, the presence of the sky, the sun, the green fields, the flowers, and a conscious regard for the amenities of life. One would like to add, also, some quality of discipline. The last is, perhaps, the great want in modern English life; the first is but dimly understood; the rest are better found in the country than in the great city. Indeed, find these things, and we find not only honest citizens, but citizens to whom life means more than the daily humdrum material round, means something finer and fuller. From the mere productive or business point of view it is, perhaps, enough to postulate that honest craftsmanship means good citizenship.

One of the things that, coming into the country, our people feel most—and perhaps it is right they should—is the extraordinary disregard for time that the folk in the country seem to have. The old proverb, "Time is money," seems never to come home to them—they let the weeks slip by ere fulfilling their contracts, they regard any bargain that is to be made with directness or efficiency with the greatest suspicion, and they will haggle for months over five shillings when the delay may mean the loss to them of as many pounds.

We are told that the artist should take no account of time, and that is a wise teaching, but it postulates his putting the time he loses count of into the work of his creation. It is doubtful whether the countryman's contemplative-



Gold and silver filigree pendant, set with pink and green tourmalines and rough pearls.

Designed by W. Partridge.

Necklace in silver and gold with champlevé enamel and six fine amethysts. Two gold and one silver finger-rings, set with jewels.

Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



Houses in the High Street, Campden.

ness tends to creation; judging by the unkempt, tumbledown look of many a countryside, one would say not. For the rest, the evil influence of this prevalent slackness, inefficiency, and slovenliness is one of the things that the Guild has in its country surroundings to contend with. Now that we have got out into the country, in other words, we find all the more need of tightening up the economic machine, to make it work the better in the interests of all. This is in no way a slight upon the workman's dignity, his independence, or his rights as an individual or a democrat, as he sometimes unthinkingly imagines, but a necessary step in organisation—a step taken deliberately in his own interest. It is an axiom that men always better respect efficient management, though they may not like it.

Many of the houses and cottages stand quite out in the green lanes; the little thatched farmhouse with the group of poplars (p. 150) for instance. Our mediæval and Elizabethan forefathers had some instinctive gift of placing their dwellings. It was part of the beauty and sense of detail which they consciously considered, and which appears to be so lost to us; or is it that we value at an artificial value the multitude of petty trifles and comforts that go to make up the modern showy, ill-built villa?

It is this simplicity and beauty that constitutes the chief interest of Cotswold building, and Campden is among the most beautiful of all the little hill towns; indeed, if it were merely architecture that we were in quest of, there is plenty. There is scarce a house that does not speak of some tradition, some beauty. But architecture, like the rest of the arts, must be alive to be genuine. For the most part the residents value their beautiful heritage for the association, not for the beauty. They cut out the mouldings of the stone work, replace the lattices by plateglass and zinc bars, thus destroying the proportion of the whole house front; they have (fortunately in only one or two cases) put in some appalling shop

windows, and latterly the local builders have been speculating in cheap brick villas,—the red disease that has ruined Stratford-on-Avon—with a view to meeting the housing difficulty. It is ignorance that does these things for the most part, and an unwillingness to learn or receive new ideas, for in a country place, and where the competition of the great town is not so in evidence, it is as cheap to build well, *i.e.*, according to tradition, as it is to build badly. Moreover, the place is still fortunate in possessing a few traditionally trained masons and craftsmen.

The illustrations will show not only the interest and detail of the separate buildings, but the extraordinary charm of the High Street (p. 147). It is difficult to believe that this street with its open market-place, its mediæval town hall and the double curve—Hogarth's line of beauty—that leads up to the church, was not deliberately planned, everything seems set so precisely in its place.

Several of these houses are now inhabited by our Londoners; one or two we have reconstructed with more modern appliances, seeking to bring them up to date without destroying their interest. In one case I have taken a group of four agricultural labourers' cottages, and converted them into two decent houses.



(Inside) Silver necklet, set with pearl-blisters and one large aperculum.

Designed by C. R. Ashbee.

(Outside) Silver and enamel necklace, set with pearl-blisters.

Designed by W. A. White.

There is a curious fascination—it is the bias of the architect perhaps—in adapting the habitat of one epoch to the needs and peculiarities of another; but it is remarkable to observe how readily the home of the substantial yeoman of the seventeenth century—and Campden principally consists of such—can be adapted to the service of the skilled artisan of our own day.

I have said that the country better supplies the elements of culture than the great city. This has a special application to an industrial centre such as is the Guild of Handicraft. Modern business has rapidly been falsifying the old standards of economics, and the real success of an industrial undertaking is beginning to be more and more judged by those other qualities in character indicated by John Ruskin in "Unto this Last." Men prefer to work where the conditions of work are better, the shops sweeter, the companionship pleasanter. Masters find better service where there is higher intelligence, keener culture; none of these con-



The great Gothic Window in the High Street, Campden.

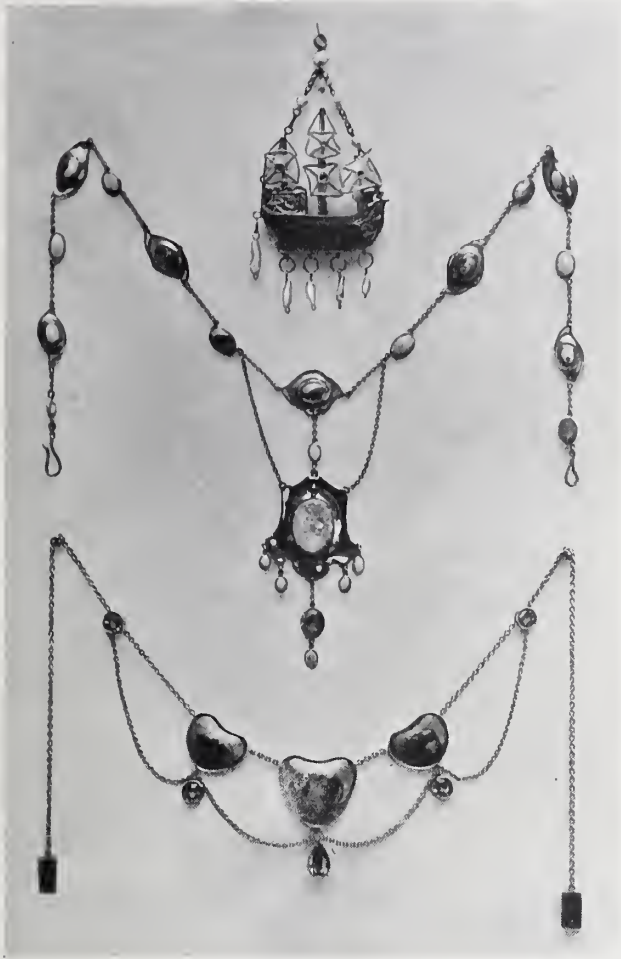
ditions form part of the "economic man" as he used to be called, but they are part of real life, and it is curious to note how the theoretical—some have called it visionary—teaching of a great master such as was John Ruskin is beginning to tally with the practical way in which, for instance, keen business men in America make their works attractive. When I was in the United States two years ago I went over one of the great silver-smith's works. It was throughout well appointed, and the manager, himself an Englishman, and three-quarters of his staff English, told me there was not an English house that he would enter, and he instanced some that shall be nameless, "d—d dirty shanties" he called them.

I took the lesson to heart in reconstructing the old silk mills at Campden and bringing them up to date.

The character of the old work has been preserved, and there can still be seen the green twinkle of the lattice windows of the old silk weavers, to which we have added latterly an electric



Thatched House at Westington, by Campden.



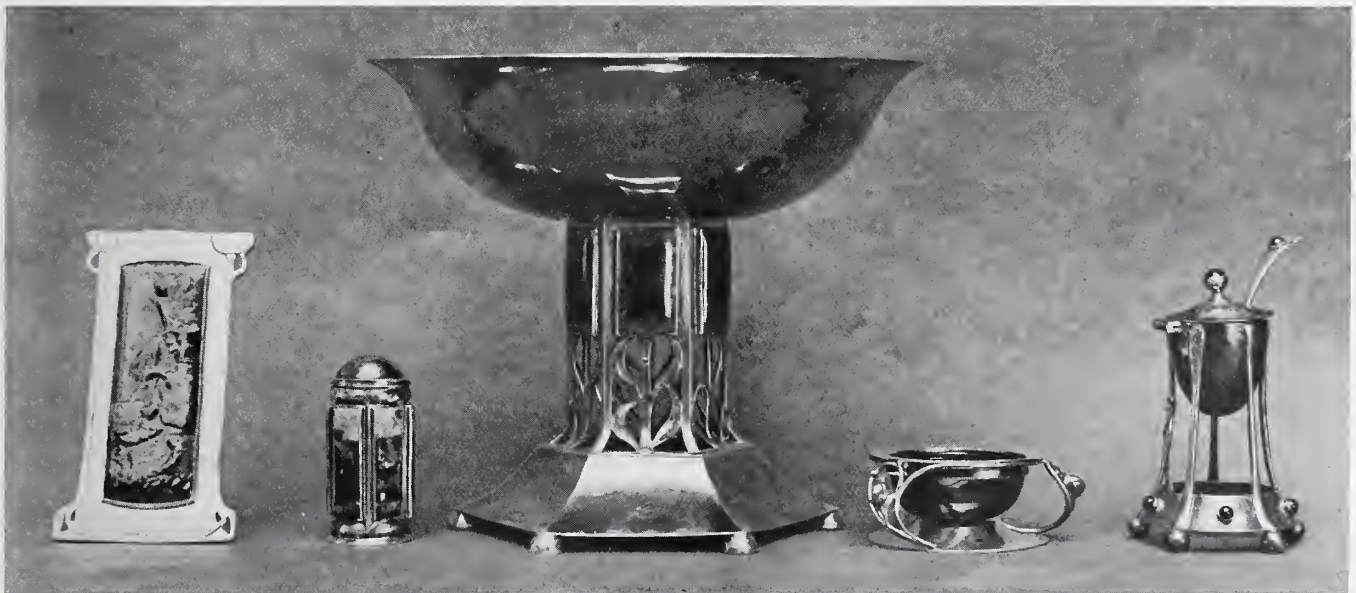
Necklaces.

Designed by C. R. Ashbee and W. A. White.



*Necklet in silver, set with large amethyst ball and river pearls.
Brooches in gold and silver.*

Designed by C. R. Ashbee.



Various Objects. Designed by C. R. Ashbee and W. A. White.



Silver Spoon Warmer.

Designed by W. Hardiman.

installation for the evening lighting, which we work from a power house—an oil engine—at the other end of the garden.

Much may be said on this question of the human factor in economics. To an industry moved from a great centre into the country, it at once presents itself in all its diversity. The men, especially where, as is the case with the Guild of Handicraft, the co-operative system

is at work, become individually more important to the concern; the whole to them assumes more of a unity. This implies the consideration of all sorts of other questions than merely that of workshop production. Thus we have found it necessary to form a technical school, where we have a loan of exhibits from the Board of Education; we have the nucleus of a good library; the other day we acted a Ben Jonson play, of which the proceeds go to the making of a bathing lake. A workman's club is instituted by the Guild, as is also a guest house, or hall of residence, where twelve of the unmarried men live, and where guests can be housed; and the Sports Club is a necessary feature in the life of the whole.

To my thinking a conscious pursuit and appreciation of these things, the keeping them within bounds and upon proper lines, all helps to the

maintenance of a sound and honest tradition of craftsmanship, and sound craftsmanship, as I have said before, implies good citizenship. If in our public legislation we tend more and more to shape our laws with a view to what Mr. Sidney Webb calls "the standard of life," it is well to constantly keep this in mind; and the best way to make good citizens is out of their labour, not independently of it. C. R. ASHBEE.

"Sham Antiquities."

THE manufacture of sham antiquities, currently discussed in general, and in particular with reference to the Tiara of Saitapharnes in the Louvre, is a subject which interests the world periodically, for in the analysis of fraud in pictures there is a romantic fascination equal to that in the exposure of any other clever forgery. "Discovering" works of art in out-of-the-way places is not peculiar to the Italian fakers, as Mr. Berenson seems to imply, nor is it a dramatic touch of recent adoption. The dodge, no doubt, has been practised ever since the monetary value of pictures became assured, a note in our own columns in 1845 recording the pretended discovery of a portrait of Shakespeare in a farmhouse in Warwickshire, where it had been ingeniously placed. Although not properly coming under the title to this note, it is instructive to recall that in 1849 Mr. J. F. Herring, the well-known animal painter, applied at the Guildhall to ask advice because copies of his pictures had been sold for large sums. Sir Peter Laurie said that a charge of forgery could not be maintained, there being a legal decision

on record that a signature on *linen* to a deed was not binding, but that the party who sold the pictures might be prosecuted for obtaining money by false pretences. There was an event of some importance in 1854, to which we may also refer, when, after a series of articles, culminating in the wholesale condemnation of a collection put up for sale in Birmingham, an action for libel was conducted against the editor of THE ART JOURNAL, the damages claimed of one thousand pounds being assessed by the jury at forty shillings.

Collectors, however, while being cautious, should remember that, because, for instance, a picture does not bear all the outward visible signs of purity, it is not necessarily a spurious work. Suspicion has often been aroused, and paintings of all periods condemned, until unimpeachable proof has been forthcoming that the works were genuine and important. When an appeal is made to an artist, and he without doubt accepts the paternity of his picture, then it is that a collector may well wish he had been unflinchingly loyal to his treasure.

Miniatures by Miss Charlotte McLaren.



Patrick Dalmahoy.
By Miss McLaren

But one has only to turn to the work of Holbein, Cooper, and Cosway to realise that this need not be—that in the hands of an artist the “portrait in little” is as broad and strong as one might wish—that the fault lies not in the medium, but in the painter. The art suffers certainly, because our best portrait-painters do not paint in miniature; but were they to do so one can easily imagine how such masters as Mr. Sargent and Mr. Guthrie would at once lift it into a region remote from that of the hand-coloured photograph, which in the eyes of most people constitutes a miniature.

Amongst the work of miniature-

THE miniature painter at the very outset of a career is confronted by a danger inherent in the medium chosen. The snare of prettiness lies in wait for the artist; there are few who manage to escape it. Prettiness is hardly avoidable, just because the ivory is pretty, so that the name “miniature” to most people suggests at once pink and white complexion and blue eyes.

is particularly happy in her portraits of children—witness, for example, the engaging little ‘Patrick Dalmahoy’ and his sister, the latter one of the most recent achievements of the artist. Both are marked by simplicity of arrangement and treatment. Another child-portrait, ‘Tibbie,’ is delightful in its delicate suggestiveness. In ‘Miss Burnet’ the artist has



A Portrait.
By Miss McLaren.

worked from an exceptional model—a face full of the tender and austere poetry of age, the head artistic to a degree—and she has succeeded admirably, the colour scheme being particularly refined and delicate.

Miss McLaren’s miniatures are entirely free from trickiness and striving after effect. Simple and straightforward, with the reserve which stamps all good work, they record quiet, steady progress in an art which, more than any other perhaps, is liable to degradation. Glasgow has produced, and is producing, much that is highly artistic,

and it is pleasant to note Miss McLaren’s



painters of the present day that of Miss Charlotte McLaren is noteworthy. Miss McLaren has painted many “portraits in little,” and these are a record of progress, from the tentative, charming ‘Master Archie McLaren’ to the brilliant ‘Miss Constance Tannahill.’ She

work as adding to the already famous reputation of this city of the North.

The ‘Miss Burnet’ was seen in Burlington House at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1900, together with ‘Mrs. Burnet’ and ‘Miss Katherine Cameron.’

F. R.



Miss Burnet.
By Miss McLaren.



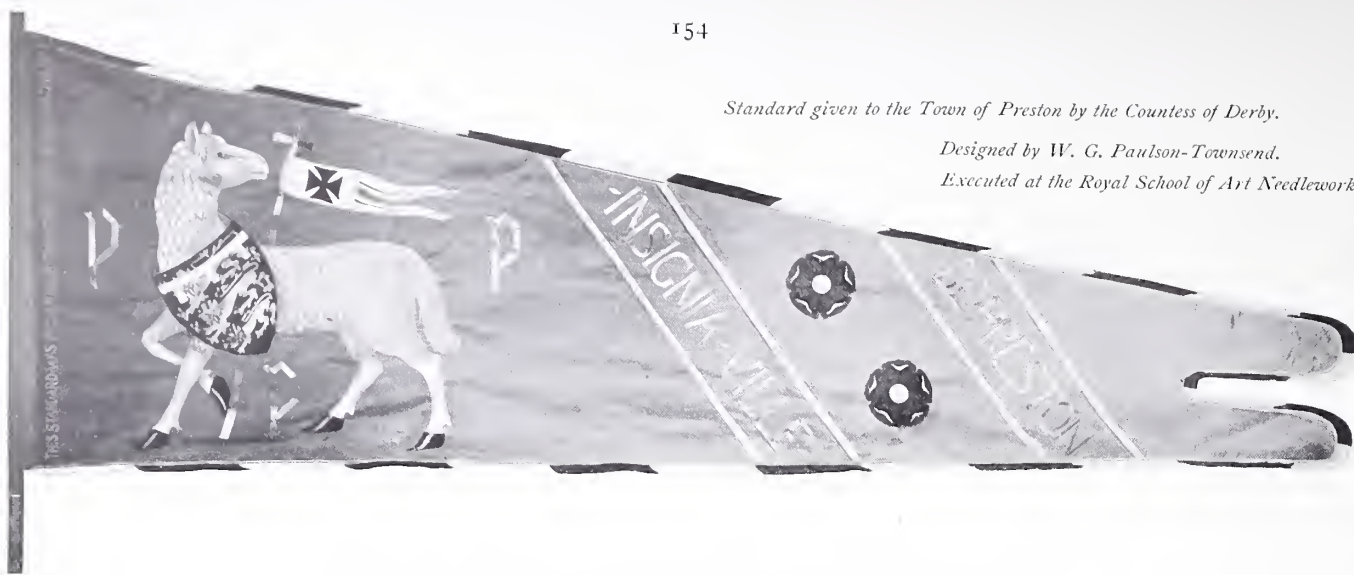
Henrietta Dalmahoy.
By Miss McLaren.

Miss Constance Tannahill.
By Miss McLaren.

Standard given to the Town of Preston by the Countess of Derby.

Designed by W. G. Paulson-Townsend.

Executed at the Royal School of Art Needlework.



The Town Standard of Preston.

IN the days of chivalry the presentation of embroidered banners to brave knights by courtly dames was an established practice. The Countess of Derby recalled in some measure this graceful usage when at the recent celebration of the Preston Guild Merchant she presented the municipality with a magnificent town standard. Her ladyship has done more, however, than evoke a sentimental reminiscence of mediæval custom. She has shown her interest in the revival of the craft of the needle—a movement started by a few ladies of artistic tastes, and which has culminated in the establishment of the Royal School of Art Needlework and other similar institutions.

Preston is an ancient borough, whose long line of recorded Mayors extends back to the year 1328. Its earliest substantiated royal charter is of the date of 1179, though there is good evidence that the first charter was granted by Henry I. (A.D. 1100). The Derby family have been connected with the town for centuries, their names being inscribed at the head of the Guild Rolls uninterruptedly from the year 1542. The presentation of the standard was an incident of the ceremonial connected with the Guild Merchant which is commemorated with solemn civic functions every twenty years. Preston is the only town in England out of a hundred or so possessing a Gilda Mercatoria which keeps up the ancient celebration. Burgesses renew their freedom at these periodical assemblies. The advantages of burgess-ship were formerly very substantial, but they now possess only a sentimental value. Still, the representatives of old families—as in the case of the House of Stanley—assemble at these periodical carnivals, and their names are ceremoniously recorded on the Guild Rolls. A Court is solemnly opened at the beginning of the week; and at the end is solemnly adjourned for twenty years.

The town standard is one of the principal decorative features of the civic processions during the Guild week. On accepting the Countess of Derby's gift, the opportunity was seized of adopting, in consonance with the celebration of an ancient usage, what was undoubtedly the insignia prevailing in ancient times. This course was cordially endorsed by Heralds' College. The badge of Preston, as at present officially used, is a paschal lamb couchant carrying a slanting pennant, round the head a nimbus, and at the base the letters "P. P." The letters are erroneously held by the imaginative "man in the street" to be the initials of "Proud Preston,"—a designation which the ancient borough has enjoyed since the days, at least, of Defoe,

who, in his itinerary, says, "Though the people are gay they are none the richer for it, and on this account have obtained the name of 'Proud Preston.'" The letters have until quite recently been regarded as the initials of "Princeps pacis." To the Guild Roll, however, of 1459 is attached a seal which in some very important respects differs from the one that has been officially adopted since the sixteenth century. The lamb is represented as standing, and bearing a shield containing the three lions of England, but the most curious feature about this old seal is that it contains three "P"s—one on each side, and one at the base. There is thus introduced the element of speculation whether the letters "P. P." really stand for "Princeps pacis"; whether they are the initials of some other alliterative motto, or whether "P" simply stands for Preston, and is repeated solely on artistic grounds and to give something like balance to the design.

An investigation resulted in the discovery at the British Museum of a still older seal (1376) containing practically the same heraldic features, and as the result of the combination the ancient badge of Preston is now blazoned on the new town standard as follows:—"In front of a cross-staff in pale *or*, on which is a standard unfurled *argent*, charged with a cross formy *gules*, a holy lamb passant *argent* between three text 'P's of gold, and bearing on the breast, on a shield *gules*, the three lions of England of the first," having over the upper lion a label of three points for the Duchy of Lancaster.

The new standard, in the design and construction of which Mr. W. G. Paulson-Townsend, art director of the Royal School of Art Needlework, and Miss Ifennell, the secretary, have taken great interest, has been embroidered with great artistic skill by the ladies of the Royal School of Art Needlework. The groundwork is a rich bluesilk doubled. The lamb is embroidered in flat tones of cream white silk shaded with grey. The flag-staff is laid down in gold "passing." The small standard is applied in white silk, with the red cross embroidered in filoselle. The inscription "Insignia Ville de Preston," the three "P"s, the cross, and the three lions on the shield are worked in gold "passing." In the centre of the bright red roses of Lancaster gold "passing" is introduced. There are also three rows of gold "passing" as an outline to the roses. The gold "passing" used is of the best government standard. The name of the donor is worked in satin-stitch, and only appears on one side of the banner.



By permission of Sir John Day.

The Four Mills.

By Matthew Maris.

Round the London Galleries.

FROM the pedestrian point of view merely, and leaving out of account the distance between the Galleries, a considerable expenditure of energy was requisite to make a circuit of the many well-covered walls of the various exhibitions opened in March and early April. In the "good old times" the art critic set aside Friday for serious work; on other days, according to his mood or temperament, he could be self-congratulatory, look pityingly on the efforts of others, or wrestle with thoughts and impressions which ever and again elude the tangibility of words. But circumstances have changed. Almost every day brings its call, and if we could examine in advance the invitation cards of a busy month, even those of stout heart would be daunted. The maximum number of works put on view in March must aggregate many thousands; the age of the various executants ranges from three—at the Royal Drawing Society were pencil sketches by a child of three—to eighty-six; and it is worthy of note that Mr. Watts, the octogenarian, encourages Mary Temple Moore, aged seventeen, for her "precision of form and honesty of work." As to geographical distribution, one had to fare from Mile End in the East to Holland Park in the

West, with Bond Street and Piccadilly, of course, as a centre. A bare record of the exhibitions must in the majority of cases suffice.

At the Whitechapel Art Gallery the collection was one of works executed nominally by artists in the British Isles at the beginning of the present century; and although there were many pictures which do not come within the time or the place limit, Mr. Charles Aitken is to be congratulated on an interesting show, which included a new English Art Club room, groups respectively by artists of the Scottish and the Bushey schools, and a series of paintings by Mr. Watts. The development of Mr. Watts' art, however, could better be studied at Leighton House, where were brought together some fifty examples, belonging to the artist himself, to Mr. and Mrs. Russell Barrington, Mr. Senior, Colonel Sir Horatio Davies, the Rev. S. A. Thompson Yates, and Mr. Watson Armstrong. The earliest of them date back to 1836, others are as recent as 1902.

The annual four days' exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society, held, by permission of Lord and Lady Battersea, at Surrey House, Marble



Old House at St. Albans.

By J. S. Cotman.

Arch, had a feature of peculiar interest, one which warrants a longer notice than can here be given. This consisted of more than one hundred miniatures and drawings by Andrew and Nathaniel Plimer, the property of many noblemen and connoisseurs. The Society would do well to have some such centre of attraction each spring. At the Graves Galleries a painter hitherto unknown on this side of the Atlantic was introduced in the person of Mr. Ben Austrian. His pictures of dead rabbits, of newly-hatched chicks, of Indian corn, are calculated to provoke the ardent admiration of those who demand nothing more than verisimilitude, than the skilled presentment—for Mr. Ben Austrian's ideal is rather this than representation—of familiar objects, divorced from their environment and not pictorially re-environed. The paintings, pastels, drawings and etchings of Mr. Augustus E. John, at the Carfax Gallery, show that we have in him an able, perhaps even a powerful, draughtsman in process of finding himself. He is engaged for the present in making a series of æsthetic excursions which seldom have beauty as their immediate goal. Yet in drawings such as 'Tatterdemalion,'

those of a mother and child, and 'Certain Bohemians,' with its glowing firelight centre, ugliness and the tendency to caricature do not intrude.

Not one of the three major exhibitions which come within my present scope was remarkable. The 604 drawings arranged at the Institute by the Painters in Water-Colours were supplemented by the 387 works by members of the Society of Miniaturists. The exhibits on a large scale included a mournful pictorialisation by Mr. Lee Hankey of Maeterlinck's phrase, 'It's the child's turn now,' a drawing whose dimensions are unwarranted, which is insufficiently decorative on the one hand, inadequately realised on the other; Mr. Dudley Hardy's 'Toilers'—swarthy fishermen sorting a plentiful catch in their picturesque craft at the quay-side; Mr. Charles Dixon's positively coloured 'Victory passing under the Stern of the Bucentaure, Trafalgar, 1805'; Mr. John Hassall's 'Morning of Agincourt,' aptly illustrative of a strange and stirring incident. From the hand of the President, Mr. E. J. Gregory, was another version of his diploma picture, 'Après.' Three Scotsmen contributed to the relative success of the show. Mr. Leslie Thomson's dignified 'Low Tide, Essex,' is a variant of his beautiful New Gallery picture of a year or two ago; Mr. R. B. Nisbet's 'Mid-Winter, Comrie,' a genuinely sensitive interpretation of a snow-clad landscape, untheatrical, free from tricks. This and Mr. D. Y. Cameron's 'St. Laumer'—the rich orange of the church door passing

by happy transitions into luminous brown shadow and grey wall—are among the best things.

Noteworthy absentees from the 119th exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists include veteran honorary members like Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Holman Hunt, both of whom sent in the autumn; Messrs. Cayley Robinson, whose exhibits can ill be spared; W. Graham Robertson, S. H. Sime, and F. Spenlove-Spenlove. Mr. Rupert C. Bunny's 'St. Christopher' is large and ambitious. The giant Saint is fording the river with the Child Christ on his shoulder; but the decorative intent and the aim to convey a sense of massive strength under severe strain are in conflict—the issue is unsatisfactory. With what overwhelming vehemence would not Pollaiuolo have painted the scene! The President, Sir Wyke Bayliss, is represented in the central gallery by 'The Sanctuary in the Certosa, Pavia,' about whose gloriously carved stalls move grey-robed monks; one of two life-sized portraits by Mr. Hal Hurst is of Mr. Alyn Williams, a recently elected member of the R.B.A.; 'The Wood Gatherers' of Mr. T. F. M. Sheard is among the big canvases by a popular artist.

The list of members appended to the catalogue of

the thirtieth exhibition of the New English Art Club shows that Mr. Charles Conder has resigned since last autumn, that Messrs. J. R. K. Duff and A. E. John have had their names added to the roll. Here, as was the case as at the Painter-Etchers, Mr. Strang is an absentee. Mr. Charles W. Furse's big upright 'Mrs. Oliver, Mark, and Betty' is a vivacious rendering of white draperies against a dark screen, of a personality, too, in so far as the central figure is concerned; but the artist need not dally as he does here under the Sargent influence. Mr. P. Wilson Steer's 'Golden Valley' is an indubitably brilliant disappointment; had he allowed his artistic sympathies more sway, had he centralised his motive instead of scattering it, as it appears, indifferently all over the canvas, the valley would have been a picture. Mr. Orpen's 'Reflections; China and Japan,' cannot be overlooked. He has strained every nerve to the making of pictorial difficulties, and then, tensely, set himself to solve them. Inevitably—for the painting is skilled—the work attracts the eye; just as inevitably we recognise in it nothing more than an admirable *tour de force*. In fine contrast is Mr. Will Rothenstein's 'Doll's House,' seen at the Glasgow International Exhibition, if I mistake not. The passages of grey, black, brown are in intimate accord; nothing is forced; all is wrought under the dominion of an austere beautiful vision. Of many other exhibits to which allusion should be made, I can name only an able woodland scene (the tree forms admirably realised), and an effect of fugitive sunlight on 'The Edge of the Plateau,' by the Canadian Mr. Homer Watson; Mr. David Muirhead's 'Sisters,' one of the best of many interiors with figures; Mr. W. W. Russell's 'Prints,' remarkable for the painting of the coloured chintz rather than that of the lady; Mr. H. M. Livens' 'King' of the poultry-yard, sovereign here of a conical mound; an imaginative 'Castle of Ischia,' by Mr. Bernhard Sickert; 'The Cricket Match' of Mr. Henry Tonks, wherein the nature-sentiment conflicts with the subject; and drawings by Messrs. D. S. MacColl, George Thomson, A. S. Hartrick, and Francis E. James. If as a New English Art Club show this 30th exhibition disappoints, it contains a far larger proportion of purposeful work than most of those on a considerable scale elsewhere arranged.

No exhibition of the month was more generously pleasure-giving than that at the Dutch Gallery, where Mr. Van Wisselingh brought together twenty-one pictures by M. Fantin-Latour, twelve by Harpignies. By the courtesy of the owner, Mrs. Edwards, there is here reproduced the most exquisite flower in the fair garden of flower-pictures by Fantin. When he was sixteen or seventeen he copied Velazquez's 'Infanta' of the Louvre; it is—or was—at the Dutch Gallery, and in a mood akin to that of Velazquez he



La Maison au bord de l'eau.

By Le Sidaner.

unerringly celebrated the 'Roses,' painted in 1864 (p. 158).

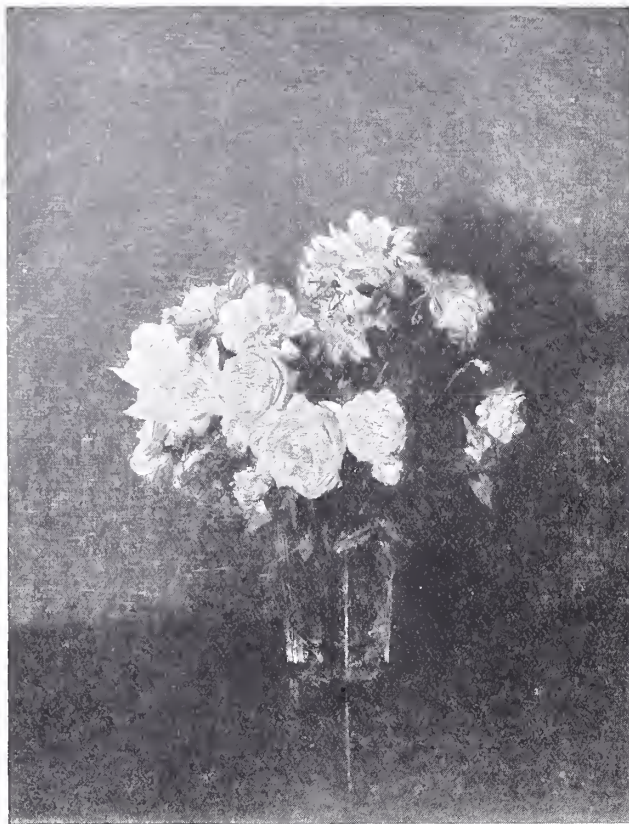
The spring exhibition at the Goupil Gallery is a welcome demonstration of Mr. Marchant's desire to provide students of pictorial art with something other than mere haphazard fare. He is to be congratulated on bringing together works by several talented artists who are relatively little known in this country, and for the rest, on exhibiting delightful fantasies like Mr. J. M. Swan's 'Siren Ship,' decorative things such as Mr. George Henry's 'String of Beads,' and, in a different kind, Mr. José Weiss's 'Arun in February,' and examples of worth by Messrs. Muhrman, Mura, Mauve, Bosboom, and Fantin, whose 'La Toilette' is as lustrous as a congregation of shadowed gems. Le Sidaner, a poetical painter, was here practically introduced to the London public. His broad, subtly-rendered nocturnes, lamps agleam, such, for instance, as the 'Bassin des Tuileries' and 'Chartres Cathedral,' warrant far more than mention, and we are enabled to reproduce one of his pictures (above). Daumier's 'L'Écrivain' has a companion somewhere, I believe, in 'Le Lecteur.'

The gratitude of connoisseurs was earned again by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and by Sir John C. Day. Following their Valentine Green exhibition of last year, Messrs. Colnaghi brought together a representative collection of mezzotints by James and Thomas Watson. Thomas, born in London in 1743, was alike the more talented and the happier in the pictures by Sir Joshua,

which he was called upon to interpret. There were first states of the lovely 'Lady Bampfylde,' of the rarely delicate 'Mrs. Hardinge,' of 'The Three Irish Graces,' of the unforgettable 'Strawberry Girl,' of 'David Garrick,' and others; while by James Watson were impressions in first state of 'Lady Stanhope,' the 'Duchess of Cumberland,' the 'Mrs. Abington,' and several more.

Sir John C. Day enabled Messrs. Obach to place on view his forty-nine pictures by nine Dutch artists, including the three Marises, Anton Mauve, Israels, Bosboom, and Mesdag. Matthew Maris' 'Four Mills' is perfect (p. 155). The radiance of the evening sky, the tenderness and intimacy of the whole vision, give it a permanent place in the memory. In its kind, this picture, painted in 1871, is unsurpassed, unsurpassable.

The thanks of all lovers of the beautiful are due to Sir John Day for permitting them to share with him in the pleasure it evokes. In addition to the 'Four Mills,' Sir John Day courteously allows us to reproduce Anton Mauve's 'Herding Cows' (below). The repetition, in the lines of the cows' backs, of the contours of the sand-



Roses.

By H. Fantin-Latour.

dunes, is a particularly happy invention in this quiet pastoral.

The spring exhibitions at the Haymarket galleries of Messrs. Tooth and Messrs. McLean were of more than ordinary interest. At Messrs. Tooth's the prominent pictures included Diaz's magnificently realised 'Le Rageur,' a great oak in Fontainebleau Forest, painted in 1862; Schreyer's romantic 'Pass over the Hills'; Meissonier's miniature-like 'Avant l'Audience.' The collection of Barbizon and other pictures belonging to Mr. John Balli, a Greek merchant resident in London, put on view at Messrs. McLean's in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, had as æsthetic centre Corot's 'L'Étang de Mortefontaine,' matchless in its kind, a sensitive interpretation of one of the artist's silvery visions.

A significant "one-man show" was that, held in the hall of the Alpine Club, of one hundred and forty-three drawings by Mr. Alfred W. Rich. Qualities, rare in themselves, and still rarer in combination, give *raison d'être* to many of his water-colours. To a scholarly obedience to principles which have become obscured he adds



Herding Cows.

By Anton Mauve.

By permission of Sir John Day.

simplicity, directness. Rossetti, Millais, and other eager spirits years ago formed the P.R.B. as a protest against the artificialities, the divorce from Nature which began with Raphael. There is to-day need of a Pre-Turneresque Brotherhood of water-colourists, and Mr. Rich would be of their number.

Another noteworthy show was that of forty-six pictures by Crome, Bonington, Stark, Vincent, De Wint, and Cotman at the Fine Art Society's. Crome was one of the masters in that little band of Norwich painters who, basing their art on that of seventeenth century

Dutch forerunners, or at any rate observing similar scenes in similar fashion, have bequeathed to us a heritage of beauty. We are enabled to reproduce Cotman's 'Old House at St. Albans' (p. 156), exhibited at the Norwich Society's exhibition in 1824. It is no more than a sketch in oils, but it is carried just to the right point; the relationships are perfect. None save Cotman could have painted it with just such a quality of delight, such rejoicing in his medium, have perpetuated so fortunately the sunlit plastered cottage.

FRANK RINDER.



Lincoln Cathedral.

By Herbert J. Finn.

Exhibition of Pictures by Mr. Herbert J. Finn.

THE annual exhibition of work by Mr. Herbert J. Finn has become quite a feature of the London picture season, and the exhibition just opened at the Woodbury Gallery, 37, New Bond Street, will rank as the most successful the artist has held. We have several times had occasion to refer to Mr. Finn's work, and we have noted with pleasure the progress he has made. In the present exhibition the artist shows, amongst others, views of Edinburgh, Holyrood, Rosslyn, and Melrose; but excellent as some of these drawings are, it is Lincoln which has again given him his most successful subjects. Standing before these pictures we feel the truth of the note by Sir George Gilbert Scott, R.A., that "Lincoln Cathedral is the crowning glory of the district: its lovely spires preside in serene majesty over the whole surrounding country."

One of the most important pictures is the large 'West Front—York Minster,' a truthful reproduction of that noble pile in all its solemn grandeur. Few artists can resist the charm of the famous view of Edinburgh from Calton Hill, and it forms the subject of one of the most effective drawings in the exhibition. The sun is setting behind the Castle, and throws a brilliant light across the sky. In his Turneresque rendering of Durham, Mr. Finn has shown himself a master of atmospheric effects, while amongst other excellent pictures we especially noticed 'The Virgin Mary Chapel, Canterbury,' 'Edward the Confessor's Chapel, Westminster,' 'The Spires of Oxford,' 'The Houses of Parliament, Westminster,' and a seascape—'Off Gravesend.'

Passing Events.

THE Council of the Royal Academy—those members, that is to say, in whom is vested for the time being the entire direction of the institution—consists this year of Messrs. G. F. Bodley and G. J. Frampton, the architect and the sculptor elected to R.A.-ship in 1902, and of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Messrs. T. G. Jackson, J. MacWhirter, W. Q. Orchardson, Val Prinsep, J. W. Waterhouse, Henry Woods, and W. F. Yeames. As those who have undergone the ordeal are aware, it is no easy task, even from the standpoint of physical endurance, to select, as each spring the Council has to do, from the 14,000 or so works submitted, those that shall form the summer Academy.

IN what is known as the Statesmen's Aisle of Westminster Abbey, close to the pulpit, there has recently been set up, under the supervision of the sculptor, the national monument to Mr. Gladstone from the chisel of Mr. T. Brock. It has been placed between the statues of Disraeli and Sir Robert Peel.

THE fact that Mr. Sargent's studio remained closed on the Members' Show Sunday robbed the day of much of its lustre. His return from America is not anticipated till well after the opening of the Academy. Mr. Dana Gibson, Mr. Sargent's talented countryman, has, by the way, made a sketch portrait of the brilliant portraitist.

EVERYTHING relating to Mr. John Tweed, the sculptor who is completing the Wellington Memorial, is of interest just now. He has just finished the monument, commissioned by the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes, commemorative of Major Wilson's last stand in Matabeleland. The final panels have been, or are about to be, shipped to South Africa.

THIS is blue ribbon year in the Academy schools. The gold medal and the £200 travelling studentship in the painting section will go to the student whose composition is deemed best on the subject of 'The Meeting of Diogenes the Cynic and Alexander at Corinth.' There are similar awards in the domains of sculpture and architecture, whose subjects are respectively a classically treated group of 'Three Generations,' and a design for a domed church, not less than 120 ft. long inside. A medal to commemorate the great Durbar, having an allegorical figure of India on the obverse, is the up-to-date subject of one of the prizes.

IT is announced in the *London Gazette* that Mr. D. Croal Thomson, who until the end of last year had been Editor of this Journal, has been admitted a partner into the historic house of Thos. Agnew and Son, of London, Manchester and Liverpool.

MR. H. C. MARILLIER writes from Kelmscott House, Hammersmith, that he has in preparation a book dealing with the painters who belonged to and exhibited at the old Liverpool Academy. "Most of these men are practically unknown outside the narrow circle of collectors who gave them patronage, and from their native city they received scant support. But the work of the best of them is probably unsurpassed in British art, and will bear favourable comparison with that of the more famous Norwich group. I should be

obliged if anyone who owns pictures by any of the artists named below, or who can contribute towards their (in many cases meagre) life history, would be good enough to send particulars either to Mr. Edward Rae, Courthill, Birkenhead, or to myself, in order that this memorial of their work may be made as complete as possible." We have reason to believe that there is some activity in other directions concerning a record of this period of art, and it will be interesting to watch the progress of the different publications. The list given by Mr. Marillier is as follows:—Alfred W. Hunt, James Buchanan, Charles Towne, W. L. Windus, William Davis, Robert Tonge, William Huggins, John Robertson, James Campbell, W. J. Bond, W. J. J. C. Bond, H. B. Roberts, W. G. Herdman, Harry Williams, Samuel Austin, William Daniels, Thomas Griffiths, Thomas Hargreaves, George Lance, Charles Barber, William Spence, Philip Westcott, Benjamin Callow, John Newton, Andrew Hunt, Thomas Crane, W. J. Bishop, John Bishop, R. P. Richards, Thomas F. Marshall, Richard Ansdell, James Pelham, William Collingwood, John Finnie, Samuel Williamson, Dan Williamson, Sen.; Dan Williamson, Jun.; H. C. Pigeon, C. Backhouse Robinson, J. Gibson, R. Holland, John Turmeau, John Pennington, Samuel Eglington, J. T. Eglington, John Foster, and Samuel Walters.

AT Brussels the Tenth Salon of the Société Royale des Beaux-Arts was opened on the 11th April. By British artists were the following contributions:—From the Marchioness of Granby, four sketches; from Mr. George Henry, 'Mr. G. N. Stevens'; from Mr. John Lavery, 'Portrait of a Young Girl'; from Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., 'Miss Helen Richmond,' 'Madame Errera,' 'The Death of Ulysses'; from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., 'Portrait of Col. Lindsay' (dated 1879). Mr. Sargent, an Honorary Member, did not send. Among the new acquisitions standing on easels in the galleries of the permanent collection is the 'Portrait,' by Mr. T. Austen Brown, shown in 1901 at the Third Exhibition of the International Society.

THE Glasgow Corporation has purchased for £300 the 'Autumn' of the late William Stott, of Oldham, first seen at the 1898 Academy, and, soon after the artist's death, in the exhibition of his works arranged in Pall Mall East. It is an ambitious picture in the symbolical kind, belonging to the same year as 'The Happy Valley,' reproduced in the ART JOURNAL, 1901, p. 381.

UNDER the direction of Mr. Alexander Fisher, an institution has been founded to teach design and fine craft in goldsmith's work, silversmithing, jewellery and enamelling. The objects are good and the scheme deserves the fullest commendation. Further information may be had from Mr. P. Oswald Reeves, 17, Warwick Gardens, Kensington, London.

THE International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers has awakened to the responsibilities of its high-sounding title. It has secured the New Gallery for three winter seasons, beginning next January, with an option of renewal at the end of the term. The show arranged under its auspices at Buda Pest has been, we hear, a remarkable success.

The Art Journal, London



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The Hay-cart



Dusk (p. 167).

By George Clausen, A.R.A.

The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1903.

IT is not easy to say what is exactly the purpose served by large exhibitions of works of art. It is not even possible to decide whether they must be counted among the benefits or the evils which have been brought to us by civilisation. We recognise them as evidences of social progress, we know that they are attempted only in countries where the conditions of existence are fairly advanced; but we do not understand the way in which they influence popular opinion or affect educationally the public taste. There is, of course, a general impression that they are of vast benefit to a community which is anxious to show up well in the march of progress, and that they must be encouraged in the interests of the higher æsthetics. But hardly anyone would be able to explain with even moderate plausibility how or why they produce the effects with which they are commonly credited, or what is the ground for assuming that they are such indispensable features of modern life.

Indeed, in any consideration of the mission of art exhibitions the first question that must be answered is, what do they do? Are they merely organised to advertise the artists who contribute to them, or are they of

advantage to art as a whole? Large collections of the works of the great masters who mark epochs in art history have no doubt some significance for historical students who wish to compare schools of practice and to appreciate the manner in which the immutable laws of æstheticism have been interpreted by men who worked at different times and under varying national conditions. They are instructive also to modern workers, who are anxious to study the technical methods of the greatest and most learned practitioners, so as to find out how to direct aright their own striving for mastery. But the effect which such collections produce upon the general public, which neither studies history nor takes any interest in technique, is probably more harmful than anything else. The inexpert person who is much in contact with the performances of the old masters comes usually to regard the accidents of time as artistic essentials. He is apt to believe that the mellowing and darkening of pictures caused by chemical changes in the pigments and vehicles, and by centuries of dirt, are necessary beauties, and because he cannot see through these defects in the old paintings to the



Flower of Wifely Patience (p. 166).

By George W. Joy.

real art beneath, he repudiates recent work as crude and garish.

But modern exhibitions cannot claim consideration as historical displays. They illustrate simply what is going on at the moment, and they have no meaning except as summaries of the achievement of living men. Whether they are useful or otherwise depends chiefly upon the amount of judgment shown in their organisation. If they are run simply to amuse the public, and to secure a large attendance which will bring a profit to the management, they are apt to do more harm than good, because they encourage a vast amount of ephemeral and sensational effort which has no right to even momentary attention. In fact, they advertise spurious Art, and lower the standard of pure æsthetics. If they are, on the other hand, managed by men of sincere conviction, who will not appeal to the sightseer, and will not sacrifice their consistent beliefs for commercial advantage, they may become very instructive object-lessons; but they will be inevitably neglected by every one save a few seriously-minded students. To this second class belong, unfortunately, very few shows; it is in the first class that will be found nearly all the collections of recent work which are annually on view in the larger art galleries.

Really, the general position of affairs with regard to the larger gatherings of art work which are presented to

us to-day is that the public, unlearned in artistic practice and indifferent to the refinements of æsthetic propriety, decides what is to be admitted for exhibition. What people want is something that will amuse them—something that they can understand without any effort of mind; they do not relish being made to think, or being reminded that they are dabbling in a subject about which they know hardly anything at all. The obvious attracts them; they love commonplaces which fit in with their habitual ordinariness of mental attitude; they clamour for cheap sensations and silly sentiment. So the promoters of the exhibitions call upon the men who are specialists in these lines for a supply of suitable wares, and they stock their art bazaars with a liberal selection of the latest and most popular novelties. Art suffers meanwhile, because the few masters who keep up the true traditions of fine and original craftsmanship are either utterly ignored, or are admitted only into the back rows behind a crowd of incompetents who are trying to make up for the inefficiency of their work by the loudness of their self-assertion.

It is distinctly unfortunate that the Royal Academy, which is, by virtue of its long record and its semi-official position, accepted as the chief guardian of British art, should be the worst offender in the matter of artistic policy. It adopted long ago the idea that it could not do better than follow the popular lead, and to this idea it has adhered ever since with a consistency worthy of a much better cause. Circumstances have given it an amount of authority which no other society in this country possesses in anything like the same degree, and it might, with more intelligent management, have become the actual as well as the nominal leader of our art politics. But it has chosen, instead, to play the undignified part of purveyor of the things which are most in demand, and to study strictly the fluctuations of the art market. It is quite satisfied if its exhibitions will draw the crowd, and if people in large numbers will prove their appreciation of its efforts to please by paying shillings at its doors. That it may be sure of securing the largest possible attendances, it fills its ample wall space to the utmost, and makes an astonishing jumble of good, bad and indifferent things which are likely to amuse a horde of sightseers. But it prefers to keep out anything that, by its strong originality or its subtle quality, might puzzle or offend the lovers of obvious assertion. It would not on any account run the risk of upsetting the equanimity of the public; such a disaster as that might damage its reputation for consistent mediocrity, and might even be fatal to its popularity.

The consequence of this policy of crowding its rooms to their utmost capacity with commonplace productions is that its exhibitions are always wearying to people of cultivated taste. Occasionally, it must be admitted, work of real interest does get placed in the galleries, and when this occurs it is possible to forgive the dullness of the exhibition as a whole, because it contains some things which can be honestly enjoyed. But as the men who do great things cannot be always at their very best, and as new masters cannot be expected annually to come to the front, there are years when it is impossible to find any relief from the prevailing dullness. The gaps which are left by the failure of the leaders to do justice to themselves are filled with the performances of the rank and file. To reduce the extent of the collection in a bad season would be contrary to the Academic creed; whether the available material is fit to be used or not the space must be occupied—it would never do to seem at a loss for things to show.



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The Fine Art Society will publish a coloured reproduction.

A White Queen: Strathspey (p. 166).

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



Peace driving away the Horrors of War (p. 166).

By W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A.

After all, however much we may be inclined to question the wisdom of the Academy authorities in putting their faith so exclusively in quantity, and in apparently caring so little about the quality of the work they accept, it is not difficult to understand their attitude. They know perfectly well that the people for whom they cater will come whether the show is what experts would call a good one, or whether it is simply made up of the sweepings of the studios. So long as the walls are covered with painted canvas and gilt frames from floor to ceiling the ordinary person is quite satisfied. He gets his Academy headache just the same when he looks at masterpieces which he does not appreciate, and when he examines the inanities of domestic sentiment and the theatrical trivialities which he really does enjoy; and his headache is to him like an honourable scar, a proof that he has done his duty. But if he was confronted with a smaller number of exhibits, he would come away from the show feeling quite fresh, and then he would be convinced that he had not been given full value for his shilling, without reckoning what he had spent on a catalogue.

It is very much to be regretted—at least, from the point of view of people who want to see work of more than ordinary importance—that the Academy should have provided a very effective illustration this year of its way of overcoming the difficulty caused by an exceptionally severe deficiency in notable contributions. For some while the artistic activity of this country has been perceptibly checked by a variety of causes, and the artists who as a rule aim at the highest type of practice have, for want of encouragement, lost some of their strenuousness of endeavour. Consequently, the amount of striking accomplishment available for exhibition purposes has been greatly reduced, and the selection has had to be made from very moderate material. Yet this exhibition is larger than the one last year; it contains a hundred and fifty

more examples of various kinds of art production, and occupies even more completely the space at the disposal of the hanging committee. It follows, naturally, that the average of interest is needlessly low. So great a mass of moderate work could not fail to depreciate the value of the show, and to make it seem rather unpleasantly aimless.

Perhaps the best way of summing up the characteristics of this gathering of nearly nineteen hundred pictures, drawings, and pieces of sculpture is to say that it proves how capably the artists of the present day can execute works not worth doing. There is no lack of good drawing, of clever brushwork, and of general efficiency in craftsmanship; there is ample evidence, indeed, that the art schools have been very successful during the last few years in turning out painters who have a correct understanding of technical processes; but unless the Academy is to be regarded merely as a place for the display of school exercises, this completeness of mechanism does not quite justify the exhibition. Some signs of intelligence, of perception that technique is only a means to an end, would be very welcome; and anything like a marked tendency to avoid the track which has been beaten hard by generations of plodders would be really refreshing. Unfortunately, the most careful search does not reveal many hidden beauties in the show. The little that is excellent in it can be discovered almost at a glance, and the mass that is not good enough for particular praise nor bad enough for serious condemnation does not become any more exhilarating on closer acquaintance. Anyhow, it may be conceded that there are not many absolutely incompetent performances which excite ridicule by their want of even a rudimentary perception of artistic principles, and those there are come almost exclusively from certain members of the Academy who have outlived their faculties. More failures, however, might be permitted if there were more striking successes at the head



"God rest ye merry, Gentlemen; Let nothing you dismay!" (p. 168).

By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.



Lewis Waller, Esq., as Monsieur Beaucaire (p. 168).

By the Hon. John Collier.

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of the list; it is the dead level of complacent mediocrity that is so monotonous.

The point most worth noting is that the works which are for one reason or another important enough to mention specially are very evenly distributed through the different classes of production. In past years figure pictures, portraits, and landscapes have dominated the show in turn, and have given it its special reason for being remembered. But this season there is no want of proper balance—a sufficient number of painters may claim to have distinguished themselves in each section; and the sculpture is, as usual, thoroughly convincing. Therefore, anyone who goes to Burlington House with the intention of picking out the scanty plums in a rather large and heavy pudding will not find that he is committed to study only one of the many phases which Art can assume. He will be able to amuse himself with a kind of miniature Academy, including all forms of expression; and though he will probably regret that circumstances should have made it so very much a miniature, he will feel some degree of satisfaction that he is not forced against his will to specialise in only one line.

It is hardly worth while, as the number of pictures which have claims to be called great is so small this year, to try to classify those that are in any degree memorable. Some deserve places in a very limited and select first rank, others can be given honourable positions a degree lower down, and the rest, which are just good enough to be mentioned as above the average, ought to be gathered together into a third class, where all sorts and conditions of minor achievement would keep one another in countenance. But the simplest way of reviewing the show will be to take the rooms in succession, and to note which are the works in each one that have the requisite amount of merit. By such a manner of summing up the points of interest can best be emphasised, and the necessity for very exact balancing will be avoided in the case of those productions which are just on the border line between two classes.

Things begin well in the first room. The chief picture there is Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's 'Echo and Narcissus,' the largest canvas he is exhibiting this year, and one of the best examples of imaginative art which can be found in the Academy. It is painted with a happy combination of strength and delicacy, and has in the fullest measure his peculiarly personal characteristics of manner and treatment; and it is especially fresh in colour. There is a suggestion of Mr. Waterhouse's sentiment in Mr. G. W. Joy's 'Flower of Wifely Patience' (p. 162), a very charming illustration of the story of Griselda, carried out with honest directness, and without any of those affectations of style which are apt to diminish the attractiveness of a pretty piece of fancy. Sir George Reid's portrait of 'Lord Mount Stephen' is in many ways a masterpiece, magnificently painted, and distinguished by a masculine straightforwardness of observation. It is a realistic representation of a modern man, but its realism is not commonplace, and there is no want of taste in its modernity. Another portrait with fine qualities of execution is Mr. J. J. Shannon's 'Mrs. Ansell,' remarkable especially for the expressive painting of the blue dress; and Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'Lady Aird,' with its skilful rendering of accessory details, is one of the most serious and reserved canvases which he has exhibited for some long while. Mr. G. H. Boughton's 'Miss Olive Hood' is a good example of his methods, and a study of a girl's head by Mr. A. S. Cope is surprisingly delicate and well conceived. Mr. Sargent, in his portrait of 'Lady Evelyn Cavendish,' falls short of his highest level of accomplishment; but Mr. H. de T. Glazebrook, in his seated three-quarter length of 'Mrs. Montrose Cloete,' does full justice to his unquestionable capacity. Mr. MacWhirter recalls some of his earlier successes by his landscape 'A White Queen: Strathspey' (p. 163), a graceful birch tree growing on a steep hill-side. A little landscape, 'Rosy Eve: Valley of the Exe,' by Mr. Alfred Parsons, is extremely attractive in its suggestion of a quiet evening effect; and 'An Old Monmouthshire Canal, near Abergavenny,' by Mr. E. Davies, deserves to be mentioned as a sober, honest piece of work, with sterling merits of observation and interpretation. Mr. David Murray's 'June,' a strong, expressive record of a quiet riverside subject; Mr. B. W. Leader's well-composed 'Southward from Surrey's Pleasant Hills,' and Mr. W. L. Wyllie's fantastic composition, 'Peace Driving Away the Horrors of War' (p. 164), are pictures to remember; they show in each instance an eminently correct appreciation of artistic devices. The last picture to note is Mr. J. M. Swan's 'Iris,' a decoratively arranged figure study, with much

brilliancy of colour and good suggestion of movement.

In the second gallery hangs the most fascinating portrait that Mr. Shannon is showing, a small half-length of a young girl, 'Miss Dulcie Laurence-Smith.' It is exquisite in its youthful grace and in the charm with which the tenderly modelled face is realised; and there is very unusual skill in the broad handling of the accessories throughout. A picture which shows such technical power, and at the same time such subtlety and tenderness, is an achievement possible only to an artist of extraordinary ability. Another canvas by Mr. Shannon hangs close by, a group of 'Mrs. Lazarus and Daughter'; it is a little too restless, but it is pleasant in colour. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's portrait of 'H. J. Levy, Esq.' is ugly, but amazingly powerful; and Mr. Watson Nicol's full-length of the German Emperor can be accepted as a good example of the official picture. The vivacity and strength of Mr. C. Napier Hemy's sea-piece, yachts rounding a buoy in a rough sea, can by no means be denied.



The Message (p. 174).

By T. C. Gotch.

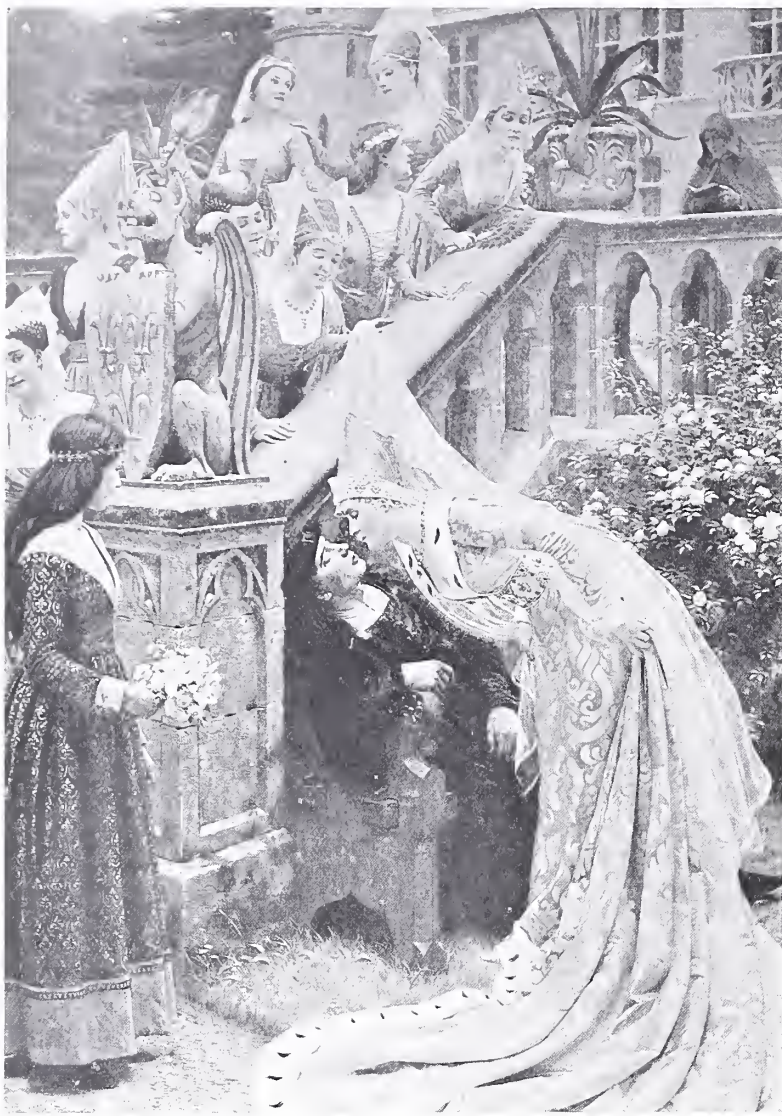
There is a strenuousness in the whole thing which claims recognition; and the coarseness of brushwork can be forgiven in consideration of the knowledge of Nature which the artist reveals. Mr. George Clausen's 'Dusk' (p. 161), a corner of a rickyard painted in the gathering gloom of twilight, shows well his romantic tendency and his liking for pastoral simplicity; and Mr. Arnesby Brown's 'The Coming Day,' another pastoral, with the sun rising in the mist which hangs over a stretch of flat, marshy meadows, breathes the very spirit of rural life. By way of contrast to these poetic adaptations of everyday facts, Mr. J. M.

Swan's fanciful composition, 'The Cascade,' may be selected. It is much smaller than his 'Iris' in the other room, but it represents better the personal quality of his art, and it has a greater share of those executive beauties which have earned for his pictorial work the approval of all people of cultivated taste. M. Thaulow's 'River in Normandy,' a satisfactory example of his clever work; Mr. H. H.



The Bath of Diana (p. 170).

By Niels M. Lund.



Alain Chartier (p. 174).

By E. Blair Leighton.

La Thangue's brilliantly sunny 'Provençal Winter'; and 'The Village Politician,' a breezy landscape with figures, by Mr. James Charles, are all worthy of praise; and there are two little *genre* pictures, 'A Romance' and 'Hiding,' which represent adequately one of the most recently elected Associates, Mr. J. H. F. Bacon. There is humour of a quiet sort, and some sense of character, in 'God rest ye merry, Gentlemen' (p. 165), by Mr. Seymour Lucas. Sir E. A. Waterlow's diploma picture, 'The Banks of the Loing,' is graceful in composition and very agreeable in its refinement of colour—a landscape, indeed, which is stamped with the most pleasant characteristics of his always scholarly practice. Lady Alma-Tadema's 'The First-Born'; Miss Kemp-Welch's 'Sons of the City'; Sir J. D. Linton's 'Rich Gifts wax Poor when Givers prove Unkind'; Mr. G. A. Storey's 'Olivia'; and 'Round the Camp Fire,' a vigorous light and shade study by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, are also to be found here.

The large room, the worst lighted in Burlington House, usually contains what the hanging committee consider the most noteworthy pictures. Among those which now fill it are certainly some of the best in the exhibition. The centre of the end wall is occupied by a large but not very successful portrait group, 'Mrs.

Reynolds and her Daughter Leila,' by Mr. Luke Fildes, on either side of which hang two very important landscapes—Mr. David Murray's 'In the Country of Constable,' purchased by the Chantry Fund Trustees, and Sir E. A. Waterlow's 'Warkworth Castle, Northumberland.' Mr. Murray's picture is an admirable transcription of a piece of pretty river valley scenery, painted quietly and unaffectedly, and with much delicacy of aerial colour. Sir E. A. Waterlow, in his 'Warkworth Castle,' has aimed at a stronger effect, and has chosen a more rugged subject; he certainly succeeds in giving a more than usually convincing proof of his powers as a student of Nature. Above these landscapes are two clever sea-paintings by Mr. A. J. Black, 'Haul the Boat A-heave'—fishermen pulling a boat up a slipway out of the reach of an angry sea—and 'Youth's High Tide'—boys bathing among breaking waves. In the post of honour on the north wall is Sir E. J. Poynter's 'The Cave of the Storm Nymphs,' a larger version of the little composition which he exhibited last year. It has both the merits and the faults of his work—sound drawing, careful modelling, and agreeable line arrangement, combined with weakness of brushwork, opacity of tone, and dull monotony of colour. There is more learning than inspiration in the picture; it is laborious and strangely lacking in spontaneity. Close to it are placed Professor von Herkomer's 'Sir Herman N. Weber, M.D.,' a fine study of a strongly modelled and deeply lined face, alert and vigorous despite advancing years, and Mr. Sargent's 'Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain,' a portrait painted with some degree of the artist's usual brilliancy, but deficient in charm and subtlety of character. Mr. Marcus

Stone's 'His Ship in Sight'—a pretty girl standing on a cliff watching the ship which brings her lover back to her—is juxtaposed with Mr. Tuke's not very successful picture, 'The Stowaway' (p. 172); and in the corner is Mr. Joseph Farquharson's best picture, a sunset over snow—'The Shortening Winter's Day is Near a Close.'

On either side of the door are placed Mr. G. H. Boughton's 'Imogen' (p. 170) and Mr. Briton Riviere's 'The Rev. Nevison Loraine and his Lurcher, "Sirdar"' (p. 171). Mr. Boughton, deserting for once his dainty fantasies, has painted a Shakespearean scene with much vigour of expression. There is undoubted power in the brushwork, and the landscape background is delightfully suggested, but the figure is less graceful than the generality of those which this admirable artist has painted during recent years. He is more at home with purely imaginative designs than with those which illustrate a written story. Mr. Riviere's portrait is dignified and sincere, and the dog, of course, is drawn with consummate skill. Above Mr. Leader's 'Sunset after Rain,' which is placed as a pendant to Mr. Farquharson's winter scene in the other corner, is the Hon. John Collier's 'Lewis Waller, Esq., in the Character of "Monsieur Beaucaire"' (p. 166), a life-size, full-length portrait of the well-known actor. It is a very fortunate



River Blossoms (p. 179).
By David Murray, A.R.A.



Imogen (p. 168).

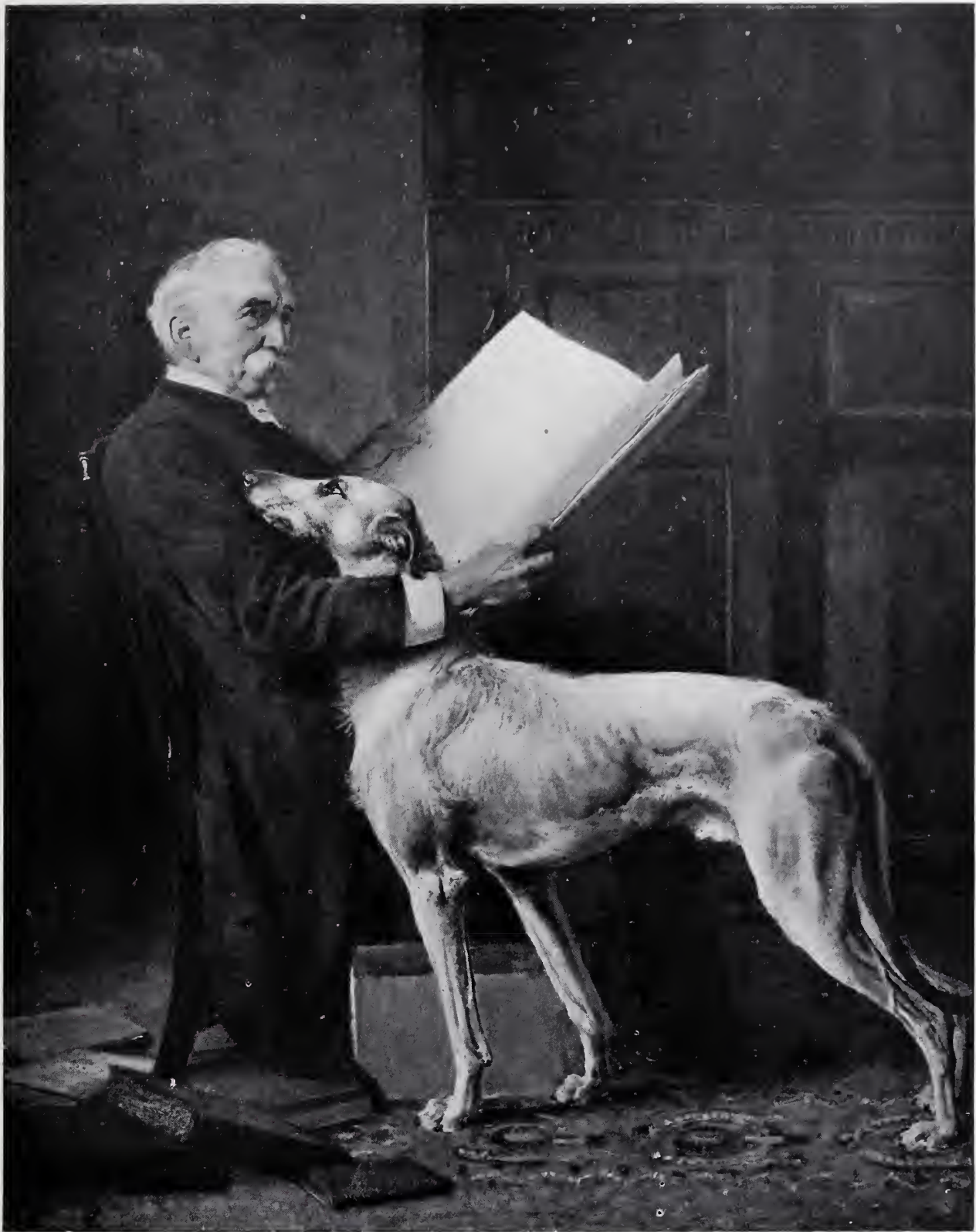
By George H. Boughton, R.A.

likeness, and has considerable pictorial merit. Mr. Niels M. Lund, an artist who has painted many pictures which deserve to be remembered, is at his best and strongest in 'The Bath of Diana' (p. 167). The centre of the south wall has been given to a tiny canvas, 'Silver Favourites,' by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, which is so like many of his other arrangements of classically draped figures and gleaming white marble that it hardly calls for description. On either side of it are two of Mr. Waterhouse's most entrancing fancies, 'Psyche Opening the Golden Box,' and 'Windflowers.' The first, a slight girlish figure draped in a robe of pale rose pink, the colour of which is relieved against a background of rocks and tree stems, is almost inexplicably attractive. Gentle, subdued and tender, as the picture is, it asserts itself instantly as a work of extraordinary power, and holds the attention by its rare beauty of feeling. The 'Windflowers' is equally convincing, though it tells no story of any kind. It is simply a study of a girl in a rich pastoral landscape, who walks in draperies of purple and white over a stretch of green grass spangled with white and purple flowers. The steady ripening of the artist's powers has never been better demonstrated. Mr. E. A. Abbey's 'Pot-pourri' is rather disappointing; it has originality and brightness of colour, but it is none too strong in treatment. Mr. C. W. Furse's 'Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford,' a robust figure set against a background of unaccountable rigging, is a portrait to remember; and among the other memorable

works in this part of the show are Mr. R. Jack's 'Woman in Yellow,' Mr. Frank Bramley's 'A. S. Leslie Melville, Esq.'; Mr. J. Walter West's 'The Miniature'; Mr. Bernard Partridge's 'In the Creek'; 'A Pear Orchard,' by Mr. Alfred Parsons; 'Rediviva,' a costume study by Mr. E. J. Gregory; 'Mrs. Henri Riviere,' a portrait by Mr. J. J. Shannon; 'In the Smuggler's Mist,' by Mr. R. W. Macbeth; and a well-designed full-length of a lady in a white dress, by Mr. F. Markham Skipworth. Mr. W. Westley Manning's landscape, 'The Golden Hour,' is also entitled to praise.

The most popular painting in the next room is Mr. J. H. F. Bacon's Coronation subject, 'The Homage Giving: Westminster Abbey, August 9th.' It represents the moment in the ceremony when the aged Archbishop knelt to kiss the King's hand; and it may be accounted a really remarkable triumph over almost insurmountable pictorial difficulties. Mr. Bacon paints pictures of this type with astonishing skill. Mr. Melton Fisher's pretty group, 'The Chess Players,' is delightfully vivacious in colour, and is distinguished by all his accustomed freshness of brushwork and delicacy of tone gradation. A large open air subject, 'The Nomads,' by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, also deserves consideration. It deals with an incident in gipsy life, and is a very telling rendering of a picturesque motive. In manner and technical character it is a very good example of the sturdy realism which Mr. Forbes affects; it shows the best side of his practice and does credit to his powers of observation. A more delicate and fanciful kind of realism is displayed by Mr.

Charles Sims in his 'Water Babies,' a young woman and some young children playing on a beach in brilliant summer sunlight. This little picture is full of the shimmer and glare of the sun, and is painted with astonishing vigour. It is one of the most expressive works of its type which the exhibition contains. Mr. Peter Graham's 'Washed by the Restless Waves' is an example of his habitual convention, and plays on his accustomed theme of black rocks, green sea, and grey gulls; it is neither better nor worse than a score of other pictures in which he has used the same materials. The finest record of Nature in this room is Mr. Alfred East's 'Tintern, in the Valley of the Wye,' an upright landscape designed with admirable decorative elegance, and carried out in a scheme of golden colour. It emphasises strongly Mr. East's claim to be ranked among the most thoughtful stylists of our modern school. The sense of balance and adjustment, of harmony and contrast, and of the relation of mass to mass and tone to tone, which it reveals throughout, is a rare possession, and one which cannot be too assiduously cultivated. It can be seen, though it is less dramatically expressed, in the small picture, 'Autumn in the Mountains,' by Mr. Adrian Stokes, which is another of the Chantrey Fund purchases. 'The Surrender of Donnington Castle' illustrates very fairly the way in which Mr. Ernest Crofts treats the battle subjects he finds in old



The Rev. Nevison Loraine and His Lurcher, "Sirdar" (p. 168).

By Briton Riviere, R.A.



The Stowaway (p. 168).

By Henry S. Tuke, A.R.A.

records. It is a credible piece of story-telling, and probably reproduces the incident very much as it came about on April 1st, 1646. Several portraits of marked excellence are hung here. There are Mr. Sargent's 'Mrs. Julius Wernher,' in a pretty costume of lilac and blue; Mr. Mouat Loudan's ably-painted group, 'Mrs. Cameron and Daughter'; Mr. Shannon's full-length of 'George Francis Augustus, Lord Vernon' in the costume of the King's pages at the Coronation; Professor von Herkomer's vigorous study of 'Felix O. Schuster, Esq.,' and Mr. Boughton's group of 'The Children of S. Sinauer de Stein, Esq.'

The most striking canvases in the fifth gallery are Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'Leaf Drift' and Mr. La Thangue's 'Mowing Bracken.' Mr. Hacker has painted an autumn allegory, three nude female figures lying on the ground and half covered by drifted masses of dead beech leaves. As a fancy the picture is very ingenious, and as a colour arrangement of pale flesh tones and warm copper brown it is remarkably well contrived. Mr. La Thangue's 'Mowing Bracken' lacks none of his customary largeness of touch. It is merely a study of a piece of rough common-land, with a boy cutting down the half dead fern; but it is made important by the strength with which the simple motive is realised, and by the way in which a brilliant effect of warm evening light has been used to enhance the colour and to give force to the contrasts of tone. Miss Kemp-

Welch also has painted an effect of lighting in her large picture, 'The Village Street' (p. 176), a twilight subject with figures and animals seen dimly through the gathering shadows. Mr. Tuke, in 'Noonday Heat,' has gone to the opposite extreme, and has chosen the glare of the brightest sunlight, which takes out all varieties of modelling and leaves everything flat and colourless. His canvas is delicate and inclines rather to weakness of expression. Mr. R. W. Allan's 'Sailing into Port' is one of his usual records of the life of our northern coasts; it is a pretty note of grey-green sea and grey sky, and is agreeably subtle in atmospheric quality. It makes a curious contrast with the vehemently coloured and dazzling sea-piece, 'Homeward Bound,' by Mr. Thomas Somerscales; or with the more roughly handled picture, also called 'Homeward Bound,' by Mr. Edwin Hayes. Mr. Yeend King is as vivid and uncompromising as ever in his rural landscape with figures, 'The Home Croft,' an honest, straightforward performance that is too intelligently executed to be called commonplace. There is imagination, fantastic and unrestrained, in Mr. Albert Goodwin's 'The Gate of the Inferno'; and there is breezy freedom, verging on incoherence, in Mr. Mark Fisher's 'Hampshire Village.' Among other pictures to note are 'Played Out,' a gaming saloon, brightly lighted and crowded with figures, painted by Mr. Talbot Hughes; 'The Gleaners,' a colour note by Mr. Edward Stott;



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*A Birch-Clad Hill and Shallow Stream (p. 176).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.*



The Castle of Cœur de Lion (Château Gaillard) (p. 179).

By Alfred East, A.R.A.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie's 'June 1st, 1902: Peace Proclaimed,' and Mr. E. Blair Leighton's 'Alain Chartier' (p. 168), a primly painted bright-coloured scene from the life of the Middle Ages. It is an adequate example of this painter's work and has some elements of popularity.

There are not many noteworthy pictures in the next room; the best is 'A Love Story,' by Mr. E. Phillips Fox. This has, however, the fault of being rather too large for its subject—a girl in a white dress lying, with a book in her hands, in a hammock under some trees. Its greatest merit is that it records with unusual sensitiveness very tender gradations of half-tone, and that, although it is pitched in a high key, it is neither flat nor weak in modelling. As an exercise in refinements of light and shade it is distinctly to be commended, and its colour scheme, of cool grey and green, with accents of golden yellow, is pleasantly harmonious. Miss Kemp-Welch's 'The Incoming Tide,' a cove among some rocks, with sea-gulls hovering over a dark blue-green sea, is something of a departure from her usual direction, but it is not to be ignored on that account. It is a good piece of work, strongly handled and full of vitality. Mr. Coutts Michie's pastoral, 'Home from the Hills,' a shepherd driving his flock through a quiet lane, is the only contribution of an artist who has made a high reputation by both his landscapes and his portraits. In this example he shows indisputably how thoroughly he is imbued with the romantic idea, and

how deeply he is impressed by Nature's noblest suggestions; and he proves himself also a skilful manipulator and a fine colourist. Mr. MacWhirter's 'Scotch Firs, Rothiemurchus,' is less an exhibition picture than a sketch on a large scale, but within its limits it is not unsuccessful. Three good portraits can be selected for attention, 'The Earl of Leitrim,' by Mr. G. Spencer Watson; 'Mrs. O. Maxwell Ayrton,' by Mr. Arthur Hacker; and 'Gertrude, Daughter of Ellis Denby, Esq.,' by Mr. Ralph Peacock; and there is forcible character in the three-quarter-length of Lieut.-Colonel Horace Manders, V.D., M.D., F.R.C.S., by Mrs. Jopling. Mr. Percy Buckman's 'A Half-Holiday' is a pleasant decorative landscape, and Mr. F. Stead's 'Will-o'-the-Wisp' comes within little of a real success. A circular composition, 'The Message' (p. 167), by Mr. T. C. Gotch, is an interesting illustration of the partly decorative and partly pictorial method which he has followed of late years. It is smaller and less elaborate than his 'Holy Motherhood' in 1902, but has all his usual characteristics of sentiment and design.

Gallery number seven contains one of the most admirable landscapes which can be found in any of the exhibitions this spring—Mr. J. Aumonier's 'Herefordshire Common.' It is in every sense of the word a great picture, great in its monumental simplicity of composition, its breadth of atmosphere, its rich splendour of colour, and its confident and appropriate

brushwork. Mr. Aumonier has long ranked among the ablest of living landscape painters, but he has never before reached quite so commanding a level of achievement. A debt of gratitude is due to him for having made such an effort in a year as dull as this; he has helped appreciably to give the 1903 Academy a reason for being remembered. Mr. Joseph Farquharson's 'Dawn' and 'O'er Summer Seas' suffer from their juxtaposition with Mr. Aumonier's work, but neither of them is as good as the snow picture by which Mr. Farquharson is represented in the large room. Nor does Mr. Julius Olsson's sea-piece, 'The White Squall,' quite hold its own, though it is really a very passable record of a fine atmospheric effect. There is, however, a certain baldness in the painter's method which spoils what would have been otherwise a most praiseworthy attempt. Perhaps the largest measure of popularity will be accorded to the large picture by the Hon. John Collier, 'The Prodigal Daughter,' in which he has presented a scene from some drama in modern life. The setting of his scene is plainly suburban and middle-class, a commonplace, shabby-genteel room in which the prodigal daughter, dressed in showy finery, seems strangely out of place. Mr. Collier has not, however, depended simply upon the assestion of everyday facts to give interest to his work; he has made the subject an excuse for painting an admirable effect of artificial light and for securing clever differentiation in types of human character. The picture is a curious commentary on heredity; it seems almost impossible that such a type of

woman as the daughter who has gone defiantly her own way, could have sprung from surroundings so conventional and narrowly respectable. The artist, indeed, suggests a problem which offers scope for wide discussion. Mr. Byam Shaw's usual allegories have given place this year to a piece of pure comedy. He has chosen for his picture 'The Fool who would Please Every Man,' an incident from a fable of Æsop's, and has carried it out with delightful humour. Such a composition reveals a new side of his capacity, and proves him to be as fit to deal with amusing trifles as with serious abstractions. It is good to see that he has no intention of becoming a man of limited range; such abilities as he unquestionably possesses cannot be too broadly exercised. The large portrait group of 'The Daughters of Sir A. Hickman, Bart., M.P.,' by Mr. A. S. Cope, is fairly good; but there is more attractive quality in Mr. W. Llewellyn's charming three-quarter length of 'Mrs. Arthur Blomfield,' a vivacious and elegant picture. Another well-painted portrait, Mr. W. Lee Hankey's 'Miss Agatha Thynne,' should be mentioned. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes is not quite at her best in her decorative landscape with figures, 'On a Fine Day,' and Lady Butler scarcely keeps up her reputation with her picture of a South African incident, 'Within Sound of the Guns'; and Mr. H. S. Tuke's 'Mrs. Heldmann' is a surprising failure for so clever a painter. The last picture here to claim attention is Sir Harry Johnston's amazingly minute and closely realised 'Marabou Storks.' It is like a diagram from a natural history primer in its precise accuracy, and yet it has some amount of pictorial effect.



The Pool (p. 177).

By Arnesby Brown, A.R.A.



The Village Street (p. 172).

By Lucy Kemp-Welch.

Mr. Alfred East, Mr. C. W. Furse, Professor von Herkomer, Mr. Sargent, and Mr. David Murray are the most prominent of the exhibitors in the eighth room. Mr. Sargent's 'G. McCorquodale, Esq.,' is, in many respects, the most satisfactory of the half-dozen canvases which he has sent to the Academy. It is freer in manner and more significant in expression than most of his other contributions, and it certainly has more definition of character. His other portrait of 'The Earl of Cromer' is not so distinguished technically, but is at least an honest study of a sturdy personality. Professor von Herkomer's sketch of 'Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, C.B.,' in his campaigning uniform, suggests well the soldierly alertness of his sitter, and is painted with readiness and incisive strength. Mr. David Murray's landscape, 'The Orwell, from Wolverstone Park, Suffolk,' contrasts curiously with his 'In the Country of Constable' in the large room. Instead of the unsophisticated graces of a quiet rural scene, he has painted here the studied formality of a pleasure ground with its terraces and carefully laid-out slopes, and its rows of magnificent old trees arranged in accordance with the rules of studied landscape gardening. Pictorially the result is extremely good; and in executive resource the picture is one of the most memorable in the long series of Mr. Murray's works. Mr. C. E. Johnson's Scotch landscape, 'The Home of the Red Deer'; Mr. C. Napier Hemy's 'Sea-gulls'; and Mr. F. F. Foottet's 'Cloud, Mountain, and Stream' are marked by definite individuality; and Mr. Leader's 'Birch-clad Hill and Shallow Stream' (p. 173) represents him agreeably. There is, however, far more to attract the sincere art lover in Mr. East's 'Morning in a Berkshire

Meadow' and 'The Turn of the Road.' Both are arrangements of silvery greys, exquisitely modulated, and harmonised with perfect taste. The 'Berkshire Meadow' is the more fascinating of the two, a typical English scene, rich and luxuriant, and yet fairy-like in its delicacy of colour and its aerial subtlety. It is suffused with half-veiled sunlight shining through misty clouds, so that there is hardly a shadow in the whole landscape. 'The Turn of the Road' is a bit of a French village, and is stronger, more plainly defined, and more forcibly painted. Though it is not so tenderly persuasive, it is a canvas which cannot fail to arrest attention by the masculine control of craftsmanship displayed in every detail of the execution. Mr. C. W. Furse's portrait group, 'The Return from the Ride,' is a splendid performance by an artist who does extraordinarily able things at irregular intervals. It is a far more ambitious effort than his portrait of Lord Charles Beresford, and a much greater success. The opportunity of working on a large scale seems to have inspired him, and to have given him an amazing grip of his subject. Mr. W. Llewellyn's 'Gold Fish'—two young girls bending over a bowl of fish—confirms the impression, made by his portrait at the New Gallery, that he is one of the best of our painters of children. Mrs. Jopling's little picture of a seamstress at work—'Hark! Hark! the Lark at Heaven's Gate Sings'—Mr. G. A. Storey's 'Bianca' (p. 177), a study of a pretty face; Mr. Clausen's 'Haymakers,' and the portrait of 'Mrs. Otter,' by Mr. Fred Yates, must not be overlooked.

The next room has for a long time past been reserved for pictures of small size. This unwritten law has, however, been broken this year, and some larger canvases

have been introduced among the little things. There is Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'One of our Conquerors,' a three-quarter length portrait-study of a pretty girl in a gauzy white dress; there is an amazingly precise and Holbeinesque picture, 'Life's Frailty,' by M. T. Lybaert; and there are two brilliant exercises in strong colour and vivid illumination by Mr. La Thangue, 'At a Provençal Spring,' and 'The Violets of Provence.' On the same wall as these hang two of Mr. Arnesby Brown's sturdy pastorals, 'Between the Showers,' and 'The Pool' (p. 175), fine examples of broad brushwork; and with them is a very capable



Bianca (p. 176).

By G. A. Storey, A.R.A.

winter subject, 'A Warm Corner,' by Mr. Claude Hayes. 'Harvesting,' a joint production by Mr. Byam Shaw and Mr. R. Vicat Cole, and 'Evening's Twilight,' by Mr. J. E. Grace, are landscapes of some importance; Mr. J. Young Hunter's early Victorian picture of a woman singing, 'The Nightingale,' is carefully wrought; Miss Fortescue-Brickdale's decorative fantasy, 'Rosa-mond,' is an interesting attempt to bring violent colours into right agreement; and Sir E. J. Poynter's two studies of a cave at Tintagel, preliminaries presumably for his 'Storm Nymphs' picture, are astonishingly laborious and microscopic in



Winter (p. 179).

By David Farquharson.



Portrait of my Wife (p. 179).

By C. Goldsborough Anderson.

their observation of even the most apparently trivial details. An unequal, but in some respects an extremely successful, canvas by Mr. Edward Stott is to be found in this room. Although it has a fanciful title, 'Echo,' it is really a careful note of a bit of rolling chalk down, with one of the small, artificial watering pools, so common in a chalk district, introduced in the foreground. Its great charm comes from the way in which the little modellings and inequalities in the surface of the down are suggested, and from the use which the artist has made of the warm tones of twilight to give mystery to the rather bald forms of his landscape. The title refers to a couple of nude female figures placed beside the circular pool in the foreground; one of them is shouting to raise the echoes of the hill beyond. These figures are, however, unnecessary in the composition, and are out of keeping with the real romance of the picture. As startling contrasts to Mr. Stott's reserve, the sunny study, 'The Hay-Cart' (see plate), by Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and the hard, glittering Venetian subject, 'A Net Maker,' by Mr. Henry Woods, may be noted. Mr. Clausen shows a

clever twilight picture, 'The Village at Night;' and praise may also be given to Mr. Markham Skipworth's 'Satisfaction,' a pretty girl trying on a new hat, and to Mr. R. W. Macbeth's 'Cupid's Mesh.'

The first attractive picture in the tenth room is Mr. Mouat Loudan's purely decorative composition of two girls in gaily-patterned brocade dresses seated in the foreground of a formal landscape. There is an eminently pleasing old-world flavour about this cleverly painted canvas; it has both grace and dignity, and its style, though not absolutely original, is based intelligently upon good authorities. Mr. Loudan is an artist who is not content to follow the beaten track, and even his less fortunate essays have much to recommend them. In this one, however, there is no need for reservation, the whole thing is charming. Another exceedingly memorable achievement is Mr. St. George Hare's 'Miserere, Domine!'—Christian martyrs waiting at the gate of the arena. We have few painters who could handle so strikingly such exacting problems of flesh painting, or who would have the courage to deal with the nude figure on so large a scale, and in full and searching light. Mr. Hare has frequently set himself the same sort of task, and has always justified himself; but on this occasion he has far surpassed everything that he has hitherto accomplished in a branch of practice that tests to the utmost an artist's knowledge of his craft. The portrait of 'Sir Frederick



The Sandal (p. 182).

By Hamo Thornycroft, R.A.

Falkiner, K.C., Recorder of Dublin,' one of the best portraits in the exhibition, has a pathetic interest, because the painter, Walter Osborne, died only the week before the Academy opened. The exceptional quality of this particular example of his work adds to the general regret which will be felt at his loss, for it shows that he was at the height of his powers. Mrs. Hunter's well recorded character study, 'The Road Mender,' is a picture quaintly treated and sound in execution; and the large Rembrandt-like group, 'The Rabbis,' by Mr. A. A. Wolmark, has a rugged picturesqueness which the modern men do not often try to attain. Mr. Goldsborough Anderson's portrait of his wife (p. 178) is a characteristic performance, and Mr. David Murray's 'River Blossoms' (p. 169), if not absolutely the best thing he is exhibiting this year, is certainly a thoroughly adequate record of nature. It is full of detail, but is neither fussy nor excessively elaborated; and though the subject is not ambitious, there is sufficient material with which to build up a picture of sterling interest.

That the hanging committee must have exercised a good deal of discretion in arranging the show is



Sketch for bust: My Mother (p. 180).

By Alfred Gilbert, R.A.



Cupid and Psyche (p. 182).

By Mortimer Brown.

evidenced by the way in which the pictures most worth looking at have been distributed through the various galleries. Even the last room, which has been too often before a kind of cave of refuge for doubtful things by men whom the Academy wished to tolerate but not encourage, appeals strongly to the attention of the true art lover. There are half-a-dozen works in it which are beyond dispute to be counted as features of the exhibition. One of them, Mr. David Farquharson's 'Winter' (p. 177), is worthy of a place among the few great pictures of the year. An accomplished artist he has always been, with a charming sense of colour and a true understanding of aerial subtleties; but this large canvas proves him to be able to grasp surely and with confidence the essentials of a masterpiece. The panorama which he has painted of snow-covered mountains, with a half-frozen lake at their base, is splendidly designed, and the misty, atmospheric effect, with gleams of chill sunlight breaking here and there through the clouds, is extraordinarily true. Mr. Farquharson can be sincerely congratulated on his success. Mr. J. C. Dollman also asserts himself unexpectedly as a painter with a strong imagination and remarkable powers. Hitherto he has been chiefly known as the author of amusing pictorial comedies, clever but more or less superficial; now he appears in the guise of an animal painter of the greatest ability. His 'Mowgli made Leader of the Bandar-log,' the motive for which he found in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's story, is a bewildering record of the shrewdest observation of monkey life and monkey habits, a picture stamped all over with proofs of intimate study. Sir E. A. Waterlow's 'Crossing the Heath; Suffolk,' has great merit as a perfectly unexaggerated translation of natural facts; while Mr. East's 'The Castle of Cœur de Lion' (p. 174) is not less to be commended as a notable compromise between naturalism and decorative design. Its sumptuousness of colour, its breadth of mass, and its triumphant sentiment give it the highest distinction. Mr. J. L. Pickering has found an excellent subject in 'The Peaks of Evisa, Corsica,' and has managed a complicated composition of more or less parallel lines, and a strong colour scheme, with delightful skill. The last pictures which remain to notice are Mr. W. Llewellyn's excellent portrait group, 'Vivien and Gladys, Daughters



The Springtide of Life (p. 180).

By W. R. Colton, A.R.A.

of E. R. Merton, Esq.'; Professor von Herkomer's 'Mrs. Errol Guy Turner' and 'Martin R. Smith, Esq.'; 'The Wood-cutter,' by Mr. A. J. Munnings; Mr. Yeend King's 'The Bailiff's Daughter'; and Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove's 'Unto this Last,' a pilot's funeral at Southwold.

The water-colours are for the most part of minor interest—the Academy does not often succeed in inducing the best workers in this medium to send drawings of real interest—so the gathering is, as a rule, rather dull and second-rate. It is worth noting, however, as a

somewhat unusual fact, that several of the Academicians and Associates are represented in the room this year. There are 'The Close of Day,' by Mr. W. F. Yeames; 'Hostages to Fortune' and 'Gleaning Oats,' by Mr. Lionel Smythe; 'Herbaceous Borders at Great Warley,' by Mr. Alfred Parsons; 'Three Poor Fishermen' and 'In the Track of the Trawlers,' by Mr. Napier Hemy; 'The Strangers Within the Gate,' by Professor von Herkomer; 'The Hub of the Empire,' by Mr. W. L. Wyllie; and 'A Highland Fishing Village' and 'Vesuvius,' by Sir E. J. Poynter. Professor von Herkomer's drawing is, perhaps, the most accomplished of them all—very freely handled, soundly drawn, and wonderfully effective in its gay and luminous colour. Mr. Lionel Smythe shows to advantage his delicate but sparkling technique; Mr. Parsons is brilliantly precise in his garden subject; and Mr. Hemy's marines are unusually free from the coarseness of handling which is apt at times to detract from the quality of his otherwise admirable work. Sir E. J. Poynter's 'Vesuvius' is one of those minute landscapes which he apparently does every now and then in his spare moments. It has no claim to be called great, but its absence of spontaneity is to some extent made up for by its careful realisation of detail. Among the other drawings which can be singled out are 'The Avon at Breamore,' by Mr. H. L. Norris; 'Newbury Bridge,' by Mr. A. G. Bell; 'Palace Doorway, Venice,' by Mr. D. Y. Cameron; 'In the Courtyard of the Ducal Palace, Venice,' by Mr. Reginald Barratt; 'Walterswick Church, Suffolk,' and 'Founders' Tower and Cloisters, Magdalen College, Oxford,' by Mr. R. Phené Spiers; 'Etna from Agradina,' by Mr. Wilfred Ball; and 'Off to the Fishing Ground,' by Mr. J. R. Bagshawe. There are some good miniatures by Mrs. Emslie, Mrs. Byam Shaw, Mrs. Llewellyn, and Miss W. H. Thomson.

Although sculpture has by no means a fair chance at Burlington House, and suffers greatly from the bad lighting and inconvenient arrangement of the rooms in which it is exhibited, it demands more serious attention than it usually receives from the sight-seeing visitors to the Academy. There is this year a smaller number of important works and a larger proportion of busts and statuettes than there were in 1902. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, who was unrepresented in the exhibition

last spring, makes a welcome reappearance. His bust of his mother is an astonishing piece of free, expressive modelling, a study full of frank power and ready observation. A small sketch for it is reproduced on p. 179. The marble group, 'The Springtide of Life' (p. 180), by Mr. W. R. Colton, and the statue, 'Remorse,' by Mr. H. H. Armstead, both of which have been bought by the Chantrey Fund Trustees, are sound examples of sincere craftsmanship, not specially inspired, perhaps, but certainly able in execution. Mr. Frampton's bronze



*Part of a Memorial to a Hero: "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven" (p. 180).
By George Frampton, R.A.*



The late Sir William MacCormac, Bart., K.C.B. (p. 182).

By Alfred Drury, A.R.A.

relief (p. 181), which is to form part of a memorial to a hero, is an admirable design, fine in line arrangement, and distinguished by that rare sense of style which makes everything he does memorable in the highest degree. His large marble bust of Chaucer, destined for the Guildhall, is a fortunate creation, and his bronze bust of 'William Strang' has amazing vitality and force of character. The group, 'The Truth-Seeker,' by Mr. Bertram Mackennal, is an important undertaking carried out with manly vigour, and Mr. Albert Toft's bronze statue, 'The Spirit of Contemplation,' is graceful and yet forcible. Among the best busts must be counted Mr. Goscombe John's 'The Late Prince Christian Victor' and 'Sir John Williams, Bart., M.D.'; Mr. Drury's 'His Majesty King Edward VII.' and 'The Late Sir William MacCormac, Bart., K.C.B.' (p. 182), Mr. Henry Pegram's 'The Late Rt. Hon. Cecil Rhodes,' Mr. Brock's 'Contemplation,' and Mr. F. Derwent Wood's 'Lady Mary Sackville'; and among the statuettes 'William Ewart Gladstone,' and a graceful little bronze figure, 'The Sandal' (p. 178), by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft; 'The Slinger,' by Mr. Basil Gotto; 'A Figure for a Fountain,' by Mr. F. Derwent Wood, and the marvellous group in bronze and other metals, 'Love's Crown,' by Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens. A 'Cupid and Psyche' (p. 179), in low relief, by Mr. Mortimer Brown, claims a word of praise. There is also 'The Child of the Sea—a Phantasy in Copper and Enamel, by Professor von Herkomer, a new departure in art practice, and one which shows in an attractive fashion the artist's extraordinary ingenuity and versatility.

A. L. BALDRY.

The New Gallery Exhibition of 1903.

THE sixteenth Summer Exhibition at the New Gallery contains 384 pictures and drawings, against 309 a year ago. Happily, pieces of sculpture, miniatures, examples of gold and silver work, enamels, jewellery, etc., are again to be found in the Central Hall, which, with the balcony, was in 1902 devoted to the display of a number of Japanese objects. Foremost among the absentees is Mr. Sargent. Mr. Frank Brangwyn fails to contribute, so does Mr. Mark Fisher, and, to the picture section, Fernand Khnopff. If a generalisation be permissible, the Exhibition, taken all in all, does not rise above the general level; the impression is that of a show containing many works capably executed, a few—some of them prominently hung—technically inefficient, imaginatively void, three or four genuine achievements. One swallow does not make a summer, even a summer heralded in so wintry a fashion on the private-view day in Regent Street; yet three or four notable pictures suffice, perhaps, to give *raison d'être* to a New Gallery Exhibition.

Not alone the most remarkable portrait in the present show, but one of the most astonishing "performances" in paint for long seen in this country, is No. 271. It, and it alone in its kind, serves to compensate for the absence of Mr. Sargent. Visitors have no need to refer to the catalogue, for each recognises Mr. James

McNeil Whistler—nervous, alert almost to the point of feverishness, half-disdainful and altogether amazing. The picture, dated 1897, and exhibited at the Salon, is from the brush of M. Jean Boldini, born in Italy, but a Parisian by virtue of long residence. Not every artist would dare to portray Mr. Whistler. M. Boldini's courage has been rewarded. He has been moved to a vehemence that sweeps all before it; he is brilliantly epigrammatic. It is difficult to conceive of dexterity, concision, audacity of a kind, being carried farther; we are borne along at express speed. M. Boldini, with the *finesse* which characterises the butterfly, symbol of his sitter, verges on the domain of the caricaturist, which yet he avoids; the swirl of his brushwork—observe the restlessness of the floor—is almost baffling, but there is a point of repose; the sincerities are assailed but not violated; the picture is a challenge. There is but one note of positive colour: the red button, indicative of French honour accorded to Mr. Whistler. The chair is grey, the background brownish; for the rest, all is black and white. The mass of dark curls which stray low over the fine forehead are tumultuous; the moustache is fierce; the pose, we feel assured, is as true as it is fitting. Two details should be carefully noted: the splendidly rendered eyeglass, held without effort in the right eye, and the top hat. I can recall no such triumphantly

pictorialised silk hat as this, the deep band preventing over-obtrusiveness of sheeny surfaces. It serves at once as the point of rest, of suavity, of graciousness. Remove all Mr. Whistler's own accomplishments, and we should still be indebted to him for thus sitting to M. Boldini; no one could have taken his place. Will any artist come forward to dispute M. Boldini's supremacy as a portraitist in this astonishing manner?

By comparison, other portraits at the New Gallery lack, at any rate, excitement. It is so pre-eminently with regard to two of the best. Every thoughtful student honours Sir George Reid. He has resolutely refused to relinquish, at command of a present-day vogue, those solid, precise and careful methods which we associate with many fine achievements of the past—Bellini's 'Doge Loredano,' for instance. If we regret that he does not give freer rein to that imaginative insight of which, particularly in some of his drawings, he has proved himself possessed, if in general his

portraits communicate an impression of the statical in human life rather than of the ebb and flow which give it enduring romance, his art indubitably stands for what is able, grave, scholarly, sincere. By the kindness of the artist we reproduce Sir George Reid's 'Tom Morris' (p. 184), which has as pendant a presentment of Mr. R. Spence Watson, again a three-quarter length, equally matter-of-fact, equally skilled.

Several of Sir George's younger fellow-countrymen contribute materially to the interest of the portrait section. Quiet, yet accomplished, the black of the dress admirably used, is Mr. John Lavery's 'Miss Idonea La Primaudaye' (see plate); his 'Spring,' akin in colour-scheme to a picture by him in the Salon at Brussels—showing a girl in white with a branch of blossoming cherry—is fresh and spontaneous, although not free from shortcomings. Mr. George Henry is a sensitive portraitist in the decorative rather than in the pre-eminently human kind: 'James W. Barclay, Esq.,'



Maternity (p. 186).

By Edward Stott.



Tom Morris (p. 183).

By Sir George Reid, R.S.A.

on a settee covered in soft green, is a fair example, 'The Hon. Mr. Justice Ridley,' in judicial robes, a poor one. Raeburn seldom concentrated light quite unforcedly on the head or face of a sitter—that is to say, the balance is seldom perfect. Mr. Robert Brough's presentation portrait of Mr. John Donald, a genial, hale old gentleman, errs in a similar way, but it has vitality. Another Scotsman, Mr. J. Coutts Michie, besides a large autumn landscape, sends a life-size presentment of 'Elsie May, daughter of Croal Thomson, Esq.'

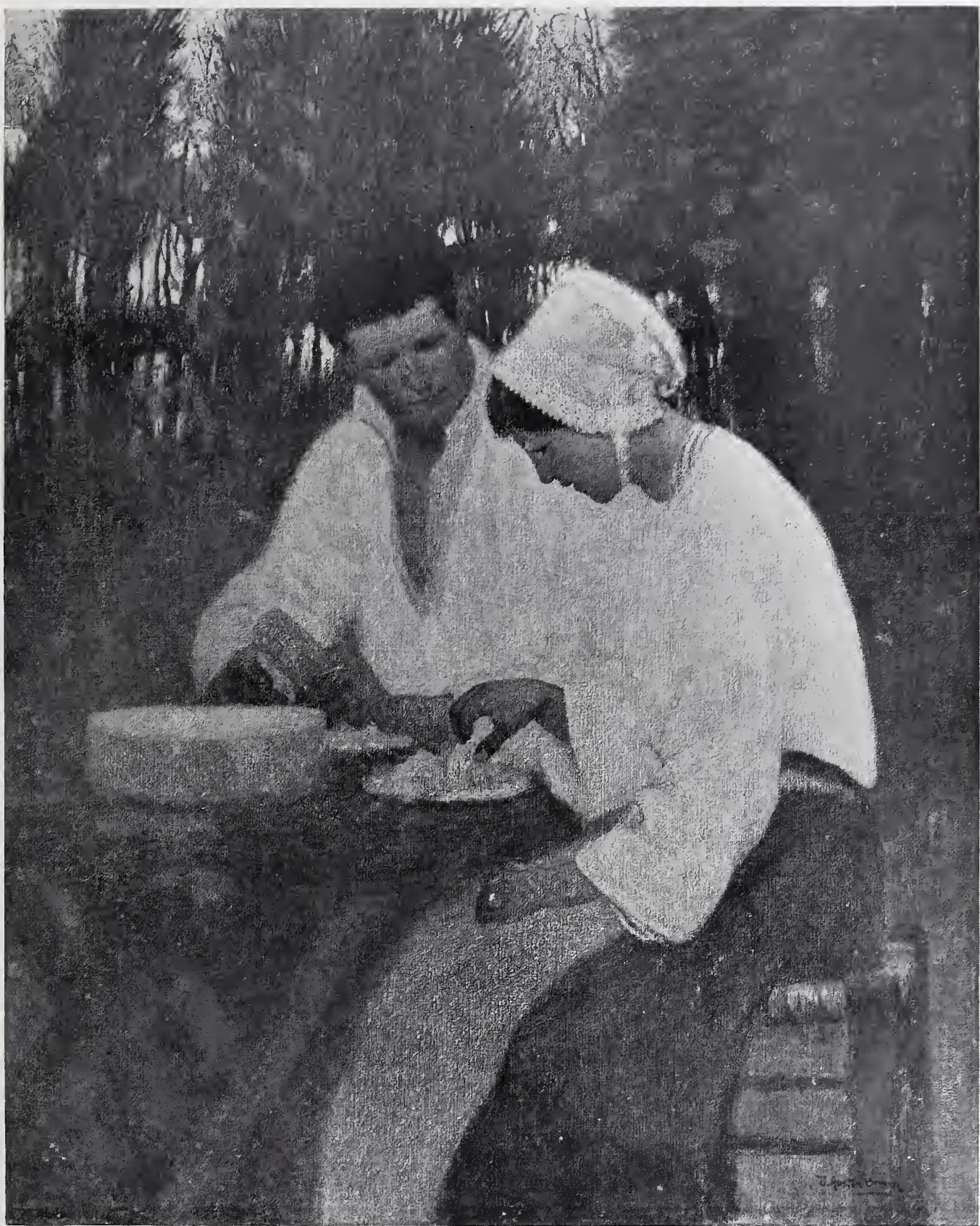
Mr. J. J. Shannon has so facile a brush, so much inventiveness, that we feel he is capable of better things than he shows at the New Gallery. The portraits of the Baron and the Baroness de Meyer, each indicative of resource, suggest how much Mr. Shannon would be the gainer could he add to his æsthetic equipment a larger proportion of that quiet thought which we find, for instance, in works by Sir George Reid. We would not have him surrender his fancy, but only aim to infuse into it more of purpose. Other prominently hung portraits include Mr. Arthur Hacker's 'Mrs. Leopold Hudson,' an essay in a manner to which we are accustomed; the Hon. John Collier's presentment of Miss Joyce Collier, seated within an oval in a cane rocking-chair—from the same hand is 'Mignon,' a spirited rendering of an

egg-dance; Mr. T. Tennyson Cole's 'Duke of Norfolk,' in his robes as first Mayor of the City of Westminster; Dr. H. Macnaughton-Jones, ex-University Professor in the Queen's University, by Mrs. Normand; and the late John F. Bentley, architect of the great Westminster Cathedral, painted by M. René Le Brun de l'Hopital.

It is fortunate for the New Gallery that Mr. Watts continues to send to the summer shows. Now for the first time his name appears in the catalogue with the well-deserved affix O.M. 'The Sower of the Systems' is one of those cosmic imaginings not easily interpreted in picture. His 'Two Paths' is to be accepted as a landscape painted for the sake of its beauty, not its intellectual or moral "message." Here is a scene nobly apprehended, nobly rendered. More emphatically decorative, with less kinship to the facts of nature, is 'The End of the Day'; but how effective here is the repetition of mound-shaped masses of foliage by quiet hills of similar contour. On the opposite wall is 'Green Summer,' wherein depth gives place to almost crudity of tone, but the upward leap of the leafless pine is not without its pictorial significance.

Among the landscapes, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's 'Evening' ranks high. The low, dark shores of the river, the solitary ship, of whose capacity to move we are not quite convinced, the grey sky, are charged with the solemnity, even, perhaps, the sadness, whence Mr. Peppercorn seldom strays. How just are the relationships, how completely subordinated to a particular mood, a particular vision, is the serene picture. As must sometimes be the case with every artist

who is not content endlessly to repeat himself—the surest method of stultifying his art—Mr. Leslie Thomson does less than succeed in his 'The Brook,' an interesting composition, but one as yet un-unified. Mr. Alfred East's 'Miller's Meadow' is spacious, for the most part dignified, but he has reserved his most idiosyncratic endeavours of the year for the Royal Academy. If decoration be carried to somewhat excessive lengths by Mr. Moffat Lindner in 'The Flowing Tide'—the patterns on the foreground sand are difficult to associate with the impulse even of quiet, shallow waters—the canvas attracts our attention. For pure light, the buoyancy with which cumulus clouds rest in a blue sky, look at Mr. William Padgett's 'Marshes, Winchelsea.' We are enabled to reproduce Mr. Alfred Withers' 'Breton Mill' (p. 186), a low-toned canvas of genuine purpose. The play of light on the white house-front, the distribution of shadow, the sincerity of the brushwork, provoke our admiration; we were better content had there been no figures, or at any rate not these figures. Among the landscapes are, too, Mr. J. Alfonso Toft's dignified 'Pershore Bridge,' a pastoral with cattle by Mr. Bertram Priestman, and the pre-Raphaelite 'Fishermen's Cottages' of Mr. Joseph Southall.



A Peasant Idyll (p. 186).

By T. Austen Brown.



A Breton Mill (p. 184).

By Alfred Withers.

Mr. T. Austen Brown sends one large picture. Undoubtedly this 'Peasant Idyll' (p. 185) is one of the remarkable works in Regent Street. The man and the woman—that they are supposed to be bride and bridegroom is not pictorially to the purpose—are eating their after-work frugal meal, of bread and salad, in the glow of a summer evening, a glow that has been accentuated for purposes of the colour-scheme. It transmutes to radiant gold the white shirt of the man, the white blouse of the woman—a mass of tone which, while forming an admirable centre, is not sufficiently differentiated into planes; it makes ruddier the sun-burnt face of the man, a fine and interpretative study, alike as to the noble head and the muscular, quiet hands, which tell of labour in the fields; it mellows the red skirt of the woman, answering notes of which are introduced as dim blooms in the background, and her yellow apron; it warms the brown of the table, vitalises the green of the bowl which stands upon it; the light, concentrated, is seen through the interstices of the scantily-leaved trees in the background. Though Mr. Austen Brown has not in this 'Peasant Idyll' compassed his aims with the same surety as in the beautiful 'Haymakers'—the woman's face does not give a sufficient sense of the round, the colour of the sky requires re-consideration, the work as a whole is not as spontaneous as we could wish—he yet succeeds in arousing our admiration.

On a smaller scale, and less ambitious, is Mr. Edward Stott's 'Maternity,' a second peasant idyll (p. 183). It is the translation of a twilight effect, twilight

which, while it pales the marigolds and the roses, does not rob of richness the clump of sweet-william to the left of the bricked pathway. The hour, the circumstances, contribute to a moment of pause in the quiet-flowing life of this cottage; and Mr. Stott pictorialises without excess this fine motive. I do not recall any group by him more tender, more true, than that of the mother, baby on knee, child at side, seated on the low wall of the garden path. 'Maternity' is a temperamental little picture; it yields pleasure.

Among the subject pictures none is more noticeable than Sir James D. Linton's 'Washing the Beggars' Feet on Maundy Thursday' (see plate). This picturesque ceremony, once widely observed—the last recorded instance of its full performance in England is in the reign of James II.—is now falling into desuetude, and it is well that we should have it perpetuated in picture by an artist who paints with so much skill and heed as Sir James Linton the sumptuous vestments of the prelates, the many-coloured marble walls of this ecclesiastical ante-chamber. From the same eminently capable brush is a 'Madonna and Child,' evidently executed under the influence of Carlo Crivelli,—the fruit overhanging the throne tells us that. Mr. Byam Shaw's 'Here we Have no Continuing City, but we Seek one to Come,' is a surprise. Temporarily, at any rate, he has abandoned pre-Raphaelite rendering of detail and use of positive colours. Mrs. Marianne Stokes' 'Melisande' (see plate) shows us the ill-fated heroine of Maeterlinck's mysterious play seated, in scarlet dress, beside the clear pool into



New Gallery.

MISS IDONEA LA PRIMAUDAYE.
By JOHN LAVERY, R.S.A.



New Gallery.

MELISANDE.
By MARIANNE STOKES.



New Gallery.

WASHING THE BEGGARS' FEET ON MAUNDY THURSDAY.
By SIR JAMES D. LINTON, R.I.



The Reluctant Dragon (p. 187).

By Maxfield Parrish.

which she has cast the golden crown, that potent symbol which it was impossible to reclaim. Perhaps it is of intent that Mrs. Stokes, herself something of a mystic, surely, suggests the ease with which the crown could be regained, that an invisible fate only orders it otherwise. The larger of Mr. Walter Crane's two works is concerned with the Three Fates weaving the destinies of man as each performs her traditionally allotted part; the smaller has as theme the wild ride through space of the Walkyries. In 'The Reluctant Dragon' (p. 187) Mr. Maxfield Parrish, from whose hand are the drawings in the American edition of Mr. Kenneth Graham's 'Golden Age,' gives us a most welcome piece of humour, to say nothing of the blithe way in which the background landscape is treated. The animal has reared himself to the height of half his stature, and now, clawed hand passively laid on thigh, is engaged in an amiable conversation with a relatively tiny human creature whom so easily he could destroy. To hear that conversation we would sacrifice a good deal. It will be observed, however, that the dragon has insisted on the frame-mount being cut in such a way as to follow, at base and top, the contours of his handsome person. He had a right so to do.

In the central hall are some admirable pieces of sculpture, examples of jewellery, and the like. Particular attention may be directed to Mr. J. H. M. Furse's strenuously realised torso of a man—the material is used with great economy and force—and his studies of animals; to the enamels of Nelson and Edith Dawson; and to exhibits by Messrs. Derwent Wood, Alexander Fisher, H. C. Fehr.

FRANK RINDER.

Sir E. J. Poynter as a Water-Colourist.

THE title of this article might have been differently worded, it may be remarked. "The Aquarelles of the P.R.A." might have been more pleasing to some readers, with its half suggestion of our distinguished President's career of studentship in Paris, and his enlightened sympathy with the best French traditions. But it would hardly have conveyed that personal suggestion which seems so essential when considering the work of such men as Sir Edward Poynter and Lord Leighton. Other writers have remarked upon this essential, that in considering their work it became necessary to consider their character, as stamped upon it, as a mental signature. Sir Edward has a mental signature which varies somewhat, indeed a good deal, according to the material he is dealing with. Other writers have spoken of his capacity for grip of a subject, a principle, or a material. To this I would add, that the grip can be now



Duart Castle, Isle of Mull.

By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

a flexible, close-fitting one, the grip of the lazo or the grip of the spanner—sometimes a curious combination of both. Earlier in life his intellect, as apparent in his work, would seem to have been less supple than now. The iron of his purpose then worked with severity, where now it works with suavity, and refrains from no material as foreign to his temperament, but takes each and moulds it to that purpose, with careful understanding of the especial properties of that material.

I am led to this observation by Sir Edward's opinion on the relative merits of transparent and body colour. I mean, body colour considered as a method and not as a refuge only. He will allow no preference, and opines that any attempt to make one by discussion is unprofitable. Certainly this is just, as a principle, but the majority of water-colourists cannot avoid an inclination to one or the other, to the art of De Wint or the art of Fred. Walker. It is a question of character, and is so far interesting. It is characteristic of Sir Edward that he should in this connection rank Turner as far ahead of all other water-colourists. Turner has done so much unsurpassable work in both media, that each series would be a sufficient career for any other artist. The Rivers of France might have been by one man, the Yorkshire



Roman Bath at Bath (1892).

By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

series by another, the Oxford Almanac series by another. Sir Edward objects to the tentative, self-corrective method of Pinwell, that *mélange* of broken opalescence, as rather unworkmanly. For himself he chooses to have several media, and to rule them each according to its



The Village of Rottingdean.

By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

*Glycera.**By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.*

national characteristic, which is not untypical of the modern English character also. It is the imperial frame of mind, as one may say without any intention to flatter, but there is a certain austerity about Sir Edward's art which is rather suggestive of the Pax Romana than of the Pax Britannica.

Those who are acquainted with this determined individuality of the President might take it for granted that he has made his intimacy with water-colour without introduction from any other person. He informs me, however, that he received instruction in the art from Mr. Thos. Boys, a member of what was once the New Water-colour Society—since developed into the Royal Institute. Mr. Boys was a friend of Sir Edward's father (himself a good water-colour artist), who learned much from this draughtsman when they were together in France in 1830, or thereabouts. There was an interval in Sir Edward's life, after he had left school, and before he went out to Madeira in 1852. He had no thought then of being an artist, but his father considered that the interval had better be filled in with work in Boys' studio, whither he was sent accordingly. The name of T. Boys will be remembered as the engraver of two plates of "Nottingham" in Ruskin's "Modern Painters." There is a T. S. Boys, whom I take to be the same person. He produced a set of lithographs of London streets, which are cherished by collectors, and in the Print Room of the British Museum are some of his water-colours.

Scholarship, as has been said elsewhere, is the central motive in the President's work; he has always been a scholar, and the sternness of his early studies has given to his mental grasp a firmness of flexibility which makes his work very varied as time

*St. Radigund's Abbey, near Dover.**By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.*



Rose in Bloom.

By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

proceeds, and adds a certain classic quality to his work in water-colour. I mean by this, to speak past a phrase, that it never strikes one to call it pretty, but that one always finds a chaste beauty which lures one to study it many times. This I take to be what we mean when we say that a man's productions have become classics. We pass and notice them, we pass again and study them. We find a continual satisfaction in this study; no matter how often we pass we must pause and once more attend to what has there been set down. A piece of workmanship of this classic order seems to have certain mysterious properties, acquired for it by all the previous mental progress of its maker; it has its varieties of aspect, its moods, one might almost say, like a distant view of the sea—it is never quite the same tame thing which has been made by the machine or the mechanical mind.

It is not too much to claim that, as Sir Edward Poynter's more ambitious work is of this classic order, something of the same quality has overflowed into these small but choice water-colours which are his recreation (as he himself says), from the more severe duties of his positions of chief craftsman, instructor and governor of certain national institutions. His work is not aggressive at all; it does not even attempt sober *tours de force*; it is merely strong, and simple, and reposeful, and, as a rule, English. But somehow it has a way of making one want to see it again, and to pore over it—just as have his crayon studies, in the old numbers of the Portfolio and elsewhere. The late P. G. Hamerton compared one of these to an Old

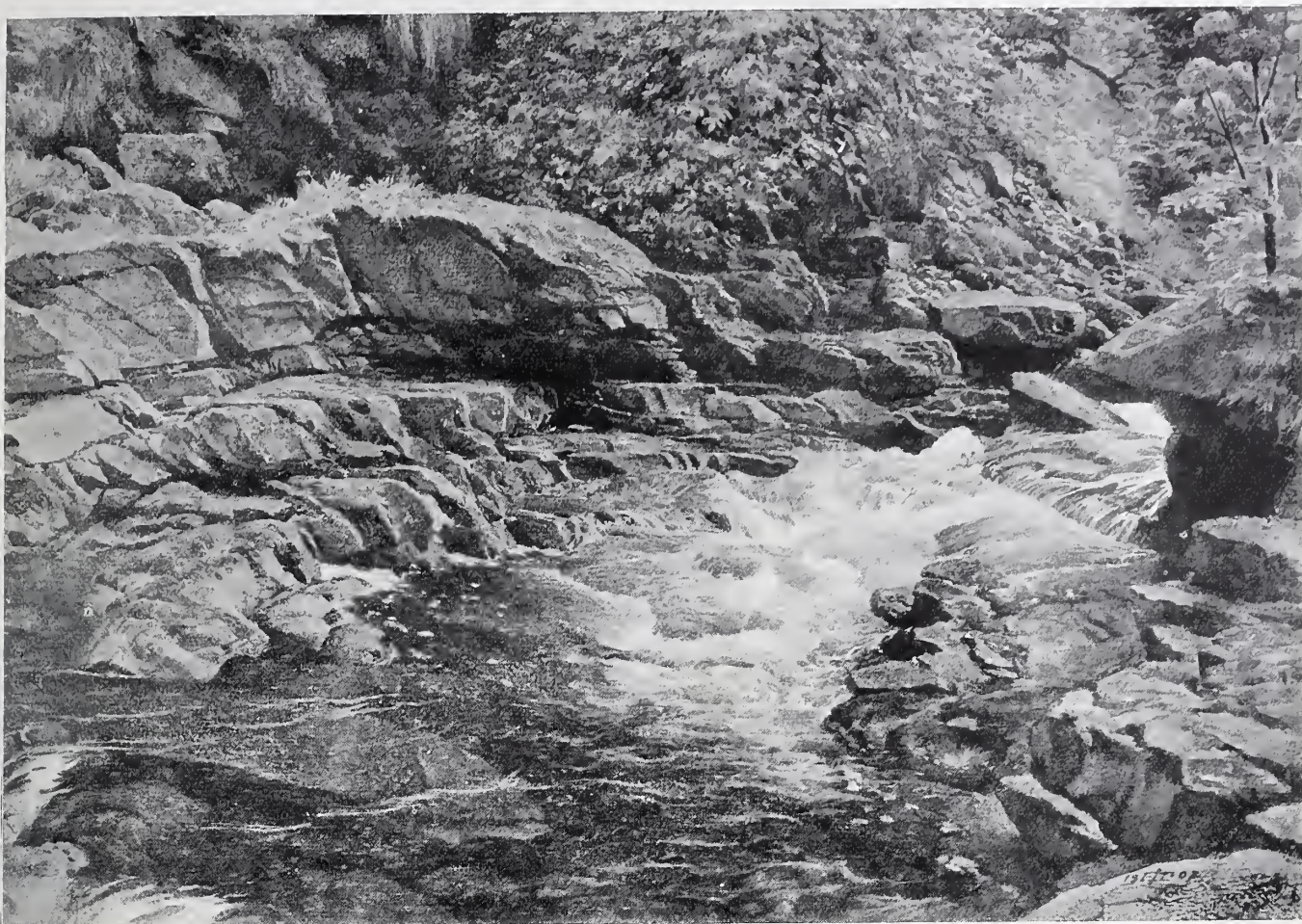
Master: "It is just as good," he said, and one's own sentiment at once leaped to agree with this opinion. The water-colours are less known, but in their way they have that same reticent beauty which have those well-known figure drawings, and my own particular experience of them is that, once known, they haunt one as persistently and pleasantly as did his study for 'Perseus and Andromeda,' which came to the Art Museum at Rugby School in my time, and was a continual comfort to the gentle-hearted few who regularly turned into the place where it hung, as the Moslem turns into his mosque. There is a peculiar mental quality in them which is at once charming and dignified, despite its suspicion of severity. This—not the pedantic insistence of academies, but this—this is true scholarship.

The two examples which hang upon the walls of South Kensington are fit instances of my meaning. In each case an historic fane, seen in the aspect most typical of its nature, tradition, environment. An English abbey in the still, pale sunlight of the Saxon country; a Venetian cluster of sacred domes in the soft blue dusk of evening on the half-Oriental Adriatic. 'St. Radigund's Abbey, near Dover' (p. 189), is dated 1883; an odd polygonal tower, half draped with a mantle of ivy, the first impression of which is its broad weight of foliage and cleanly stone. As it is set upon the turf, one can feel the pressure of it and the slight lean of its mass. The soil is constructed; you are made to feel also the lie and roll of the pasture. The cows slowly munching their way along, the sheep slowly straying towards the spectator, one of them limping, the line of birds slowly wheeling upward, the one human figure slowly return-



A Swiss Village.

By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

*In Dunrobin Glen.**By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.*

ing from labour,—all these apparently drifting manifestations of leisurely Kentish life are really a harmony of curves which the artist has felt out into the subject, just as he would lay down the chief lines of 'Sheba before Solomon.'

The earlier piece, 'Santa Maria della Salute' (1863), is worked in a manner which corresponds rather, in oils, with the method evolved by Giorgione and Titian: it has the result of being Venetian essentially. In oils, the mellow depth is laid down, and partially allowed to dry; then the after-tones are laid on with an economical dragging touch which one may study in Mr. Watts' best work to best appreciate. It is a most valuable process in the suggestion of soft rich material, and of mystery. But, though it is as a luring syren to the amateur, only a skilled draughtsman can quite succeed in it.

Those who have visited the houses of Sir E. Burne-Jones and Mr. Rudyard Kipling can recognise the rooftops a little below the church to left and centre of 'The Village of Rottingdean' (p. 188). The hills which suggested Burne-Jones' 'Spirit of the Downs' are rendered as only a classic draughtsman could render them. In 'Duart Castle' (p. 187) may be observed the same sense of composition as in 'St. Radigund's Abbey,' the great curves of the boat being the motion repeated subtly through the whole, like the lines on a sea-shell. The classic feeling again appears in the archway in 'A Swiss Village' (p. 190), half suggestive of Italy.

In *THE ART ANNUAL* of 1897 appeared a small reproduction of the 'Sussex Barn.' As a good descrip-

tion of one of these stately old places, Sir Edward's drawing and Mr. Thomas Hardy's prose are worthy of being set together.

"They sheared in the great barn, which resembled a church with transepts. It not only emulated the form of the neighbouring church of the parish, but vied with it in antiquity. The vast porches at the sides, lofty enough to admit a waggon laden to its highest with corn in the sheaf, were spanned by heavy-pointed arches of stone, broadly and boldly cut, whose very simplicity was the origin of a grandeur not apparent in erections where more ornament has been attempted. The dusky, filmed, chestnut roof, braced and tied in by huge collars, curves, and diagonals, was far nobler in design, because more wealthy in material, than nine-tenths of those in our modern churches. . . . Here, at least, the spirit of the ancient builders was at one with the spirit of the modern beholder. The fact that four centuries had neither proved it to be founded on a mistake, inspired any hatred of its purpose, nor given rise to any reaction that had battered it down, *invested this simple grey effort of old minds with a repose, if not a grandeur, which a too-curious reflection was apt to disturb in its ecclesiastical and military compeers.*" I have compressed this fine piece of prose, not hurting it essentially. If Mr. Hardy thinks otherwise, I tender sincere apology. But his description of the dignity of a Wessex farm-building is so applicable to Sir Edward's rendering, that even in a shorn form it is better than any possible other description.

In trying to complete the appreciation which other men and women have written of his large and august

achievement, I would request him to consider these few words of mine as the much restrained expression of a feeling lasting over a quarter of a century. As a child, on gazing at the tiles in the grill-room of South Kensington, water-colour designs, one may suppose them to have been originally, the beautiful figures of Andromeda, Rhodopis, Atalanta, I fell in love with them as a child does, for their own sake and not ever thinking of the author. Even after twenty-five years some of that first exquisite thrill remains, and I record it gratefully, being taught by subsequent worldly experience that such pleasures are of the nature of divine gifts. One's early pleasant impressions are so fleeting, so treacherous, too, as often as not, that it is doubly delightful to find some which abide and are confirmed by the verdict of the over-treading years. It is an exhilarating surprise to have had this early affection, and, after many days of clang and change in the world's market-place, to return to the objects of it and to find upon them the monogram E. J. P.

LEWIS LUSK.

Passing Events.

SPECULATION is keen as to whether the Council of the Royal Academy intends the motto of the year as a reproof to any particular R.A. or A.R.A. But against the lines of Chaucer quoted in the catalogue:—

Ther nis no werkman, what-so-ever he be,
That may both werke wel and hastily,

may be set the dictum of Ruskin, *à propos* of a picture by Mulready: "We have not known until now that the greatest gifts might be wasted by prudence, and the greatest errors committed by precision."

"AT this moment there are few of our great churches in England in which great pictures are to be seen." Thus said the Archbishop of Canterbury at the Academy banquet. When the premier prelate of England directs attention to, and expresses his profound regret at, this state of things, we may surely look for an improvement. In this connection it would be well were an artist, such as Mr. Frank Brangwyn, to be entrusted with, at any rate, a large section of the mosaics which are to decorate the new Westminster Cathedral.

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA must have been gratified by the spirited competition which issued in the sale of his 'Dedication to Bacchus' at no less than 5,600 gs., when the pictures of the late Mr. Ernest Gambart, M.V.O., were dispersed at Christie's on May 2. 'A Dedication to Bacchus,' 21 by 49½ in., Opus CCXCIV., cost Mr. Gambart about £2,000. The 5,600 gs. paid for it at Christie's is, with one exception, if we mistake not, the highest sum realised under the hammer for a work by a living artist. Millais' 'Over the Hills and Far Away' fetched 5,000 gs. at the Kaye Knowles sale in 1887—a



Autumn.

By Sir E. J. Poynter, Bart., P.R.A.

record eclipsed after his death by Lady Tate's purchase in 1900 of 'The Boyhood of Raleigh' at 5,200 gs.; Burne-Jones' 'Mirror of Venus' produced 5,450 gs. at the Ruston dispersal, a month or two before his death in 1898; while Mr. Edwin Long lived to see his 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' painted in 1875, realise no less than 6,300 gs. in 1882.

THE Gambart pictures and drawings, 289 lots, yielded a total of £31,014 7s. 6d., an aggregate prominently contributed to by Rosa Bonheur's 'On the Alert,' 3,100 gs.—one of thirteen important works by her which fetched a total of 8,435 gs.—and Meissonier's 'Noble Venetian,' a portrait of himself, 1,370 gs. The previous Saturday Paul Potter's 'Peasants Dancing to the Sound of a Pipe,' on panel 14½ in. by 19½ in., dated 1649, brought 2,700 gs., against 4,403 frs. at the Helleuter sale, 1802. London had not a monopoly of high-priced pictures, however. At the end of April a landscape by Corot was publicly sold in Glasgow for 1,890 gs., the highest price, it is said, ever realised at auction in that city for a picture.

THE veteran Dutch artist, Josef Israels, came over from Holland for the opening of the important Guildhall exhibition of works by early and modern Dutch painters, with which we shall deal later.



Souk des Parfums.

From a water-colour drawing by A. Brunet-Debaines.

An Artist in Tunis.

IT is not without a certain apprehension that the tourist starts on a visit to Tunis. Will he find there the Oriental trifles which have spoilt our great European exhibitions? The traveller on landing will be agreeably surprised. Should he have come from the "midi" of France or from the Mediterranean seaports, on reaching Tunis he will be impressed by the novelty of the scenes. The difference between Marseilles and Tunis is striking. Whereas in the former city the houses, with their white or yellow façades and red roofs, make against the blue sky a gay though detached effect, in Tunis the immediate impression is of a soft harmony caused by the white terraced houses opening out quietly on the azure sky. It is true that there is greater animation at

Marseilles; but then our dark and formal clothes make a blot on the picture. At Tunis nothing clashes; the harmony is so perfect. The gay note, quite in keeping, is given by the crowd moving along the streets. Instead of the white burnous which are so monotonous in Algeria, there are costumes most varied in shape and colours, most delicate in tint. Occasionally a jarring note is struck by Jewesses in crude colours. Tunis is quite "la fleur de l'Orient," as the Arabs have poetically named it.

There are four distinct parts of Tunis: Medina, the centre of the town, is entirely inhabited by the natives; on the north side is the avenue called Bab-Souïka; in the south Bab-el-Dzira; and in the east the mixed quarter. These avenues are surrounded by walls built by Hombert, the Dutchman, and date back to about the beginning of the nineteenth century. Eight gates form the means of access and egress.

Large avenues have replaced the central part of Medina. Some of the most picturesque gateways remain, these being Bab-el-Bahar (or Porte de France), in the south-east; Bab-Djedid and Bab-Dzira in the south; Bab-Souïka in the north; and Bab-Carthagena in the east. Through these avenues run numerous tramways, which enable the traveller to quickly explore Tunis. Starting by the Porte de France, one can go through the following streets and avenues:—Al-Dzira, Bab-Djedid, which leads to the Kasba, then Alfa, Bab-el-Souïka, Carthagène,



A servant in holiday attire.
By A. Brunet-Debaines.



La Rue Haljaouine.

From a water-colour drawing by A. Brunet-Debaines.

finally returning to the starting-point by the Rue des Maltais.

The mixed quarter is inhabited by Europeans, and has quite a cosmopolitan aspect. In the large avenues of well-built houses there are many *cafés*, with Tsigane orchestras, which compare favourably with those of the great European cities. It is to the credit also of the architects that they have followed the Arab style, which is as architectural as it is beautiful. As examples of decorative colouring effected in modern edifices by enamelled tiles may be cited the Courts of Justice, the Allaoui College, and the Civilian Hospital.

The Cathedral, in the Moorish Byzantine style, does not lack grandeur. It is situated in the Avenue de la Marine, facing the French Résidence, of which the gardens boast some fine specimens of exotic plants.

Entering by the Porte de France into Medina, the transition is quite marked. The Place de la Bourse is crowded with people, mostly Arabs, some of whom are grouped round itinerant merchants. One proceeds by the Rue de la Kasba and Rue de l'Eglise to the civil prison.

Farther on, at the end of an arcade, is the great mosque of Oliver, Djama-ez-Zitouna, from which at prayer times can be seen many Arabs going up and coming down a staircase leading to a fine colonnade; some are carrying their prayer-books, others are telling their beads. All have that lofty bearing which distinguishes them; it is, truly, an imposing sight. Soon

after passing this building one reaches the bazaars, a labyrinth of long and narrow galleries, in which the tourist is continually amused, and he runs a great risk of losing his way. The galleries, which are not covered, are traversed by beams, on which the dealers, in order to protect their goods from the burning sun, hang materials of various colours, which the sun strikes in a marvellous way, and having just left the sombre arcades the effect is accentuated.

Occasionally these galleries are covered in by planks of wood carelessly joined, which allow rays of sunlight to pass, these beams of light falling on the passer-by and producing charming colour effects. Nothing could be more fantastic than the disappearance and reappearance of these rays of light, the cause of which one fails to notice at first.

The merchants, grouped according to their trades, are in their little shops—almost pigeon-holes—and they remain in them from the early morning until sunset.

The scent gallery—Souk-el-Attarin—is easily discovered by the attractive perfume. Amongst many others is henna, the leaves of which plant when powdered are used for tinting yellow the lower part of the legs and tails of white horses, as also the finger-nails of the rich natives. The vagaries of fashion are peculiar everywhere!

The sale of candles coloured red and green, the Prophet's colours, takes place at a corner of the scent



Souk-el-Halfaouine.

From a water-colour drawing by A. Brunet-Debaines.



A Porter.

By A. Brunet-Debaines.

gallery, where there is a side entrance to the Great Mosque.

The most attractive gallery to the visitor is that of the tailors, where an auction sale is held each morning. Here the dealers go in groups to put up for sale their richly-coloured materials, embroidered with gold and silver, of most beautiful handiwork.

Near the Dar-el-Bey, of which mention will be made later, the Rue des Selliers is devoted to the leather industry, for which the Arabs are so noted. It is here that the superb wallets, saddle-bags and harness are made of leather of various colours, the embroidery on which enhances the value considerably. In the middle of the street can be seen the tomb of a marabout, who was buried beneath the exact place where he died.

Amongst other things the manufacture of decorative pottery is traditional, and for an outlay of a few pence for each article some delightful specimens may be acquired.

On leaving the booths by the west one reaches the Kasba, a fortress surrounded by high battlements, occupied now by the French garrison. From this point the view of Tunis is exceedingly fine. In the Place de la Kasba is the palace of the Bey, the Dar-el-Bey, the rooms of which are beautifully decorated. From the terraces of the palace a magnificent panorama of the whole town is to be seen as a white note, and in the distance, mingling with the blue of the sky and sea, Carthage and Hammam-dif hills and the Goulette bridge, making a marvellous background to the Great Mosque, that gem of architecture, with its mosaics and carvings.

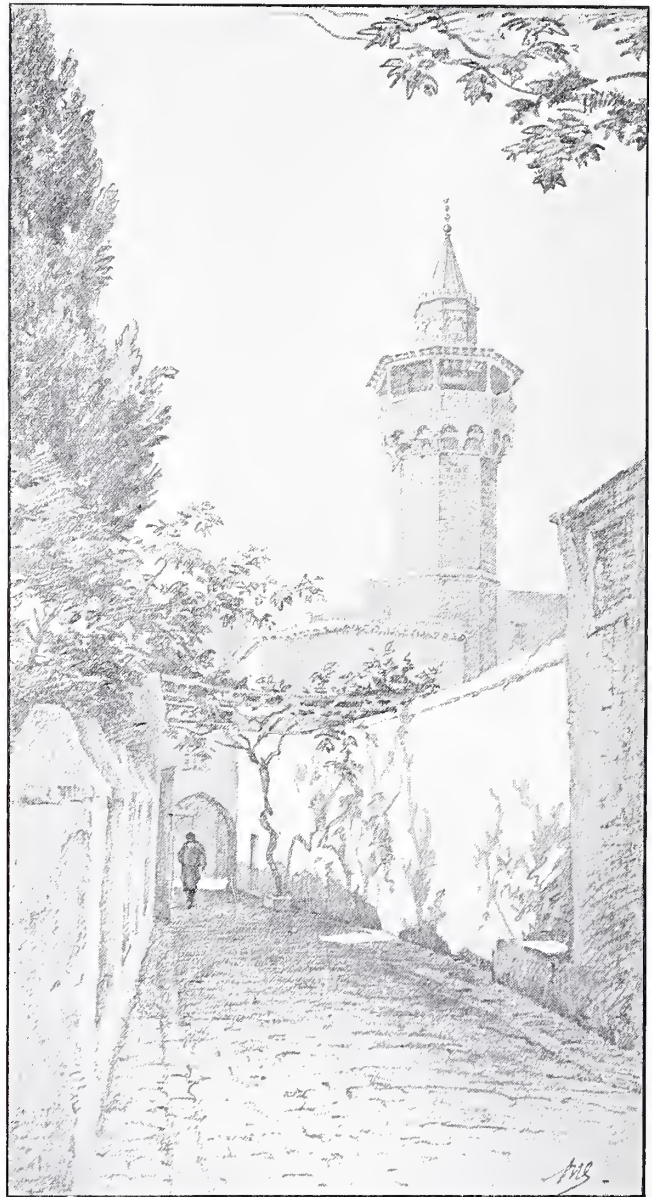
In addition to the principal attractions mentioned in the guide-books, the Belvedere, the Château d'Eau,

Jardin d'Essai, and other sights, the tourist will find much of interest by seeking the numerous corners, streets and alleys, for it is there that real Arab life can be observed.

In contrast to Europe, where a fine mediæval or Renaissance monument is out of its element when surrounded by modern houses, the picture in Tunis is always complete, the various parts making a perfect *ensemble*.

It is curious to find in the street an Arab barber working in the open air, and a little further on several groups of people looking at a snake-charmer, a bard, and other side-shows. At the end of a narrow street the visitor will see a fine silhouette of a minaret, from which at prayer time a muezzin will make his appeal to the faithful in a nasal voice.

In any of the numerous *cafés* in the Rue Halfaouin, while partaking of excellent Moorish beverages, one can see passing before one's eyes the crowd of impulsive characters, which is always an interesting diversion. One day, two Arabs, who appeared to be carrying a



An Alley in Tunis.

By A. Brunet-Debaines.

packet of linen, passed amid a group of people. As they approached me, what was my surprise to see protruding from this bundle the head of a languid man and two trembling legs; the arms were hidden by the rags in which he was rolled. Those who carried him appeared to have the greatest respect for him, and I was told he was a saint. A saint, possibly; but this odd citizen did not seem to have for some time made use of the ablutions so dear to his co-religionists!

Women are rarely seen in the streets of Tunis, and, with the exception of the Jewesses, they are all veiled when promenading. The lower classes have a black band over the eyes. The aristocratic women, when they do not go out in carriages closed by blinds, walk through the town sheltered from curious glances by a black embroidered covering put over their heads and held in both hands a little below their eyes.

The Jewesses, who are dressed in garments similar to the Mussulmans, are distinguishable from the latter by the way they dress their hair high on their heads, and covered with a piece of black embroidered material,



A living statue.

By A. Brunet-Debaines.

over which is draped a long white veil which surrounds them, leaving their faces uncovered.

Foot-paths are comparatively rare in this Mussulman town. The drivers of vehicles shout "Barra!" ("Take care!") energetically, and the artist sketching in the streets has to frequently move to allow a carriage or even a crowd to pass. I remember one day feeling myself pushed from behind while drawing. I turned round, thinking to be troubled by a joker, but it was a blind man finding his way alone through the streets. These blind unfortunates are legion, and are to be found in all classes of society.

Another sight to cause sadness to the visitor is to meet in the street a band of from fifteen to twenty prisoners, chained one to another by the neck, on their way to the gaol. Their attitude is more of resignation than of internal revolt.

A visit to the poor quarter is one of the most interesting. The coal market at the end of the Rue d'Italie is a field for study of this description.

Dromedaries can be found in Tunis in great numbers, some already laden, others eating their slender meal



Souk-el-Belat.

From a water-colour drawing by A. Brunet-Debaines.



The Mosque of Sidisid.

From a water-colour drawing by A. Brunet-Debaines.

while waiting to be loaded. The fur being worn away in places, their coats are akin to the shabby clothes worn by their masters. The animals have a philosophical look which is not shared by their companions, the asses. The mules have the care and attention of their master; for them only the coquettish and sumptuous harness which is so picturesque.

Even amongst the crowd of misery in sordid clothing is to be seen the noble air that is so noticeable amongst

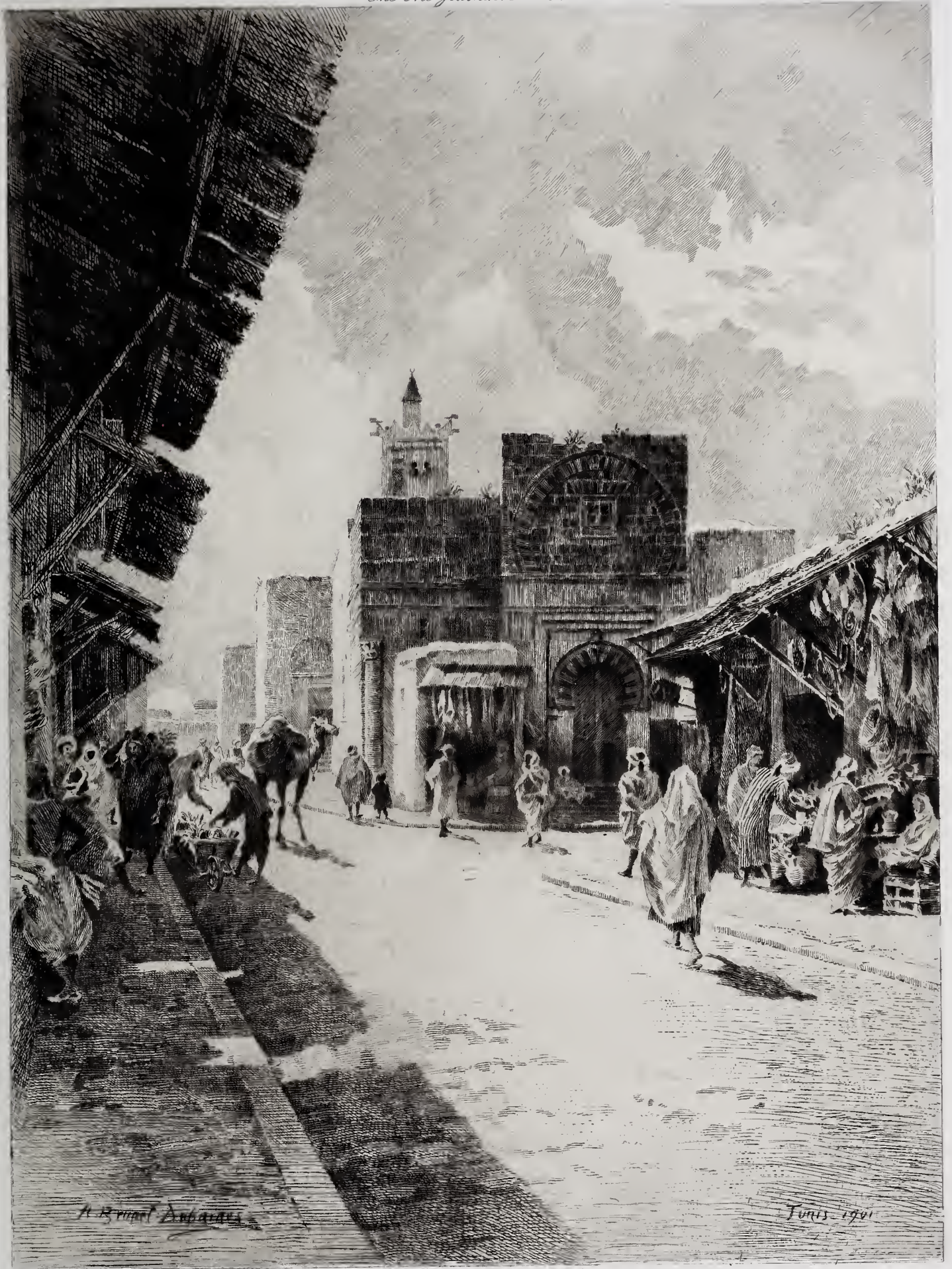
the upper classes; the actions remain dignified. It would be good for young artists, after they had studied the masterpieces of European museums, to complete their studies at this living museum of natural grace.

Lying down outside important houses may be seen at night some fine types of Arabs wrapped in their cloaks. These are the native guardians of property. Unfortunate he who tries to enter without the password!

A. BRUNET-DEBAINES.



From a sketch by A. Brunet-Debaines.



*The Mosque Bab Dzira, Tunis.
An Original Etching by A. Brunet-Debainnes.*



The King's Stairs, Westminster ("Henry VIII.," Act II. Scene 1).

By W. Gordon.

Charles Kean, F.S.A., and Theatrical Scenery.

A COLLECTION of water-colour drawings of theatrical scenery, executed for Charles Kean, has recently been presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Paget. The latter was the niece of Mrs. Charles Kean, and known in her theatrical days as Miss Patty Chapman. She assisted her uncle in his Shakespearean revivals, making her first appearance on the London stage in 1858 as Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice." These drawings are most valuable records of the Shakespearean and other plays produced by Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre half a century ago. They place on record the fact that although David Garrick, the two Kembles, Macready, and his father, Edmund Kean, had revived Shakespearean plays before him, it was to Charles Kean we owe the first production of these plays with historical accuracy. He was the pioneer of their revival produced in the manner in which we have been accustomed to see them displayed on the stages of the Lyceum and His Majesty's theatres. Prior to his time the great actors and actresses performed in Shakespeare's characters with the greatest possible skill, but little attempt was made on the part of the management to pay attention to historical accuracy of the scenery, costumes, and other accessories. It was no uncommon occurrence for actors to appear upon the stage in Court suits and powdered wigs whilst performing in Hamlet, Macbeth, and other

characters, as may be seen from Zoffany's painting of Garrick in the murder scene of "Macbeth" and similar pictures.

Charles Kean, who was born in 1811, was the son of the eminent tragedian Edmund Kean, and inherited his father's genius. At the early age of seventeen, after having been educated at Eton, he followed his



Distant view of Iona by Moonlight ("Macbeth," Act III. Scene 6).

By H. Cuthbert.



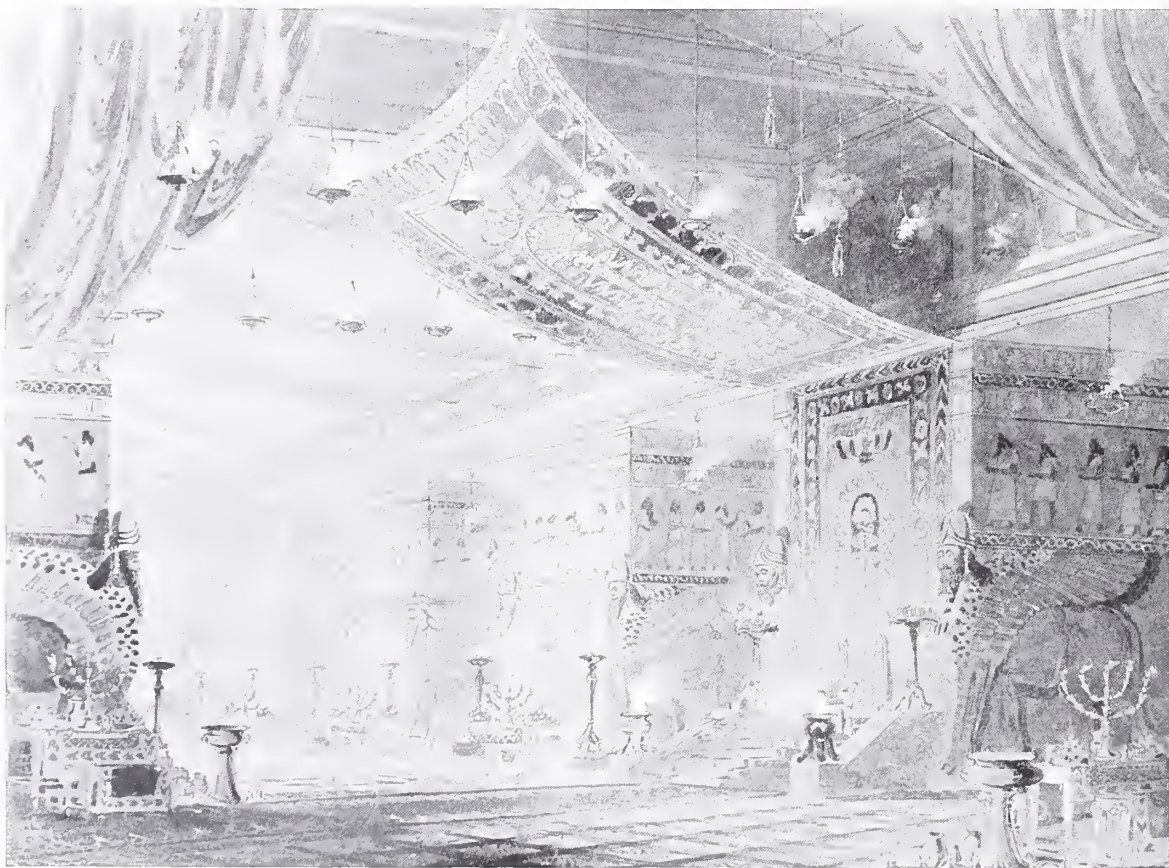
France before the Walls of Angiers ("King John," Act II).

By W. Gordon.

father's steps as an actor. In 1842 he married Miss Ellen Tree, and eight years afterwards Kean, assisted by his wife, became the manager of the Princess's Theatre. For nine years he produced the plays of Shakespeare on the boards of his theatre in a manner which had never before been attempted. He took infinite pains to search historical

authorities for correct representation of the various scenes and accessories, and he employed the first scene-painters of the day—Thomas Grieve, William Telbin, and others—to carry out the result of his researches. The costumes were also made with a strict regard to the accuracy of the period, and an average of thirty-five thousand pounds was annually expended on the production of these plays. Although this may seem a small sum in comparison to the large amounts paid by managers at the present time, yet it was an unheard-of expenditure in those days, when the theatre in no way held the position it now occupies.

One of the first plays brought out under Kean's management was "Pauline," an abridged version by J. Oxenford from the French drama by MM. Granger and X. de Montepin, of which there are six drawings of the scenery in the collection; but the first great attempt on the plan which Kean subsequently carried out with such great success was "King John." It was produced with a profusion of accessories never previously witnessed—not mere gorgeous spectacles, but a series of pictures in which artistic beauty and historical accuracy were combined. The scenes were painted by W. Gordon, F. Lloyds, and I. Dayes, and were admirably copied from existing remains of the



The Hall of Nimrod (Byron's "Sardanapalus," Acts III. and IV.).

By F. Lloyds.



The Rialto Bridge and Grand Canal ("Merchant of Venice," Act III. Scene 2).

By W. Telbin.



Belmont: The Avenue to Portia's Mansion ("Merchant of Venice," Act V.).

By T. Grieve.



Flint Castle ("Richard II.," Act III. Scene 3).

By H. Cuthbert.

12th and 13th centuries, especially "France before the Walls of Angiers," Act II.,* by Gordon (p. 200), and "The Temple Church at Northampton," by Lloyds. Pains were also taken in selecting the dresses, weapons, and banners from tapestries, illuminated manuscripts, and tombs of the period, as may be seen from the careful drawings of the properties. This play was succeeded in the same year, 1852, by "The Corsican

* The acts and scenes refer to plays as arranged by Charles Kean for representation at the Princess's Theatre.

Brothers," adapted by Dion Boucicault, from Dumas. There are seven drawings of the scenes. In one of them, by an ingenious mechanical arrangement the ghost was made to rise in a gradually-ascending plane before attaining its final pose.

The next Shakespearean play to be brought out was "Macbeth." In this Kean paid particular attention to the dresses and architectural details, and for the first time a fly-leaf, frequently employed on subsequent occasions, was appended to the ordinary playbill, in which was set forth the authority for the many innovations in the architecture and costume. There are no less than twenty-nine drawings of scenes and properties of this play, and six artists—Grieve, Gordon, Lloyds, Cuthbert, Dayes and Jones—were employed on their production, "The distant view of Iona by moonlight" (p. 199), being especially effective.

In the same year was also produced Lord Byron's Assyrian tragedy "Sardanapalus," in the archæological illustrations of which he had the assistance of Layard, who had recently returned from his wonderful discoveries at Nineveh. Acts I. and II., representing the city of Nineveh and the river Tigris, were painted by Gordon, with a superb sunset introduced in the second act. "The Hall of Nimrod" (p. 200), prepared for a magnificent banquet, was so arranged in its perspective that it appeared endlessly extended in a lateral direction, with an infinite number of projections with winged



The Temple of Minerva at Syracuse ("Winter's Tale," Act I. Scene 1).

By W. Telbin

lions and decorated frescoes. This was painted by F. Lloyds, and was at that time unparalleled for its stage display. The conflagration of the palace in the final act was a most realistic scene, so much so that insurance companies at first took alarm, and sent their officers to make strict investigations. They were, however, soon satisfied that the blazing rafters and showers of sparks were only optical delusions.

In 1854 Kean produced "Richard III." In this instance he for once departed from his usual course of adhering to the text of Shakespeare, and adopted the amendments of Colley Cibber. Although displayed with the same accurate care and with splendid scenery by F. Lloyds, especially noticeable being "The Tower Gate," "The Cloisters of Old St. Paul's" (p. 206), and "Bosworth Field," this revival was not a great success, and was withdrawn from the stage after a short run. It was followed by "Faust and Marguerite" and "The Courier of Lyons," the latter by Charles Reade, of which there are drawings by Gordon and Lloyds in the collection. In the next year was produced "Louis XI."; this play acquired notoriety chiefly from Kean's representation of the principal character (p. 203), which he acted with masterly genius and called forth enthusiastic praise at the time.

In 1855 Kean put one of Shakespeare's finest spectacular plays, "Henry VIII.," on the stage. To give full effect to it information was sought from every source which could contribute to the realisation of the domestic habits of the English Court at the period, and in the fly-leaf of the playbill Kean quoted his authorities for the various scenes. In the fifth act he introduced a moving panorama, beautifully painted by Grieve, which carried the audience from London to the Church of Grey Friars, Greenwich, where the christening of the Princess Elizabeth was performed. This play met with great success, and ran consecutively for one hundred nights.

In the following years "Winter's Tale" and "Midsummer Night's Dream" were placed on the boards. They afforded opportunities of illustrating the manners, costumes, and architecture of ancient Greece, as once co-existent in the cities of Syracuse and Athens. In the former "The view of the Temple of Minerva" (p. 202), and "The Theatre at Syracuse," by Grieve, were brilliant scenic effects. About the same time "The First Printer," by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, and "Pizarro" were selected; the latter, Kean explained, was chosen for the purpose of exemplifying the customs, ceremonies, and religion of Peru at the time of the Spanish invasion. The production of "King Richard II." in 1857 afforded Kean an opportunity of giving a true portraiture of mediæval history. The lists at Coventry, the Fleet at Milford, the Castles of Pembroke and Flint (p. 202), the Great Hall at Westminster, rebuilt by Richard, were all represented in conformity with contemporaneous authority. Between the third and fourth acts the triumphal entry into London of Bolingbroke was introduced in order to embody in action what Shakespeare so beautifully describes in the speech of York to his Duchess towards the close of the play. This historical episode was most realistic and effective. The late Empress of Germany, at that time the Princess Royal, was so enamoured with this scene that she paid several visits to the theatre in order to make a painting of it from a private box. When completed, Her Royal Highness presented it as a birthday gift to her Royal Mother, Queen Victoria. Her late Majesty took great

interest in these Shakespearean revivals, and besides paying many visits to the Princess's Theatre to witness the performances, she appointed Charles Kean manager of the plays at Windsor. On the death of Kean in 1868 Her Majesty showed her great appre-

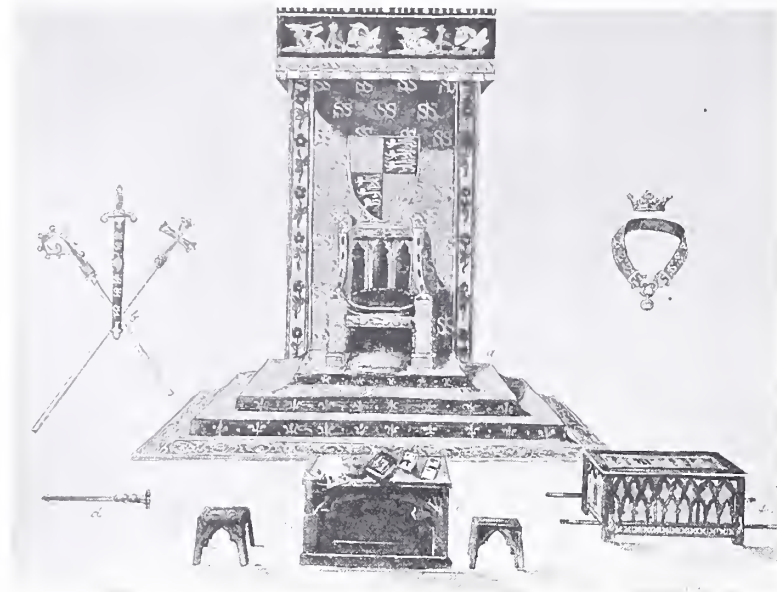


Charles Kean as Louis XI.

By R. J. Lane, A.R.A.

"Yes, yes, I know—
I know how much a Royal Son can do
Against a King. I was a Dauphin once."

—Act I. Scene 2.



Properties ("Henry V.," Act I, Scene 1).

ciation of his genius in the following letter addressed to Mrs. Kean:—

"I cannot refrain from expressing to you personally my deep and sincere sympathy in your overwhelming affliction, as I know from sad experience how to appreciate the loss of a beloved Husband who was the *object* of your existence. Life is a blank after such a loss and the sunshine of it is *for ever* gone! I recall most vividly to my mind the many hours of great intellectual enjoy-

ment which your lamented and talented Husband (who did so much for his Profession) and you afforded to my dear Husband and myself in bygone happy days! They will never be forgotten and I shall dwell with melancholy pleasure on the recollection of them.

"That you may find comfort in your dear child, and that God may give you strength and resignation to bear this heavy blow is my earnest prayer!—Ever yours sincerely,
VICTORIA R."

In order to exemplify the care which Kean took to produce the performances at the Princess's the following extract from the preface to this play, "Richard II.," may be quoted:—"The Privy Council Chamber, the restoration of the Welsh Castles, the Traitor's Gate at the Tower, and St. George's Hall at Windsor, have been painted by Mr. Grieve and his assistants under the authority of Anthony Salvin, Esq., F.S.A. To Henry Shaw, Esq., F.S.A., I am indebted for much zealous

assistance besides supplying the necessary drawings, and superintending the preparations for the combat at Coventry, the bedroom of the dying John of Gaunt and many of the accessories introduced into other scenes. The Garden of Longley, the interior of Duke of Lancaster's Palace, the streets of Old London, Westminster Hall, and the dungeon at Pomfret have been sanctioned by George Godwin, Esq., F.S.A.; while Thomas Willement, Esq., F.S.A., and Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster, have afforded



The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap ("Henry V.," Act I, Scene 2).

By I. D. Dayes.



Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, as the Queen in the play entitled "The Youthful Queen, or Christine of Sweden"
(Drury Lane Theatre, 1828).

By Sir William C. Ross, R.A.

me the information requisite for the heraldic adornments. I am also indebted to G. Scharf, Esq., jun., F.S.A., for many valuable suggestions." It was shortly after the production of this play that Kean was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

The next plays to be produced were "The Tempest," in 1857, and "King Lear" and "Much Ado About Nothing," in 1858. The scenery of the first was admirably executed by Grieve and Telbin. The last great historical play was "Henry V.," which Kean states he was actuated to select by a desire to present some of the finest poetry of our great dramatic master interwoven with a subject illustrating a most memorable era in English history. The scenes of this play were modelled upon the facts taken from a Latin manuscript in the British Museum, which was written by a priest who accompanied the English Army, and who states that he was present at the battle of Agincourt and sat on horseback with the other priests among the baggage in the rear of the battle. Kean introduced between the fourth and fifth acts an historical episode showing the reception of King Henry on his return to London after the French expedition. The scene selected was the approach to old London Bridge from the Surrey side, with old St. Paul's in the distance; it was admirably painted by Grieve (p. 206). As in the case of "Richard II.," there are numerous drawings of properties, such as banners, weapons, and armour, evincing Kean's great regard for accuracy. Of the various scenes, "The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap" (p. 204), and the tableaux during the Chorus, by Grieve, are amongst the most successful. This play concluded Kean's management of the Princess's



Old London Bridge from the Surrey side ("Henry V.").

By T. Grieve.

Theatre, during the whole course of which it was his great object to produce accurate representations; and at a farewell banquet, given in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, the chairman, the Duke of Newcastle, stated: "His sceneries are not only lessons in art but are lessons in history. I look upon Mr. Kean as one of the greatest archæologists of the day. He has had a reason for everything; there is nothing which he introduces upon the stage for which he has not an authority." Charles Kean endeavoured to place the theatre on a higher level than that which it held in his days; and the following extract of a letter shows that he foresaw that there was a great future in store for it:—"I may be ridiculed for my enthusiasm, but in that I share the fate of much more eminent reformers. I am perfectly convinced that sooner or later my notions

will be realised, for in the end truth always conquers. Although perhaps not destined to take place in my lifetime, I shall probably be a kind of theatrical Columbus, and any credit I may claim be reserved for some future Vesputius.* Still, it is some consolation to know that such a result cannot destroy or injure the cause, but that the object will eventually be attained for which I have been devoting my energies, health, and fortune. History teaches us that a fortunate successor generally receives the triumph denied to the pioneer, or—may I quote something like the words of Pizarro—'should posterity applaud my deeds my mouldering bones are not likely to rattle with transport in my tomb.'"

H. M. CUNDALL.

* America was named after Amerigo Vespucci, or Vesputius, a successor to Columbus.



The Cloisters of old St. Paul's Cathedral ("Richard III.," Act II. Scene 1).

By F. Lloyds.



*The Family of Carlos IV.
By Goya.*

Francisco Goya.

"THE regenerator of the Spanish school of naturalistic painters." These words, which occur in the short notice prefacing the works of Francisco Goya, in the catalogue of the pictures of the Museo del Prado at Madrid, fittingly illustrate the position which Goya occupies in the history of Spanish painting.

During the eighteenth century the national art of Spain had sunk to a low ebb. The memory of the great masters of the seventeenth century had passed away. A passion for truth and individual expression no longer manifested itself in the pictures of Spain. Her artists were content to be mere copyists of French mannerism. The Bourbon dynasty had imprinted its mark upon the painters of the nation; an unflinching love of truthfulness no longer appealed to a people corrupted by a rule of despotic favouritism. It was the work of Francisco Goya to give a new character to the national art, and once more revive that natural school, born of Zurbarán and brought to complete fruition by Diego Velazquez.

Goya's father was a gilder living in the village of Fuendetodos, a few leagues from Zaragoza. The tiny hamlet rests on the bank of a foaming stream flowing at the base of pine-decked mountains, and these glories

of nature placed their imprint upon the ardent mind of the boy Francisco. For fifteen years he received no other artistic training. One day he was sent by his father with a sack of flour to an adjacent mill. Upon the highway he stopped, as he often did, to draw a pig with a piece of charcoal upon a whitewashed wall. The drawing was so lifelike that a monk, coming from Zaragoza, was struck with astonishment upon seeing it, and immediately determined to enquire whose hand had executed the work.

"Who is your master?" he questioned the boy.

"I have none, your reverence," replied Francisco, and fearing he was about to fall under the displeasure of the ecclesiastic, he continued, "It is not my fault, I cannot keep from drawing."

This was the beginning of Goya's artistic career. The priest, recognising the genius of the boy, obtained his father's permission to have him trained, and sent him to Zaragoza, where he was placed in the studio of Luján, who, although unknown to fame, was a diligent and careful artist, who did his utmost to train and develop the gift of his pupil.

Goya worked with the ardent and untiring enthusiasm of genius. From the first he displayed a passion for

the natural. He followed no conventional standards, his continuous study was directed to the development of his overflowing individuality. The same spirit which caused the untrained boy to delineate with life-like exactitude the unattractive form of the pig remained with Goya throughout his life; indeed, it may be said to form the very keynote of his genius. To comprehend the truth and afterwards to depict it, this was his great aim. The subject mattered little; the versatility of his genius enabled him to work in many varied styles, but all his pictures display the distinctive qualities of original treatment and the unswerving following of actual facts. This is seen in his portraits, which exhibit an almost brutal truthfulness; in his religious paintings, which defy convention and depict saints devoid of all touch of sainthood; in his numerous sketches of peasant life, which have for ever made real the lives of the Spanish people; in his historical representations, which show with startling reality the horror of war in an age that delighted in warfare; and more than all in his 'Caprichos' and 'Fantasías,' pictures painted to please his own fancy, in which he exposed with biting satire the dissipated and frivolous society of his day.

After leaving Zaragoza Goya continued his studies at the Academia de San Luis, whence he went to Madrid, where he devoted all his energy to studying the ancient masters. It was not long before he determined to go to Rome. Here he spent several years, meditating much, but painting little. The early Italian school especially appealed to him, and he passed many hours contemplating these works. Upon his return he was well received by the artists of Madrid, who were not slow to recognise the power of the young painter, and before long he received a commission to paint a series of cartoons for the tapestries of the Real Fabrica, under the direction of Mengs, the royal painter.

The work appealed to Goya's fancy. He possessed an innate feeling for decorative painting; he had great powers of grouping, and was marvellously happy in his arrangement of scene.



El Bebedor, the love-potion.

By Goya.

He was allowed to choose his own subject, which enabled him to employ to the full the wealth of his imagination. The cartoons describe the trivial incidents of Spanish peasant life in a series of vivid pictures. They display great vigour, and are much stronger in drawing than many of his later works. The colours are somewhat crude, but this is accounted for by the fact that they were painted for copying in tapestry. The one entitled 'El bebedor, the love-potion' (p. 208), which forms the fifth of the cartoons now collected in the Museo del Prado, at Madrid, may be taken as typical of the series. The figures are full of animation and action, the costumes show the Spanish peasants in holiday attire, the irresistible gaiety of the group is given with lifelike reality, and it is not too much to say that the picture portrays laughter.

It is perhaps in these representations of Spanish life that the genius of Goya is most vividly displayed. In later years his 'Scenes of Madrid Life,' and his etchings of 'The Bull Fights' and 'The Inquisition,' show the same rare gift of comprehending the varied phases of



Los Caprichos.

By Goya.

the life which surrounded him, and the power of giving them back to the world in a pictorial form. They are without doubt works of inspiration. Satirical and critical, they are of exquisite merit, and give examples of the finest drawing of the artist, whose brush and pencil have for ever portrayed all classes of the people of Spain.

The painting of the tapestry cartoons was the first step in Goya's artistic career. They were an immense success, and he was soon the most popular painter in Madrid. All the nobles began to wish for his pictures. Royalty noticed him, and upon the death of Mengs, in October, 1799, he was made painter to the King, Carlos IV.

To this period of his life belong his portraits, in which Laurencio Mathe-ron, the writer of his biography, says "he reached the highest expression of his talent." The number of these portraits is prodigious—they are to be found not only in the galleries, but in most of the private collections of Spain. They are remarkable for their insight and the powers of observation they display; all unnecessary details are suppressed, and the figures, whether single or in groups, are painted with a faithful exactness to truth. He emphasises rather than softens the characteristics of his sitters, and appears to take an almost cruel delight in revealing the ugly and displeasing. The many portraits of Carlos IV. and his wife, Doña Maria Lusía de Parma, reveal as in a mirror the vile corruptness of the court. Among the most noted is the large family group now in the Museo del Prado (p. 207). The figures of the King and Queen principally attract attention. The faces are painted with a satirical faithfulness which compels admiration. The grouping of the figures is excellent, and the portrait must be looked upon as one of the masterpieces of the artist. Not less powerful is the portrait of 'Doña Lusía' at present preserved in the private apartments of the Alcazar, at Seville. It is painted with merciless frankness, and remorselessly exposes the character of the Queen.

The numerous portraits of the beautiful Dequesa de Alba are less vigorous although more pleasing. Similar in character is one of the most charming of Goya's portraits, that of 'The Marquesa de Laján,' now in the collection of the Duke of Alba (p. 210). It expresses great grace and delicacy of feeling, its only fault being a slight weakness in the drawing, especially of the right arm. It gives a fine example of Goya's power of painting drapery, in particular the transparent muslin in which he delighted to drape his models.

Goya was original in his method of colouring and refused to adopt the conventional standards. "In nature," he said, "exists no colour and no lines; nothing but

light and shadows." He used few colours and often painted in two or three tones, which were frequently simple greys. For his portraits he chiefly employed white, black, vermillion, the ochres, and the three sienas, and he once painted a head with black and vermillion only. His aim was to show the effect which light was able to produce, and his distinctive qualities as a colourist are harmony and unexpected effects, which obtain



Santas Justa y Rufina.

By Goya.

their charm from the clearness and brilliancy of the tones. He painted with remarkable rapidity, one or two sittings often being sufficient to finish a picture. He compelled his models to observe a perfect silence. He would arrange his canvas and brushes, and then remain for a long time quiet while he studied his model, wrapped in profound reflection. Without thought he could do nothing. He would often say, "The secret of the painter rests in the profound study of the object and in the firmness of the execution."

Goya's popularity compelled him to paint religious subjects. In May, 1780, he was made a member of the Academia de San Fernando, and in consequence had to paint a picture of the Christ and other works for the convent of San Francisco el Grande, which were the first series of his religious pictures. There can be little doubt that the painting of them was distasteful to himself, and no one would notice them unless they had already learnt to admire him from his other more congenial works. But even in these religious pictures his abounding originality is manifested. He was forced to produce religious paintings, but he treated them as he pleased. He entirely defied convention, and gave vent to his individual fancy. The pictures are not Catholic, and except that they are found in churches, show little of a scriptural tendency.

One of the most characteristic of his frescoes is in the small Church of San Antonio de la Florida, at Madrid, where the dome is covered with figures, not of saints, but of Spanish *danzarinas*, dancing amid garlands of flowers. The effect is bizarre, and quite incongruous and out of keeping with the character of the holy edifice.

There are many examples of Goya's religious pictures; one especially noteworthy for its lustrous colour is the large painting of 'Santas Justa y Rufina,' in the Cathedral at Seville (p. 209). The saints were common potters, living in the suburb of Triana, who were doomed to be tortured by the lions in one of the Romish gladiatorial combats for embracing the Christian faith; but the lions refused to kill their prey and crouched with submissive gentleness at the maidens' feet. So runs the legend, and ever since Justa and Rufina have been the guardian saints of the city of Seville. They have been painted many times; the two most important pictures being that of Goya and one by Murillo. It is instructive to note the difference in the manner of treatment employed by the two artists. Murillo paints them as saints, with rapt, unearthly faces, and halos about their heads. Goya represents them as two beautiful girls of the ordinary Spanish type, the halo is hardly visible, and they hold in their hands the emblem of their daily toil. The artist's love of truth shines out with vivid clearness; they were simple peasant girls, not saints, and as such he paints them.

As the years elapsed Goya gained sufficient power to enable him to work for the gratification of his own fancy. It was then that he issued the series of engravings known as the 'Caprichos,' which have been well described as "as a series of ingenious jokes."

They are divided by their nature into three distinct classes. The first have no double meaning and are chiefly valuable as mementoes of Spanish costumes. They are skits on the various types found in the streets of Madrid. There is the merry *manola*, or street Arab, side by side with the grand ladies, draped in their

graceful mantillas, and pursued by the young aristocrats, scented with musk and dressed in the most extravagant fashions of the period. Goya makes fun of them all, and shows with ironical clearness the foolishness of the men and women of his day. The second class is the most important; it satirizes the religion, the clerics, the nobles, and all the social institutions of his time. They are capricious and fantastic, vague in expression, so that it is often difficult to fathom the hidden meaning which they all possess. The priest is represented as a donkey, braying with senseless noise; the state is shown as a masked man, with an enormous sword too big for him to wield. Not even the King escapes; high and low are exposed to ridicule, and all the evils of a corrupt society are laid bare with ruthless sarcasm. The last are pure fantasies, apparently with little meaning. They show monstrous cities filled with devils and witches. They are strong and vigorous in drawing, but they are somewhat repulsive, and



Portrait of Marquesa de Laján.
By Goya.

are chiefly noteworthy as examples of Goya's inexhaustible and vivid imagination.

The 'Caprichos' brought the censure of the Church upon the painter. His popularity was unable to avert the storm of indignation aroused by the way he had satirized the most sacred institutions of his country. He was obliged to withdraw the 'Caprichos,' but even this did not appease the wrath of the clerics; he was brought under the tribunal of the Inquisition, and nothing but the interposition of the King saved him from paying the penalty of his humour.

Similar in conception to the 'Caprichos' are the series of pictures painted by Goya for his own house, and now collected in the Museo del Prado. They are

full of a grim and ghastly humour. We see Saturn devouring the body of his son, or San Isidro gazing upon something which fills him with terrible horror. All the pictures have some ghastly meaning. They are dark in colour and are treated in the impressionist manner. They compel attention and rivet themselves with startling force upon the memory. Horrible they are, but they are the work of genius. They remind one forcibly of the French artist Manet, and one realises how great is the influence which Goya has exerted, and how much the artistic world owes to his method of work.

The War of Independence in 1808 provided Goya with a new outlet for his many-sided genius. His last work was to depict the dire misery of war. During the years 1810-1820 he issued the series known as the 'Desastros de la Guerra,' illustrating scenes in the French invasion. He also painted two large pictures, now in the Museo del Prado. The 'Dos de Mayo' (p. 211) portrays with vivid realism the "blood bath" in which Murat murdered some hundreds of the Spanish citizens. Both this picture and its companion, 'Episodio de la Invasión Francesa,' are painted with convincing truth.

They are strong in treatment and conception and form an eternal protest against the misery of warfare.

These works may be said to close Goya's artistic career. He painted little more; he was growing old, and his health was failing. His last work was a picture of the 'Comunion de San José de Calasanz.' He obtained permission from the King to leave Spain and to go to France in search of health. He spent some months at Bordeaux and then went to Paris, where he was received with great honour. He returned to Spain, but his health did not improve, so he went once more to Bordeaux, where he died not many months after. He was buried there, but in later years his body was brought to Spain, so that his remains might rest among the honoured of his land. Strange to say, when the body was removed the head was missing, and no explanation could be given of its disappearance. Legend says it must have been taken by his friends in accordance with an ancient custom of the Basques, which orders the preservation of the head of the dead who are held in reverence for the worthiness of their lives.

C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY.



The 'Dos de Mayo.' A Scene in the French Invasion.

By Goya.



Bras de Seine à Pont de l'Arche.

By Jacques-Marie.

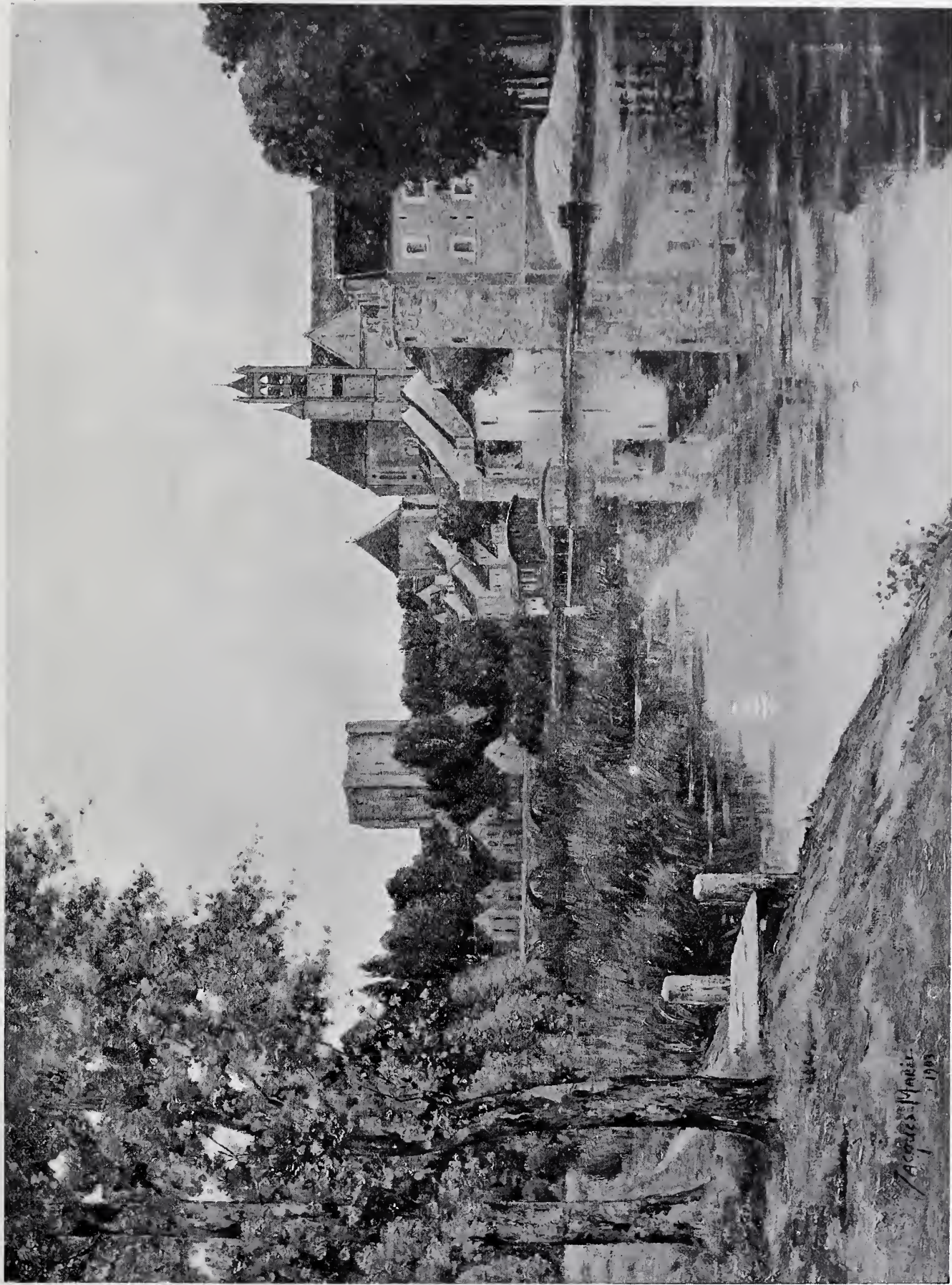
Some Pictures by Jacques-Marie.

“**N**OTHING do I call my own which, having inherited, I have not reconquered for myself.” This saying of Goethe has the flashing splendour of a truth vividly apprehended from more than one essential standpoint. It suggests that large consciousness of the background which is one of the distinguishing elements of romantic art; it enunciates that spirit of independence, of the right kind of possessiveness, without which there could be little æsthetic development. The poise of the sentence is fine. In a sense each century is richer than its predecessor, but the products of the past, whether of yesterday or of pre-historic times, can be made contributory to the creative present in so far only as they are intellectually and emotionally assimilated, “reconquered.” Undue conformity to traditionalism means the stifling of individual utterance; lack of æsthetic inheritance, on the other hand, tends to issue in crudeness.

The study of French art during the last hundred years would be to no small extent the study of the conflict between the traditional and the personal sanction. It is a far cry from David’s famous ‘Rape of the

Sabines,’ painted in 1800, to the idiosyncratic decorations of Puvis de Chavannes, to works by the Barbizon painters, to landscapes by Henri Harpignies. If we sought the connecting links, not in time and place only, but in mood and intention, between the insipid performances of the followers of David and the hundred eccentricities exhibited to-day, they would not be difficult to find. Géricault, Delacroix—in the words of Silvestre a painter of the genuine race, who had the sun in his head and the thunderstorm in his heart—the romanticists of Fontainebleau, Courbet, Manet and Monet, Degas, Puvis de Chavannes: names such as these serve to epitomise the history of the recurrent assertions of individual liberty in the pictorial domain.

Of living French landscapists none has exercised a wider influence than Henri Harpignies. So persistent, indeed, is his influence that it gives a certain distinction, a measure of charm, not only to work by some of his pupils, but to pictures by several of those who have studied under his pupils—Jacques-Marie, for instance, three or four canvases from whose brush are



Moret.
By Jacques-Marie.

By permission of Messrs. William Marchant and Co.



Village près de Namur (Belgium).

By Jacques-Marie.

reproduced in connection with this article. Harpignies was born at Valenciennes in 1819. Intended by his parents for a life of commerce, not till he was twenty-seven years of age did he receive any regular instruction in art. After two years in the Paris *atelier* of Achard, he sojourned for a like time in Italy, and in 1853 made his *début* at the Salon, to which he still continues to contribute regularly. A second visit to Italy followed in 1860, this time in company with Corot, the tenderness, the witchery of whose vision ever afterwards haunted Harpignies, although from the first he realised that Corot's way was not his way. In the mid-1850's Harpignies was what may be called an incident landscapist.

Were it only to demonstrate the worth of an initiative such as that of Harpignies, there would be warrant for directing attention to the endeavours of a Jacques-

Marie. Born in Paris on March the 5th, 1868, and a pupil of M. Albert Gosselin (who studied under Harpignies, Jules Lefebvre, and Le Roux), in 1898 a picture by Jacques-Marie received a M(ention) H(onorable) at the Salon, in 1900 another was awarded a medal. The work of some artists is so highly individualised, or rather, perhaps, qualities are on occasions found in such rare combination, that taken as centres of influence they are perilous. It is not so with Harpignies. His trees are structural, his earth solid; there is a potency about his simple phrasing, an amplitude in his syntheses. Even at a distance of two removes, then, the Harpignies influence makes for good. His broad generalisations are the reverse of dangerous to the student, because for one thing—as all who know his pen-and-ink studies are aware—he never ceases to insist upon the importance of detailed forms as a basis for such generalisation.

It is not without significance, perhaps, that Jacques-Marie has painted much in the neighbourhood of the forest of Fontainebleau. The very name has been a source of inspiration to many a young artist since Jean

François Millet settled at Barbizon more than half a century ago, since Diaz painted its foliage-domed solitudes, since Corot dreamed its beauties. Stevenson, in his delightful essay, says, "Let the young painter go to Fontainebleau, and while he stupefies himself with studies that teach him the mechanical side of his trade, let him walk in the great air, and be a servant of mirth, and not pick and botanise, but wait upon the moods of nature. So he will learn—or learn not to forget—the poetry of life and earth, which, when he has acquired his track, will save him from joyless reproduction." Everywhere Nature is prodigal in her gifts; in the glades of Fontainebleau, moreover, these gifts are supplemented by those which form the heritage of the Barbizon masters.

About equi-distant from the Château of Fontainebleau to north-west and south-east are Chailly, which

"lies dusty and slumbering in the plain, the cemetery of itself," and Moret, the subject of Jacques-Marie's picture reproduced on page 213. Stevenson says: "Nemours and Moret, for all they are so picturesque, have been little visited by painters. They are, indeed, too populous; they have manners of their own, and might resist the drastic process of colonisation"—the kind of colonisation, that is, which teaches the local innkeeper "to welcome as a favoured guest a young gentleman in a very greasy coat, and with little baggage beyond a box of colours and a canvas." Jacques-Marie demonstrates pictorially that Moret-sur-Loing has a character which would not tolerate dictation of this kind. The square, stunted church tower, the steep roof of the turretted building, the half-frowning grey walls, the bridge and the reservedly-treated houses in the left background bespeak a place with a genius of its own. A variant of this moonrise effect at Moret forms part of the present Salon exhibition. An interesting example of Jacques-Marie's work on a more or less architectural theme is 'La Route de Bourgoyne,' the wide road in the foreground, with here and there a tree, used admirably as a foil for the congregation of houses beyond. As Harpignies masses or detaches trees in a landscape, so buildings may be used in picture; the possibility of thus using them, indeed, is suggested by the artist whose work we are considering. In the 'Village près de Namur' (p. 214), as in the 'Moret,' the two motives, architectural and landscape, are pleasantly united. But in none of these pictures, if it be not in the boldly seen 'Route de Bourgoyne,' does Jacques-Marie indicate so excellent a sense of composition, so sure a *flair* for disengaging from the tangle of reality pictorially requisite elements, as in 'Un Coin de Montigny' (p. 215). There is an unobtrusive radiance about this little picture, a kind of sequestered beauty, which give pleasure. The white-fronted cottages nestling under the protection of the green upland, the tiled roofs, tempered to

new beauty by wind and rain, field path in the hollow with a single blossoming tree: these details are graciously unified by Jacques-Marie. In this quiet 'Coin de Montigny' we apprehend rather than discern the influence of a second distinguished French landscapist—Cazin.

It would be undesirable, even were it possible, to confine the practice of the arts to those possessed of genius, or even, perhaps, of quite exceptional power. It were indubitably well, however, would a greater number of young painters follow the example of Jacques-Marie, and, by deriving from excellent sources, gradually fit themselves stylistically to express their own impressions, instead of first and foremost straining to be "individual" at all costs.



Un Coin de Montigny.

By Jacques-Marie.

A Sidelight on Prince Charles Edward Stuart's Career in Scotland, 1745.

THE glamour of romance surrounding the attempt of Charles Edward Stuart to achieve an earthly crown by supplanting the Hanoverian occupant of the Throne of Britain has not, and in all probability never will, entirely die out. This brilliant but unsuccessful effort of Bonnie Prince Charlie has been the cause of much literature and of much fine song writing. The story of the adventures of the Jacobite Prince has been variously narrated, and it is not the intention here to repeat it. This note relates only to one incident that occurred in connection with the issue of paper money to supply the sinews of war, hard cash being less plentiful than was desirable. Sir Robert Strange, the afterwards famous engraver, when a young man came under the all-powerful influences of love; his *innamorata* was a zealous Jacobite (her brother being private secretary to the Prince), and she induced her lover to join the army of Prince Charlie, the reward for such service being the gift of her heart and hand.

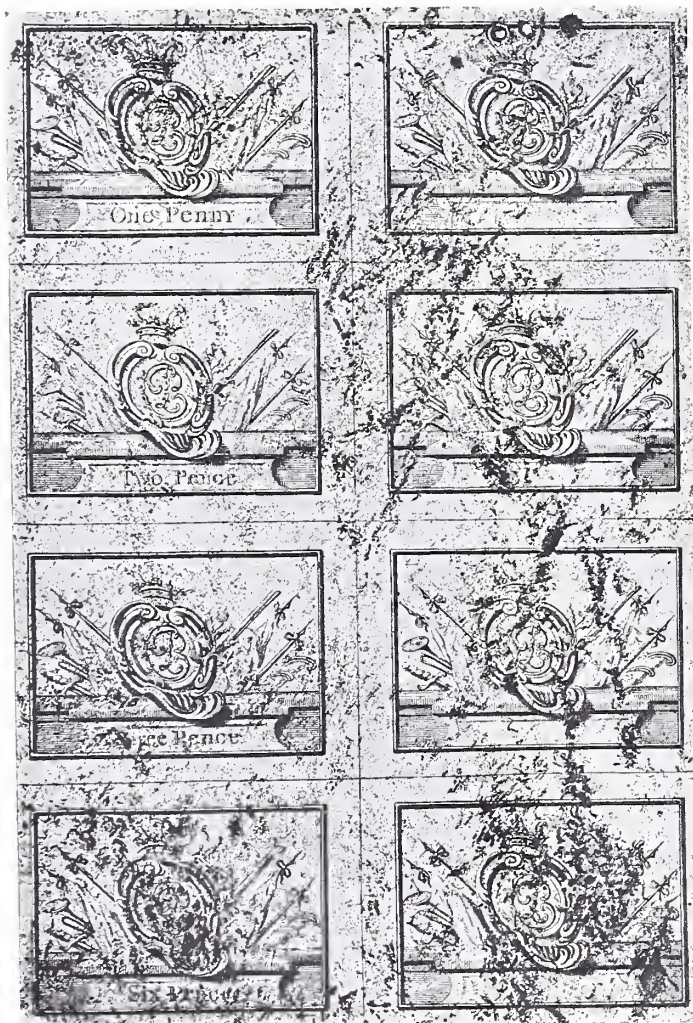


Plate engraved at Inverness for Prince Charlie's issue of paper notes.

By Sir Robert Strange.

Strange was enrolled as a trooper in what was called the Life Guards, and when the headquarters of the army were at Inverness the necessity arose for the means of paying accounts by the issue of paper notes. It had become known that in the ranks there was an artist who would be able to accomplish the desired object. Strange, or Strang (as it was originally, and which probably he adopted when he joined the army), was ordered to attend at headquarters, and having had explained to him what was wanted, he was commissioned to proceed at once to carry out this design. This must have been a rather difficult matter; no means at hand in such a place as Inverness, and at such a time. However, the courage of the trooper was equal to the occasion. He made his drawing, which was approved of, set about getting appliances, and made a commencement. First of all the copperplate on which to engrave was with difficulty acquired, tools and etching ground had to be made, and, above all, a press to print the notes seemed to baffle him, yet this was at last constructed. The notes were at first to be of small denominations, larger to follow. While these operations were being perfected the startling news arrived that the Duke of Cumberland had crossed the Spey. Confusion ensued, and all minor details were abandoned in favour of the more important matter of how best to oppose the advancing host. The battle of Culloden was fought and lost. Thus ended the smaller engraving idea, as well as the larger and all-important cause of Prince Charlie. Then followed the scattering of the clans and the butchery of their followers, the beginning of the Prince's adventurous wanderings, and his final escape from the country. Though a huge sum of money was offered for his capture, not one of his faithful Highlanders allowed their allegiance to waver, though it brought death and disaster to many a family. The copperplate engraved by Strange was found many years afterwards on a Highland moor, dropped, no doubt, during the retreat after the dispersion of Prince Charlie's men. It became ultimately the property of Cluny Macpherson, and is now in Cluny Castle. Some years ago it was shown at a Naval and Military Exhibition in Edinburgh, described as "a bronze plate for printing paper money." Through the kindness of the proprietor the plate was lent to me, and, after cleaning it, I had some impressions printed from it, one of which is here reproduced. This is a small sidelight on the romantic episode of Scottish history, and immediately connected with the "King o' the Highlant hearts, Bonnie Prince Charlie." Strange escaped all pursuit; his name did not appear on the proscribed list, and after a time he obtained his reward by marrying his first love, and gained great fame and honour as an engraver.

GEO. AIKMAN, A.R.S.A.



An Allegorical Love Feast (page 68).

By Pieter Pourbus.

From the picture in the Wallace Collection.

Exhibition of Home Arts and Industries.

IT is somewhat difficult to "range" the nineteenth exhibition of work done in the classes and centres of the Home Arts and Industries Association. From the philanthropic point of view the association works vigorously and with sound results, putting the interest of intelligent handiwork into many lives that either from physical reasons or from the common reasons of peasant and artisan life under mechanical conditions would otherwise want that interest. For instance, there is the tapestry and rug-weaving done by cripple girls under Miss Clive Bayley, at Bushey, Herts; work of good design and texture, and of great value in the lives of the workers. Blind workers, too, showed skilful weaving and basket-work, and the ingenious toys made by disabled soldiers and sailors should be mentioned. Besides this plainly admirable activity of the association, one must appreciate the large extension of the interests that intelligent craftsmanship brings into life consequent on the arrangement in these many villages of Great Britain, from Swinister, Scalloway and Fair Isle to Newlyn, in Cornwall, of classes for practising, teaching or reviving arts and crafts such as weaving, lace-making, wood-carving, pottery-making, carving.

The promoters of the association labour in a cause that has sound inspiration from the social point of view. Only when one comes to consider the artistic result of all this energy, of this industry of amateur execution of design, striving to find the way back to long-lost traditions; when, in fact, one views the movement in relation



From Eversley, Hants.

Back of Settee.

Designed by W. Aumenier; carved by B. Stilwell.

to the single inspiration of William Morris, one wonders how far endeavour, without his blent genius of the "learned clerk" and the master craftsman, can be expected to succeed in founding a new tradition of craftsmanship in village and town. In some cases, of course, as in the tweeds and fine knitting of the Shetland Isles, or in West Country laces, the industry is of unbroken tradition. In others, as the linen-weaving of Langdale, and, indeed, plain weaving in general, the technique is so simple that the craft may be firmly and admirably established in any twentieth century village, with simple and beautiful results. But in crafts such as wood-carving or glazed pottery, or metal-work, where design is essential, and no local tradition of design, centred in the use or significance of the article, exists, the result of much labour is apt to be less than inspiring from the artistic point of view. Genuine craftsmanship has sincerity inwrought equally in its plainest and most elaborate forms of work. One hesitates, knowing the difficulty of conditions, to call the mass of this work insincere, but one is forced to consider it strained, self-conscious—in a word, amateurish. There are exceptions, of course. Some have been mentioned, and others were to be found in all departments. We illustrate an example of wood-carving and of the pottery-making that Mrs. G. F. Watts—the founder, we believe, of the association—has started on a considerable scale at Compton. The clay used is found in the neighbourhood, and in her symbolic designs she uses forms that, though originally remote from local associations, have acquired significance to the villagers who joined in the erection and decoration of the Chapel of Rest at Compton.



From Compton, Surrey.

Casket.

Designed by Mrs. G. F. Watts; executed by Thomas Wren.

London Exhibitions.

DURING the past thirteen years the Corporation of the City has made amends for many æsthetic shortcomings. Each summer since 1890—those of 1891 and 1893 excepted—a loan collection of noteworthy pictures has been arranged at the Guildhall; and with justice these exhibitions have come to rank as among the most important of the season. The twelfth, which remains open till July 25th, comprises 62 works by Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, and 133 by certain of their successors of the nineteenth century. The two sections should be studied more or less separately; that is to say, the extremely difficult task of exemplifying the persistence of national and racial characteristics, of suggesting the links that bind the Marises to Rembrandt or Ruysdael or Hobbema, is not attempted. The old pictures are in Gallery IV., and a few of them are of the first rank. Juxtaposed to the noble landscape belonging to Lady Wantage, 'Le Commencement d'Orage,' of which more will be said later, is Frans Hals' portrait of Admiral de Ruyter, lent by Earl Spencer, who kindly permits its reproduction (p. 219). Here is an apparently matter-of-fact statement disengaged from every suggestion of commonplace; the characterisation is charged with a great sanity. As to details, at once how direct, how powerful, how beautiful is the painting of the left hand, how consummate the rendering of the transparent white cuff and of the more solid white of the slashed sleeves. From the collection of M. Rodolphe Kann, Paris, comes Rembrandt's portrait of his son Titus, the product of a genius which by this time had fathomed the vicissitudes of life—the picture dates from 1655—and 'The Cook Asleep,' by Jan Vermeer of Delft, a masterpiece if by reason only of its finely ordered sequence of tones, from the deep red of the table-cloth to the warm buff of the flagon. An excellent rendering of wooded country by Hobbema, a serenely accomplished view of calm waters and white-sailed boats by Jan van der Cappelle, able still-life studies by Jan Huysum and Willem van Aelst, an important forest scene by Jacob von Ruysdael; these are other seventeenth century works of importance.

The modern section is, of course, far more representative. By Josef Israels are no fewer than twenty-seven works, by Jacob Maris twenty-five, by Anton Mauve twenty-one. Not only in quantity but in quality the art of these and other prominent Dutch painters of the present or the immediate past is admirably exemplified. The 'River and Windmill,' apparently painted in the early seventies, is an eminently good Jacob Maris, a largely felt interpretation of a large and simple nature motive; 'At the Shrine,' 'The Bird Cage,' and 'The Peacock Feather,' reveal a less familiar side of his endeavours. No artist has surpassed Bosboom—few, if any, have equalled him—in the pictorialisation of



Portrait of Admiral de Ruyter.

By Frans Hals.

church interiors; as painted by him grey pillars and grey walls take on new and suave beauties. No. 132 is a fine specimen of his art.

But the unforgettable feature at the Guildhall is the series of drawings and pictures by Matthew Maris. Leaving out of account the 'Two Children Reading,' which is in part only by him, there are nineteen Matthew Marises—more than at any previous exhibition in London, if I mistake not, or perhaps elsewhere. It is regrettable that these were not brought together on a single wall and there hung approximately in chronological order; yet even as it is the student has an unexampled opportunity to gauge the worth of this artist's endeavours. He is isolated, as it seems to me, from other members of the modern Dutch school, nay, from all save a few artists of whatever time or place, by a supreme virtue; his genius is of the kind that imagines in tone and form. We are accustomed to speak of a landscape as a transcript, an interpretation, a pictorialisation. 'The Outskirts of a Town' does not permit of being so classified; the union is flawless and indissoluble between the quiet mood of nature—church tower rising against a tenderly radiant sky—and the temper of the artist as so, once and for all, he apprehended the significance of that moment. We must not look in Matthew Maris for catholicity approximating to that of a Rembrandt; for the splendid audacity of a

Hals, the *bonhomie* of an Adrian Brouwer; we must be prepared on occasions, moreover, for weakness, clumsiness, disregard of the beautiful, in the treatment of the human figure. Yet these and many other shortcomings may be forgiven had he painted one only of several pictures now at the Guildhall. Every true work of art is charged with a measure of thought, a measure of emotion; but it is rare, indeed, to find theme and vehicle of interpretation so interpenetrating one the other, yet so emphatic as to the quality of the mind which throughout orders, as to yield an impression of unified creation. In the landscapes I have named, and in some of his figure pieces,

Matthew Maris does not appear so much to have painted things seen, and realised mentally and emotionally, as through actual use of the pigment to have been imaginately quickened. The pictures are the consummation of these imaginings. By the courtesy of Herr H. W. Mesdag—whose 'Threatening Sky,' from the collection of Sir John C. Day, is a fine exemplification of the artist's eager vision and strenuous touch—we are enabled to reproduce Matthew Maris' sculptresque

study of a ram's head (p. 222). It serves to reveal the power whence is winnowed the delicacy of a 'Four Mills' (p. 155), or of an 'Outskirts of a Town.' Among the lovely figure subjects are 'The Well,' the scarlet bodice and pink sleeves of the girl telling joyously against the white of the pigeons' breasts; 'The Spinster,' 'The Butterflies,' and 'A Fantasy.' In Sir John C. Day's 'Feeding Chickens,' 1872 (p. 220)—an etching after which, by Mr. William Hale, appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, 1893—the splendid plumage of the poultry, massed to the left, balances in sentiment the tremulous screen of gold-brown leafage through which the grey houses of the town are visible. From the same year dates the deep-toned 'Back Premises,' belonging to Jhr. J. R. H. Neervoort van de Pol, to whose courtesy we are indebted for being able to illustrate it (p. 221). The picture shows one of those every day incidents capable of being turned to great account, as here, by genius.

Feeding Chickens.

By Matthew Maris.



At least two other large and important exhibitions call for a more extended notice than it is here possible to give. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club the art of ancient Greece, from the close of the sixth century B.C., down to the Augustan age, is represented by a series of sculptures, bronzes, terra-cottas, vases, gems and coins. To Mrs. Arthur Strong, LL.D., a well-known member of the Hellenic Society, is in large measure due the success of the exhibition. I can do no more than name one or two of the ancient objects whose appeal is for all time. From Chatsworth comes the bronze head of Apollo, original Greek work, of about 450 B.C., now almost for the first time made known to

connoisseurs; belonging to the Marquess of Lansdowne is a head emerging from part of a sepulchral stele, dating from about the second half of the fifth century B.C.; the large bronze shield, seventh century B.C., belonging to Mr. Claude Ponsonby, is in splendid preservation; over the mantelpiece is a fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon, recently discovered at Combe Park, Essex, and since fully described by Dr. A. S. Murray in the *Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects*; the winged Eros, in bronze, belonging to Mr. Pierpont Morgan, shows how profoundly the sculptors of the Italian Renaissance were indebted to their Attic forerunners—Verrochio's boy with the dolphin should be compared with it; of undying beauty, sovereign over all other qualifications, is the marble head of a girl lent by Mr. E. P. Warren, the subject of a forthcoming essay by Mr. Marshall of Lewes, which students are eagerly anticipating—life seems to await rebirth in the cool marble. Paramountly, perhaps, there is the head of Aphrodite, in finest Parian marble, whose original surface is in itself a delight, lent by Lord Leconfield. This superb work, analogous in several respects to the Hermes of Olympia, and to kindred famous works of the same period, is by many eminent students now regarded as an original from the hand of Praxiteles. The catalogue, with its general preface, its introduction to each main section, its historical and descriptive notes on the principal exhibits, is a valuable possession.

At the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, the third of a series of exhibitions devoted to the graphic arts has been arranged. Following those dealing with "Lithography" and "Modern Illustration," the present show is designed to illustrate the development of engraving and etching in this country, whether practised by native craftsmen or by foreigners resident here. The original intention was to include all methods of intaglio engraving, but photographic pro-

cesses have wisely been reserved for a future exhibition. Even as it is, the scope might with advantage have been still farther limited. In some twenty-six bays on either side of a long gallery in the Indian section and on several screens in the centre nearly 1,000 frames are hung, in many cases containing several works. From sixteenth century or other early line engravings by William Rogers, the De Passes, etc., the visitor passes on to fine etchings by Wenceslaus Hollar, to mezzotints by Prince Rupert—the King, among other things, lends

a second state of 'The Great Executioner,' 1658, a plate which measures no less than 25 by 17½ in.—onward to line engravings by Sir Robert Strange, William Woollett, William Sharp, and others, and to examples by the great mezzotinters of the last half of the eighteenth century. In a word, there is here brought together an assemblage of line engravings, mezzotints, etchings, aquatints, stipple engravings, and coloured prints covering the whole period of their development in this country, more than due prominence being given to work by modern artists, albeit Mr. Joseph Pennell is not represented in the etching section. An excellent feature of the exhibition is the series of tools and materials essential to etching and engraving, put on view with explanatory notes



Back Premises.

By Matthew Maris.

under the direction of Mr. Frank Short.

The first "one-man show" held by Mr. Sargent in this country—at the Carfax Gallery, Ryder Street—naturally attracted much attention. It consisted solely of sketches and studies in various mediums, none of them for sale. 'A Venetian Tavern,' swift and sure as the diploma work which in some ways it resembles; a half-length study of Eleanora Duse; 'In a Mirror,' a Tiepolo ceiling of a Bramante palace reflected therein; and a pencil sketch of a girl's profile, were some of the thirty exhibits which remain in the memory. At the Obach Galleries there were brought together a fine, highly finished Rousseau, seen in the retrospective



A Ram's Head.

By Matthew Maris.

section of the Paris Universal Exhibition, 1889; an incident picture by Harpignies, painted in 1855; a flashing Monticelli, 'Evening in the Park,' and excellent work by Diaz, Daubigny, Corot. The largest and most "important" of the eighteen works by eighteenth century British masters at the Galleries of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East, was a group by Hoppner of Lady Mornington, afterwards Marchioness of Wellesley, and her two sons. Smaller, but with more significance and beauty, were a Hogarth study of 'Miss Rich' in white cap with blue ribbon, and Gainsborough's sensitive 'Miss Singleton.' For the rest, the Rowland Club arranged in the hall of Clifford's Inn a series of works by Messrs. Frank Short, Selwyn Image, Charles Holroyd, T. Stirling Lee, and other members, executed "mainly for their own pleasure, and having about them, therefore, a certain intimacy, it may be, which shall count for something"; the Black Frame Sketch Club showed pictures in gold frames at the Leicester Gallery, Leicester Square; Mr. Vereker Monteith Hamilton was represented as a landscapist at the Bruton Gallery, Bruton Street; Mr. Arthur Streeton demonstrated how uncolonial a talented Australian artist can become when brought into contact with European traditions; Professor Legros once again stood out as a master of etching and goldpoint at the Dutch Gallery.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING, during his recent tour, graciously accepted the Honorary Membership of the Royal Raphael Academy of Urbino.

SEVERAL art honours have been dispensed during the past few weeks. A knighthood has for long been associated with the Presidency of the Royal Scottish Academy, and, even although a somewhat unusual state of things was brought about by the retirement of Sir George Reid, it was a foregone con-

clusion that his successor would be so honoured. The King chose an apt moment during his visit to Scotland to confer a knighthood on Sir James Guthrie, as he now is. The President of our Royal Academy was 60 when he became Sir Edward Poynter; the Scottish portraitist is but 44. By consent of his Majesty, Mr. Alfred East has accepted the Order of the Crown of Italy, conferred upon him in part by way of recognition of his services to the international exhibitions held triennially in Venice, in whose Municipal Gallery is Mr. East's 'Nene Valley.' Again, Herr Hendrik Willem Mesdag has received the Grand Cordon of Orange-Nassau, in large measure, probably, because he has generously presented his art collection to the State.

BY general consent Mr. Charles W. Furse is prominent among the portraitists at the Academy this year. In the slang of the Slade School, where he studied, the young painter is "cram full" of talent, but a period of ill-health has till now prevented what would otherwise have been a more rapid development. Mr. Furse's 'Return from the Ride' gains additional interest from the fact that it is a portrait group. The lady in silver-pink gown is Mrs. Waterfield, daughter of the late Sir Maurice Duff-Gordon, and grand-daughter of the Lady Duff-Gordon, whose "Egyptian Letters" have recently been re-published with a preface by Mr. George Meredith.

IN the sculpture section, too, exhibits by a young artist show great promise. Mr. Stanley Nicholson Babb, who sends the beautiful bronze 'In Slumberland,' is a Royal Academy student. In 1898 he gained two silver medals in addition to a first prize for a modelled design; and in 1901 he was awarded the blue ribbon in the sculpture section—the much-coveted gold medal and travelling studentship—for 'Boadicea Urging the Britons to Avenge her Outraged Daughters.'

RELATIVELY few persons are aware that the pictorial output of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema can accurately be gauged, this because he does not scruple to add Roman numerals to the various works that leave his easel. Thus, 'A Dedication to Bacchus,' recently sold for 5,600 guineas, is marked "Opus CCXCIV.," while the 'Silver Favourites' of this year is "Opus CCCLXXIII."

IT is worthy of note that the largest total realised at Christie's during a single afternoon for pictures was on May 23rd, when the sixty-one works belonging to Mr. Reginald Vaile, mostly by French artists of the eighteenth century—articles on the Vaile collection appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, 1902, pp. 65 and 149—and twenty-seven from other sources, fetched an aggregate of no less than £105,845 5s. This total compares with £99,564 for the Dudley pictures in 1892; £87,144 for the James Price collection in 1895; £78,312 for the Wells gallery in 1890; £75,916 for those of Sir John Pender's pictures dispersed on a Saturday afternoon in 1897.

CONSIDERABLE curiosity has been evinced as to the identity of 'Sir Alexander Kinloch, Bart.,' whose portrait by Mr. John Bowie hangs on the line in Gallery X at Burlington House. Sir Alexander, we have authority for stating, is father of Lieut.-Colonel Kinloch, whose "case" has been so prominently before the public recently. Sir Alexander went through the Crimean war as an officer in the Grenadier Guards.

ACCORDING to Lord Rosebery, Napoleon held that a tax of which everybody complains must be efficient. Lord Rosebery himself in some such spirit testified to the worth of the death duties. He thinks that collectors of works of art, as a result of these duties and the consequent probability of the dispersal at death of their treasures, are more likely than heretofore to bequeath such possessions to public museums. It is an optimistic point of view, at any rate.

MR. ALEXANDER ROCHE, R.S.A., who has recently been in America painting portraits of Mrs. and Miss Carnegie, was fortunate enough to interest the millionaire and his wife in the art students of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mrs. Carnegie has offered a travelling scholarship of £60 a year and Mr. Carnegie a similar prize—in certain circumstances the two may be united. Mr. Roche's visit was fruitful in another way, too, for a Scottish-American friend has offered to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery one of several presentments of Bismarck from the brush of Lenbach.

MR. SIDNEY COLVIN, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, whose engagement to Mrs. Sitwell, friend of R. L. Stevenson, has recently been announced, is to be cordially congratulated for causing to be placed on view in the King's Library, "as a whet to public appetite," some sixty of the Cheylesmore mezzotints. The bequest, consisting of some 10,325 prints, representing 284 British and 70 foreign engravers, was handed over to the Trustees of the British Museum at the end of November last; and not for twelve or fifteen months yet will the task of repairing, mounting, cataloguing and incorporating into the general collections be completed. Red tapeism would have dictated the postponement till then of a public exhibition. Mr. Colvin shows that he is no slave to such unwise traditions.

AN exhibition of original drawings for *Punch* is now open at the Woodbury Gallery, New Bond Street. A good selection has been made of recent work, and acquaintance may be resumed with many quips, with their attendant illustrations. Not only because of the merit of the drawing, but also on account of its topical subject, will the small reproduction on this page be found interesting. Mr. Bernard Partridge is an artist whose weekly cartoons attract more than the average notice, and his original drawings are conspicuous in this exhibition.

THE Thomy-Thiéry pictures and bronzes may now be seen by visitors to Paris, although in order to do so it is necessary to ascend to the lofty second floor of the Louvre, and then to fare through the innumerable galleries devoted to maritime objects before the north-easternmost corner of the vast building is reached. Messrs. Obach are distributing in this country an admirable catalogue, with brief descriptions by M. Jean Guiffrey, which contains fourteen full-page reproduc-



A GRACIOUS PROMISE.

MISS CONNAUGHT, MISS ULSTER, MISS LEINSTER, MISS MUNSTER (together): "They're coming! Sure, 'tis the grandest news we've had for many a day."

From a drawing by Bernard Partridge.

By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

tions of as many pictures, and another page showing five of the Barye bronzes. This catalogue, with its interesting introduction, is well timed and invaluable.

ON June 8th Mr. Alfred East and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon were elected Honorary Associates of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

WE have to record, with much regret, the death of the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D. In 1901 he begged to be permitted to send manuscript and to correct proofs of a whole series of articles for us on Rothiemurchus: "I feel my life so precarious that I am constrained to finish everything I undertake at once, not knowing when I may have to lay down my pen." It was not until this year, on May 24th, that his career ended.

New Books.

In two volumes, with the title "*Isabella d'Este*" (John Murray), Mrs. Ady gives the details of the life and the associations of the famous Marchioness of

Mantua, who "will be long remembered as the fairest and most perfect flower of womanhood which blossomed under the sunny skies of Virgil's land, in the immortal days of the Italian Renaissance." Living during the period 1474-1539, and intimately concerned in the political disturbances which occurred incessantly, completely fulfilling her social duties and naturally giving much thought to the choice of splendid robes and jewels, Isabella yet found time, having the inclination, to identify herself actively with the progress of Culture. Books and music occupied much of her leisure, and the letters which passed between her and the chief artists of the day, for the first time now brought together, form an interesting study. With her deeply critical disposition, it was no sinecure to work for "*la prima donna del mondo*" who could express condemnation so poignantly. She lamented, "We only wish that we could be as well served by painters as we are by men of letters. But we know that the wish is vain." "Since we have learnt by experience," reads an imperious letter to a minor artist, "that you are as slow in finishing your work as you are in everything else, we send this to remind you that for once you must change your nature, and that if our *studiolo* is not finished on our return, we intend to put you into the dungeon of the Castello." In 1504, "We can no longer endure such villainy as Giovanni Bellini has shown us." Other artists whose work she commissioned, and of whom there is much contemporary evidence in these volumes, include Lorenzo Costa, Francia, Leonardo, Mantegna, Michelangelo, Perugino, Raphael, and Titian. Mrs. Ady, not pretending to write an exhaustive biography, describes the fascinating career of one of the remarkably attractive characters in history, and it is a good realisation of Charles Yriarte's ambitions regarding this subject. The careful references to authorities denote the thoroughness of research, and give a special value to the work.

A translation by Mr. Charles Holroyd of Condivi's "**Life of Michelangelo**" (Duckworth) brings to use a record which is as authoritative as an autobiography of the artist. The original book was produced, undoubtedly with the sanction of the great sculptor, soon after the publication in 1550 of Vasari's "*Lives*," Ascanio Condivi being at the time an inmate of Buonarroti's house, and enjoying daily converse with his revered master. It is our most trustworthy history, and this translation, undertaken by Mr. Holroyd, and accompanied by illustrations, is a book for which students should be earnestly thankful. At the end of the book are three interesting dialogues on painting, composed by Francisco d'Ollanda, a Portuguese miniature painter, who was in Rome in 1538.

The treatise by Herr Adolf Rosenberg on "**Leonardo da Vinci**" (Grevel) does not altogether escape the danger of trying to please both the popular and scientific reader. Nevertheless, for a work of such scope the result must be pronounced satisfactory. The pure art criticism far surpasses the remarks on character and religion. "Madonna" for "Medusa" (p. 24) is an unfortunate error. The author should reconcile his statement that there is no authentic picture by Leonardo, in which the hands are wanting,

with his admission of 'La Belle Féronnière' in the list of genuine works. The size of the book admits of good illustrations, though the mistake is made of showing large works on too small a scale.

Probably in default of a truly comprehensive treatise, the best idea of the artist may be obtained from such a work as "**Leonardo da Vinci**," by Dr. Georg Gronau (Duckworth). We are given first a sketch of his life, then a discussion on selected phases of his work. The plan is a good one, the points are well chosen, and the criticism is clear without being too technical. A useful list of authorities is given.

"**Art Sales of the Year 1902**," edited by Mr. J. Herbert Slater (Hutchinson), is a useful book for the preparation of which collectors will be grateful. An incalculable amount of labour in compilation and revision must have been bestowed on this work before it was passed for press: we regret that just a little more care was not given to the final reading of the proofs. Such slips as these would have been observed: in the Index, Fantin-Latour (H) and Latour (F) are classified separately; three works are indexed to Da Vinci (L), others to Vinci (Leonardo da); in several references this Index is unreliable. The birth-year of Birket Foster might have been given to keep the biographical plan consistent, and several minor errors in spelling should have been corrected. The comparisons in the sale values of works are instructive, but there is a mistake in the information following the record of £7,350 for the Troyon sold at Christie's in February, 1902: at the Waring Sale in 1888 'The Ferry' was sold, not, as stated, for £3,500, but for 3,500 guineas.

Prize design by J. Blake Hadlow (Brighton School of Art) to illustrate "*Quaint Conceits for Fruit Trenchers*," privately printed and published by Henry Willett, Esq., Brighton.



The Orange.

"Midst golden balls the humming bees
Flit in and out among the trees,
While maidens seek thy stars of white,
To deck the Bride, bewitching sight!"



Rye Water, near Leixlip, Co. Kildare, Ireland.

By William Davis.

Modern Pictures at Red Heath, Croxley Green.

THERE is always something a little incongruous about a bright English country house filled with sombre Dutch or Italian pictures. Through countless open doors and windows comes the scent of summer and the new-mown hay; park and lawns are hazy with sunshine; everywhere outside the eye rests upon gay flower-beds; and why should the inside be sad or serious? These old masters, hung upon walls of dainty trellis and chintz-like trailing roses, strike a depressing note, like a *memento mori* in a silken boudoir. Mr. William Newall has avoided this incongruity, and, with the unaffected taste of a healthy lover of beauty, has lined his house (apart from the Italian drawing-room) with bright and sunny water colours. Nor are these the result of indiscriminate buying to fill up the space, as was the case of the gentleman who ordered so many yards of books in a particular plum-coloured binding. Each picture has been the result of deliberate choice and preference, spread over many years. I found him the other day in his studio (for he himself practises modelling, and has executed some charming portrait busts) cleaning off the packing strips from a new acquisition, an oil picture by A. W. Hunt of Sonning Lock, and wondering where he should put it. Hunts are his chief partiality, and, like all the members of his family, he has a fine collection of them. Next to Hunt, perhaps, his care is for Pinwell; but Pinwells are not often to be had. And having Hunts,

he, of course, has Albert Goodwins also, for these seem naturally to go together.

Foremost among Mr. Newall's Hunts is the exquisite 'Valley of Dolwyddelan' (p. 227), once owned by Mr. W. S. Caine, from whom he bought it. This water-colour, a comparatively large one (19½ × 29¼ inches) was exhibited in the 1897 collection of Alfred Hunt's works at the Burlington Fine Art Club under the title 'November 11th, One o'Clock p.m.,' which was the record the painter attached to it; and is famous for its rainbow, one of the few instances (if not the solitary one) of a rainbow painted according to nature, and true to it in effect. Personally, I have never seen another, for Turner's rainbows are conventionalised, or perhaps idealised, if that be possible. But here is a rainbow true to the spectrum, perfectly arched in form, produced by double refraction and reflection from raindrops, with its attendant bow beyond fainter by reason of the additional reflection. As in nature, the red bands are both on the inside. Where it falls across the foot of the sloping hill, you trace it by the almost imperceptible changes of coloration—a feat of painting that has never been excelled even by this master of colour and light. The sky is darkest between the bands. It is said that Hunt would never paint the commonplace effects of ordinary sunlight, but watched his scenes for some moment of rare, intangible beauty, worthy of the highest skill. He could never have found a more propitious

*Schloss Eltz.**By A. W. Hunt.*

moment than this, and by a happy combination of circumstances he has succeeded in fixing it. The view itself is one of wild grandeur; a deep gorge stretching and winding into the distance, with a solitary pinnacle rising up from it on which a ruined castle stands. Beyond are the faint blue forms of a distant range. The principal feature of the picture, however, is a hillside of sparse mountain pasture, fretted with outcropping rocks. The storm which has just passed over darkens the top, beneath a heavy, inky sky, but the returning sun has lighted up the face of the hill with a blaze of clearness, showing, as under a microscope, the scarped faces of the rockwork scratched and grazed by the path of an ancient glacier. Colour is almost banished under the white glare; but at the foot of the hill, and where the ground begins to rise again in partial shadow on the right, comes a foreground that is full of rich colour and tone: deep russet earth, from which the rain is still running off, patches of red and blue from an old wall winding round the hills, and the crouching forms of a shepherd and his dog. Such are the main features of this fine picture, which was painted in 1855, when the artist was a young man, and when his work was executed with a minute detail and delicacy of touch that reminds one of Brett's 'Stone-breaker,' and places the artist definitely amongst the "Pre-Raphaelites" of that period.

Of the same style, though probably some years later in date, is the water-colour of *Schloss Eltz* (p. 226). Any one who has explored the valley of the Moselle knows this picturesque mediæval castle, the only one in all the

Palatinate that escaped ruin both from Louis XIV. and from Napoleon, saved in one instance by the tortuous woodlands that surround it. The painter has climbed to a point above and behind the castle, looking down upon its gabled roofs and drawbridge. Far away in front stretch the woods, with the river beyond, out of sight, toward which two bare ridges of volcanic rock, softly and delicately tinted with the rose and purple that Alfred Hunt loved to portray, carry the vision away down that baffling path. Sunshine still beats into the little valley which the Eltz has cut, winding round the towering castle rock overgrown with forest; but the castle itself is already in shade, striking a rich deep note, with its ruddy roofs and dark woodwork, while beyond, the woodlands are bright with golden light, transforming the greens and blues into its own colour. 'Schloss Eltz' used to belong to Mr. Gilbert Moss, at whose sale Mr. Newall bought it, together with two other pictures from the same tour, Cobern on the Moselle, and Oberwesel, the former a castle among vineyards, with the pale rose and yellow volcanic flats beyond; the latter a characteristic Turnerian sketch, with bright red and yellow barges drifting down the river past a beach of exquisite opalescent tints, on which groups of riverside figures are posed. Mr. Newall has more sketches belonging to the same series or to other foreign tours, notably the *Château de Rougement*, on Lake Thun, in which the artist has repeated (with not the same minuteness or labour) the rainbow effect of 'Dolwyddelan'; *Berncastel* on the Moselle, with its vineyards, a stormy scene, also with a rainbow; a rock

*The Valley of Dolwyddelan.**By A. W. Hunt.*

study of the St. Gothard, with a "huldre" or spray-bow in the centre of it, and a fine sketch of Lucerne, with its picturesque buildings and long wooden bridge set in an evening light, and the deep blues and purples of the lake, full of marvellous reflection and ripple, contrasted against the red sunset sky, which fades to lemon yellow behind the broken line of roofs.

Coming back to English or Welsh scenery, we find amongst the double row of pictures, on each side of the corridor leading from the hall to the dining-room at Red Heath, several beautiful little Hunt water-colours. These include Finchale Abbey, in County Durham, an early sketch full of minute workmanship, especially in the trees and a life-like patch of young bracken. I have never seen bracken since without being reminded of it. Near by is an equally charming early water-colour of the Tees from Barnard Castle, in which the delicately stippled woods on either side of the river, looking up, are as fine in texture as some of Turner's Yorkshire sketches. Their pale blues and greens are set off by the jutting side of the castle itself, which forms a dark foreground, on which are grouped some figures with strongly coloured rugs. The Mortham Tower, Rokeby, which is placed next to it, is

a different type of picture altogether, and with its sombre firs showing dark against a blood-red sky, ruined battlements in shadow, and the dark river winding sluggishly below, seems to reflect some grim tragedy of the Wars of the Roses. The other sketches, with the exception of one called 'Tyne-mouth Pier,' are mostly Welsh or Irish scenery. Here is 'Llandecwyn,' a blue hill tarn fringed with trees, set in a pale green hazy landscape, with

*The Acorn Gatherers.**By J. W. North, A.R.A.*

*Comrades.**By Albert Moore.*

mountains beyond; 'Welsh Bridge,' an exquisite little sketch of shallow running water, with worn stones and broken beaches, and over all the soft shine of a sunny day struggling with mountain vapour—all very subdued and flat beyond the brilliant details of the foreground; 'Pont-y-Gelli' (the Bridge of Hazels), a similar subject, but softer and not so brilliant in colour; 'The Peat-bog at the Head of Loch Maree,' a boldly handled foreground of red bog and coarse grasses, in which some old tree roots are embedded, and beyond a green slope leading to pale hills in the distance.

Mr. Newall's other pictures include a fine landscape by William Davis, of Liverpool (p. 225), which was formerly in the collection of Mr. Leathart. This hangs over the fireplace in the dining-room, and represents a dark pool overgrown with trees in evening light. A few golden gleams break the dark green surface of the water, dappled with grasses and water-lilies. To the left some steps lead to a mysterious woodland path, and through the fringe of trees at the back is seen a strip of meadow land, with woods beyond. The scene is Ryewater, near Leixlip, County Kildare.

Next to the Davis, on the wall to its left, is Mr. Newall's chief Pinwell, 'The Troth of Becket,' or 'The

Saracen Maiden,' representing an incident told in the ballads of the twelfth century (see plate). Gilbert Becket, having followed his king Henry I. to the Crusade, was captured and reduced to slavery. The daughter of a Saracen chief saved his life and enabled him to escape, and then, unable to live without him, followed him to England, knowing two words only of English—"Gilbert" and "London." The picture is a very typical Pinwell, with lovely groups of children and old people (each of which might make a separate subject), watching the progress of the tall, graceful foreigner through a country village green. The painting is full of colour, and as dainty and fine as a miniature.

Over it hangs an Alfred Hunt which has not before been mentioned, a lurid romantic sketch of 'Childe Roland,' ploughing his way through a ford toward the Dark Tower, amid phantom shapes of his forerunners. On the other side of the chimney breast is a large picture, called 'The Phantom Ship,' by Mr. Goodwin; a commission, and one of the artist's less successful works, being a rather monotonous mass of grey, with red sky behind. Opposite is an unfinished Pinwell, 'Maid Mettelil' (his last picture), and four little water-colours, a sketch of hawthorns by Mr. North, a restful evening scene by Powell, and two studies of blue sea by Mr. Napier Hemy and Mr. Hamilton Macallum respectively. On the remaining wall is a fine water-colour by Mr. North, 'The Acorn Gatherers' (p. 227), and over it a finished study by Pinwell for 'The Princess and the Ploughboy,' a subject sufficiently well known not to need description.

*A Long Conversation.**By G. J. Pinwell.*

The Art Journal



Printed by G. & J. Colverell

*Gilbert & Becket's Troth.
The Saracen Maiden entering London at Sundown*

Mr. Newall's other Pinwells are mostly in the entrance hall, and include two minute finished pictures, 'Sweet Tranquillity,' a group in Puritan costume of a man, and his wife or daughter, seated before an arched doorway feeding pigeons; and 'A Long Conversation' (p. 228). Besides these are the first rough composition studies for 'The Elixir of Love,' and 'The Pied Piper,' and in a gallery upstairs the similar study for 'St. James's Park,' and a head of 'Sally in Our Alley.' The hall contains in addition a pretty but not remarkable Watteauesque drawing by Miss Gow, two little pictures by Mr. Wilfred Ball, one of Mr. George Elgood's exquisite old gardens, a sketch of a girl in a hammock by Mr. E. J. Gregory, and a fine specimen of the late G. P. Boyce's work—'Old Houses at Smithfield'—which was bought at the artist's sale.

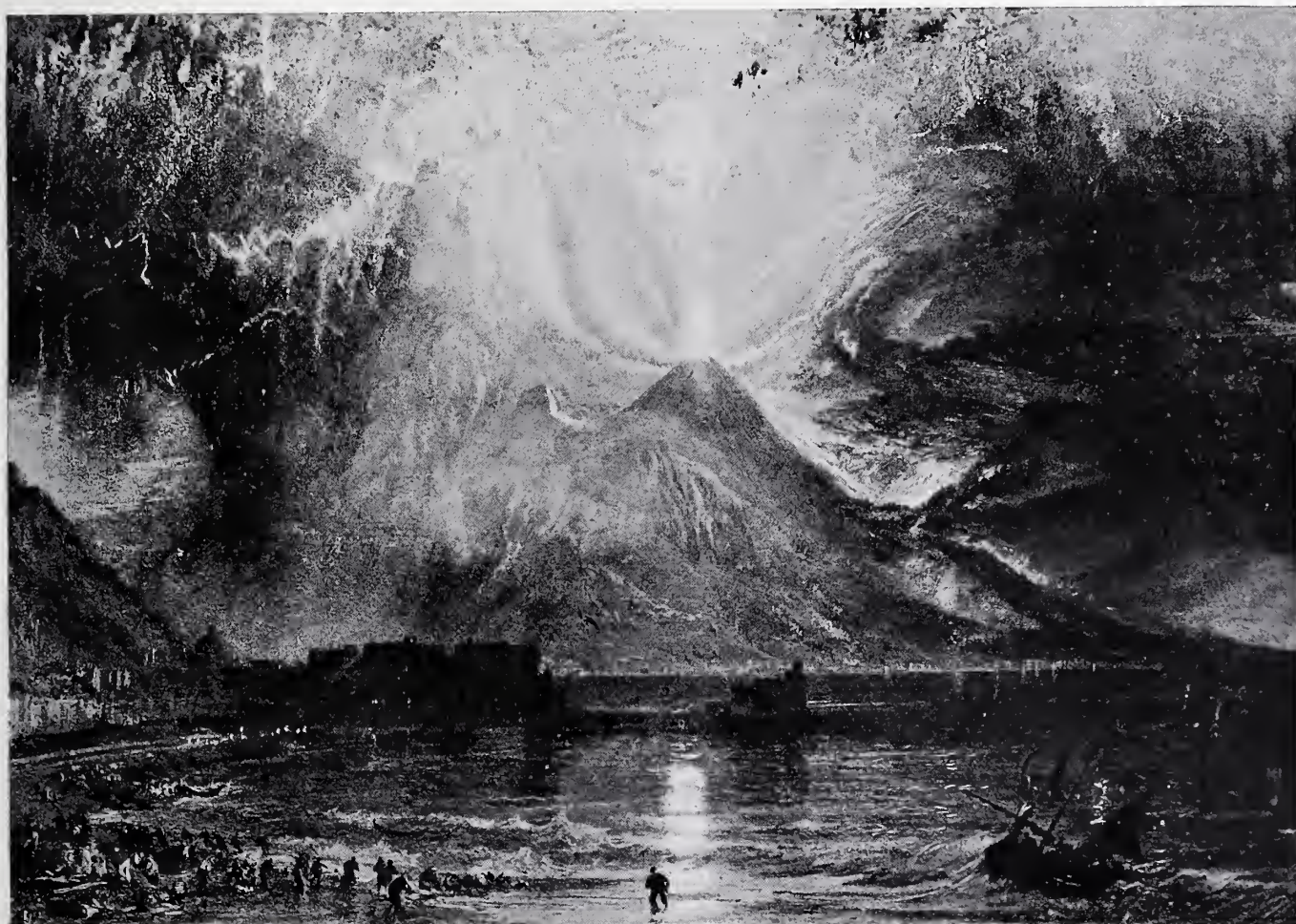
In a morning room off the hall are a few pictures, amongst which one notices first Mr. Newall's two Turners, 'Vesuvius in Eruption' (p. 229), bought at the Farnley Hall sale in 1890, and 'Criccieth,' a beach scene with groups of figures, formerly in the Houldsworth collection. Near them are some small landscapes by Matthew Hale and others, and on the front wall is the little picture 'Comrades' (p. 228), by Albert Moore, one of his daintiest and most charming studies of pretty women in lace draperies. Mr. Newall has one other Albert Moore, a single figure called 'Roseleaves,' which hangs in the drawing-room. Upstairs, and in fact all

over the house, are landscapes by J. W. North, Goodwin, Hunt, Matthew Hale, and others, amongst which one may single out a delicate drawing of Durham, by Mr. Goodwin, in Mrs. Newall's room, and another by the same artist, also a Durham, by evening, with a dark rosy sky, and crows circling over the ploughed fields in the foreground, which hangs in a corridor. The most interesting specimens of Alfred Hunt's work upstairs is 'Cwm Trifaen,' painted in 1855; and 'Eastfield Mill,' a still earlier sketch. Nor should we omit to mention an oil picture by the same artist hanging in the studio, 'The Track of an Ancient Glacier,' which, in spite of its rejection by the Academy in 1858, is a work full of fine feeling and beautiful execution. It is easy to see how irresistible the subject must have been, with its wild geological features toned and harmonised by soft effects of light, to a painter combining the poetical instincts and scientific knowledge of Mr. Hunt.

This practically ends the list of modern pictures owned by Mr. Newall; not all of which, however, have been mentioned or described. It might, however, be added that he possesses a large collection of the best of Helleu's dry points, which he much admires.

H. C. MARILLIER.

[In later pages Mr. Guy Francis Laking will refer to the Bronzes, Furniture and other ancient Objects of Art at Red Heath.—EDITOR.]



Vesuvius in Eruption.

By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.



The Agglestone, Studland.

By Arthur Tomson.

Studland.

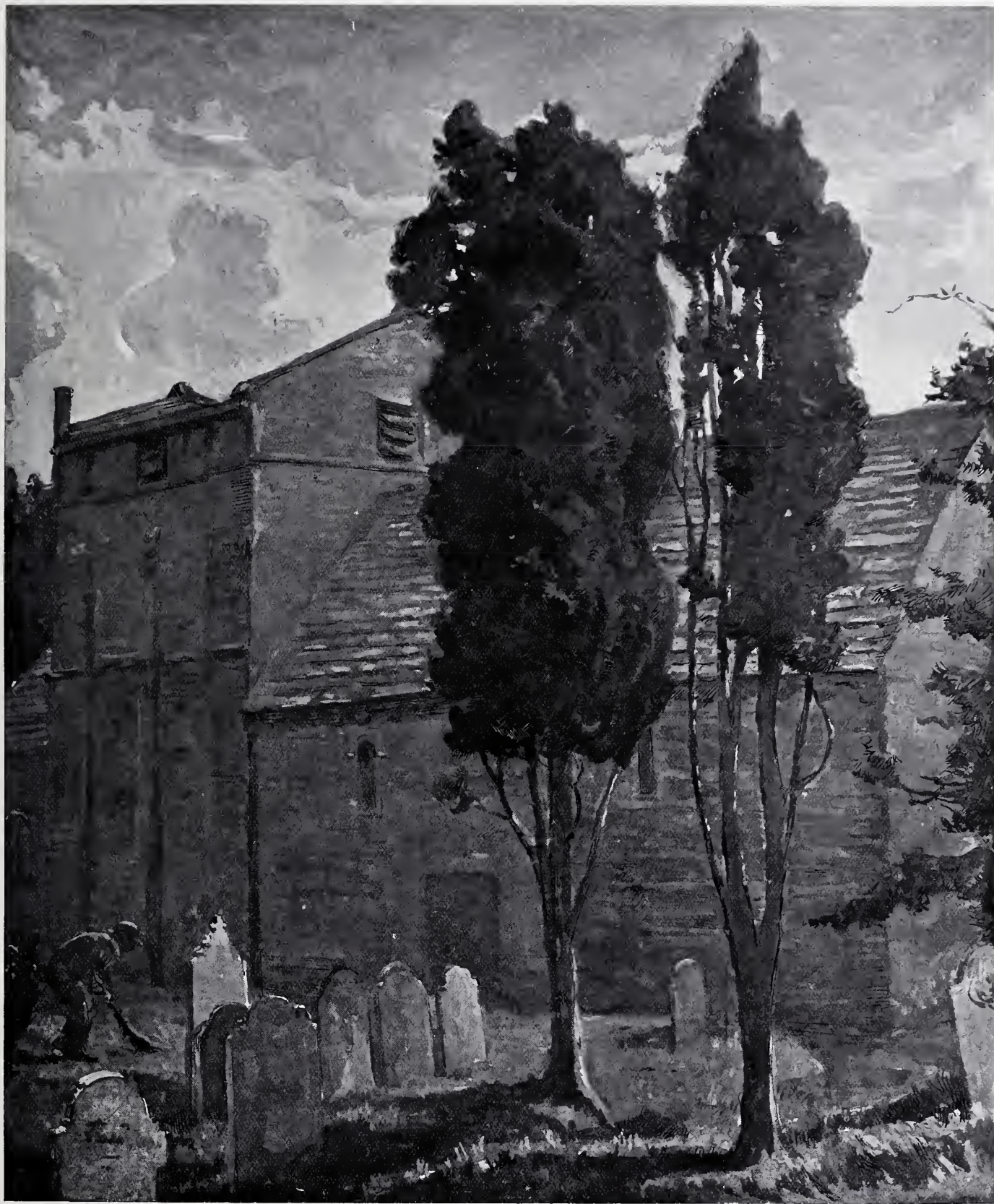
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR.

IT lies on the north-east side of Swanage, from which town it is separated by a high down. To this down Studland owes much of its picturesqueness, and certainly not a little of its other charm: not only is the down a barrier to the advancing tide of villas, which is creeping eastward from the big seaside town, but also without the down the number of holiday-makers, who daily visit Studland from Swanage in the summer, would be more than trebled.

From many points of view the down forms an admirable background to the tiny village. Seen in the early morning, it rises up behind the hamlet—for Studland is, or was, little more than a hamlet—like a vast shadow, throwing the many groups of trees and the straggling little groups of houses into strong relief. At midday, with the shadow on the hill, there is also sunlight, and the gentle suavity of its modelling is revealed in all its harmonious beauty. We are able, then, to mark those long sweeping lines that are peculiar to all chalk formations, those little eminences, those dark and shadowed hollows—hollows which appeal so to the imagination, that may contain, we know not what—a group of playing children, or the great god Pan himself. We can mark distinctly, then, all the varied growths that add mystery to the hill, and show the severity of the storms by which it is occasionally beset—the bent,

low-growing trees near its summit, the wind-tossed gorse-bushes with far outstretching branches, which on a tempestuous day look for all the world like the arms of human beings appealing pathetically to some relentless power.

At midday, when the sunlight and shadow are scattered in fairly equal portions, we can best note how the climate of the upper part of the hill differs from the climate of the lower part of the hill: how in the upper part of the hill the ground is possessed mostly by rabbits, while in the lower part man has made himself master of the soil. The midday sun shows up the little scurrying forms of the animals, and the little dark entrances to their homes, which give to some parts of the hill-top the appearance of a piece of cloth that has been at the mercy of moths or other destructive insects. The midday sun, too, shows up the work of the human labourer; and, from the shaded by-ways of the little village, we can see him in winter at his ploughing; his horses toiling up the lower slopes, not without some considerable expense of energy; the man and horses followed by a cloud of watchful seagulls: or in the spring we can see the solitary figure sowing the corn, and if we cannot see the birds we know that they are not very far distant. But it is in the late summer that we see the human labourer upon the hill at the gayest,



Studland Church.

By Arthur Tomson.



The Place of the Wrecks, Studland.

By Arthur Tomson.

if not the lightest of his many toils—when through the still, golden August air come the cries of the harvesters, the creaking of the heavy wheels, and the gracious spectacle of fields of amber corn or tawny stubble, of waggons piled up so high with sheaves that they appear as emblematic as a cornucopia of plenty, of horses with gleaming sides, and of manly figures cast by the necessities of labour into many a posture that, however familiar it may be, appeals always afresh to the eye and mind by its extraordinary rhythm and suggestiveness.

Impressive though the down may be in the morning, varied and interesting though it may be at midday, it is in the evening that it is shown in its full splendour, when from summit almost to the base it is wrapt in the golden glow from the low sun; when the light of the sun falls upon it so directly that of shadow on the hill there is but little; when it becomes almost transfigured; no longer an abode of rabbits; a hill that can be climbed by any human being; a hill upon which men may plough and sow and reap, and engage in the ordinary toils of life: it becomes then like some wonderful presence, as ethereal-looking as a cloud, as beneficent-looking as if it were some immense guardian spirit, and as full of strange and beautiful and mysterious colouring as the vision of a far-off promised land seen by some tired wanderer in an Oriental tale.

The shortest way from Swanage to Studland, and the best way withal for the pedestrian—at Swanage is the nearest railway—lies over this hill, which, by the way, is called Ballard Down. To ascend the hill is no great trial of endurance. It should be done, however, in a leisurely manner, for there are wide views of Swanage Bay to be had upon the road. But whether one will or no, one is sure to loiter on the way, for who can resist a sight so refreshing as that of moving waters, deep blue or green, or even grey, especially if they be accented here and there by white crested waves, or the interest of boats and shipping—of the sailing-boats, and probably a steamer or two, gathered round the grey pier of the old grey town; or of a gunboat, fascinating by reason of its almost aggressive neatness, to be seen, possibly, lying not far from the shore? Who, too, can resist the temptation of watching the ships that are far off, seemingly on the very horizon line, coming from we know

not where, going to we know not where—going on a mission of which we have no knowledge, and manned by a crew whose very nationality is most likely to us unknown.

Half way up the down, upon a piece of more level land, and protected by a line of trees that runs almost to the brink of the cliff, is an old farmhouse. Grey-walled and grey-roofed is this building, and eloquent of the days when life by the seashore was more exciting than it is now; when coastguards looked through their spy-glasses to some purpose, and farmhouse stable-doors were at night-time not unoften left unlocked, and the use of a good pair of horses was paid for by a fine keg of brandy, found in the morning upon the stable floor, with never a word from the donor, as if indeed it had been left there by a fairy, not by smugglers' hands.

The top of Ballard Down once gained, the pedestrian turns his head no longer over his shoulder, for the view that lies before him holds him in a fast grip. He sees a great part of Dorsetshire, and part of another county as well, and all that is before him is possessed with some beauty.

Below him at the very foot of the down, nestling among the trees, lies Studland. So hidden is Studland by the foliage during the summer months that, before the erection of one or two villas, its existence in the landscape must have been, from the top of Ballard Down, scarcely noticeable. Only here and there among the tall elms may be detected a grey wall or two, the glimmer of a window, the end of a thatched or stone gable, or the summit of a tall chimney stack. The church from many points of view is not visible at all from the hill; not even its blunt little tower escapes from the protecting care of the broad elm branches.

Indeed, is the view from Ballard Down varied. Look to the right hand, and you may imagine yourself not in England at all, but near the borders of some really Southern sea. Look to the left of you, and in imagination you are in Scotland; for the moors of Scotland seem to be before you, stretching away into the distance, mile after mile of them; level moors, and moors formed into hills, bare moors and moors studded with trees, and even broken here and there by great clumps of firs. Look away in front of you, away in the mid-

distance, and, if the time be the evening, you will see a scene that will take you neither to Scotland, or to the shores of the Mediterranean, or to any land at all within the knowledge of man. There lies a vast natural harbour—Poole Harbour—a harbour prosaic enough in its name—a harbour set thickly with islands, many of them covered with trees, and none of them that do not appeal to the imagination. So much, indeed, do these islands appeal to the imagination, that on a still evening, when the waters are motionless, and the reflections nearly intact, when the sun is setting, or has set, but before the golden light has left the water's surface, the whole scene, and these islands particularly, appear to be like nothing in this world. Here, you will say, I have wandered into the realms of the fortunate; here are the Islands of the Blessed; here live the beloved ones of the gods, our lost heroes and men of genius, the men of great actions and of great thoughts, removed from our common sphere to live now in everlasting peace. Not even the coming and going of the vessels, the steamers and the ships of commerce disturb the poetry which, at evening time, belongs to this great sheet of water; indeed, the atmosphere of the islands seems to be far-stretching, and for a while to possess the passing craft, and as the vessels glide towards the little sea-town, which lies at the back of the harbour, or towards the open sea, they too are submitted to an enchantment, and for a brief while become things of mystery.

The road, which from Ballard Down leads into Studland, terminates in a truly characteristic portion of the

village. Here is no crowding together of cottages, no unnecessary formality in fashioning of the roadsides, no pedantic lopping and even destruction of trees. A farmyard opens on to the public way. A cartshed is on one side of the road, the main part of the farm-buildings on the other; only such enclosures have been made as are necessary to prevent certain livestock from wandering at their will; the depredations of man are not feared; are not even apparently thought of. Over all the lofty elm trees throw a grateful shade, diapering barn and strawyard and roadway with many a shadow pattern of infinite beauty.

At irregular intervals along the shadowed ways which comprise Studland—the old Studland, the Studland which most of us go forth to see—appear the cottages; some of them set well back in their gardens, others bordering the roadside; with few exceptions do they reveal the architecture of any particular period; certainly none of them have the characteristics of sea-side cottages. The main charm of these little buildings is that they fit absolutely into their peaceful and entirely natural surroundings. If it were possible for houses to grow as trees grow, as vegetables and flowers grow, one feels that the earth would produce abodes for human beings shaped very much as these are, and with exactly the same sentiment about them.

Even the one or two larger houses—I refer of course to the older buildings: from the new houses the wise man will naturally turn his eyes, unless perforce he finds it convenient to abide in one of them—even the



Distant View of Poole Harbour.

By Arthur Tomson.

larger buildings impress one very much as do the cottages. They, too, with their heavy stone roofs, their gables set with no ordinary exactness, look as if they had pushed their way up through the ground; as if they, too, had an affinity with the trees, were the result of no builder's enterprise, had been designed by no mortal brain.

Among houses and cottages that appeal so to the imagination it is natural that one should look for a church with some unusual poetry, with something about it akin to its surroundings. And he who looks upon Studland Church will not be disappointed. The date of its architecture certainly can be fixed; a certainty which does great credit to all those who have had the church within their care.

It is of Norman architecture, and, like all Norman work, romantically and sturdily constructed. It has the same simple, dignified character of the old houses and cottages of Studland, and differs from them merely in just that particular way in which a place of worship should differ from an ordinary dwelling-house. The outside of this building, with its plain grey stone walls, its short square tower, terminated by a pack-saddle roof, and aided by two or three buttresses which give to it an added look of strength and quiet, seems the embodiment of repose; of such repose as belongs to the churchyard, all set about and shaded as that is with tall cypresses and spreading yew trees, of which one yew takes nearly a quarter of the graves under the shelter of its immense green shadow.

Within the church there is repose as well, but the poet-architects who contrived the round, mysteriously decorated arches which frame the chancel, and support from within the great square tower, had in their minds more than the sentiment of repose, and he who can will read the message that those builders have handed down to us, and be the happier thereby; for certainly they, when they wrought this simple little village church, felt themselves in touch with the Infinite. One leaves the church wondering that with stones so rough, with markings so archaic, with forms so unelaborate, it has been given to human beings to utter thoughts so sublime; and thoughts that can be afterwards read no matter how many hundreds of years may intervene between the fashioning of the stones and the reading of the sculptors' tale.

Perhaps the most beautiful way from the village of Studland to the sea-shore takes one through a narrow chine. This chine is not a hundred yards in length; but it is long enough to impress one with its loveliness, long enough to make the sudden appearance of the sea at its termination a perpetual surprise. From this tiny glade, which might be in the heart of Devonshire, with its overhanging branches that almost touch one's head, with its little stream which trickles along but a few feet below the level of the path, one emerges right on to the beach, and here the whole panorama of the bay is opened out before one's eyes with the swiftness of the opening of a book.

And how varied are the beauties of the Studland shore. Here, at any rate, modernity has not stepped in to

destroy any charm. On one side a range of chalk cliffs, curiously carved by wind and tide, stretches far into the sea. Opposite the shore lies the Isle of Wight; its cliffs, on a warm August day, glimmering through the thick, purple haze. To the north of Studland lie sandhills—white sandhills topped by tall wire grass—which continue for many a mile, until they are ended by the narrow channel which forms the opening into Poole Harbour.

This sandy shore to the north of the village is a delight to the lazy man and to children; yet it is not always the scene of gentle pastimes. At one point in the curve between Studland and the harbour the gulls on a windy day shriek over a place which has but an ill reputation. At this point are stranded most of the ships that are wrecked on this coast. The soft, genial sand does its best to hide the damage that the sea has done; but its efforts are fruitless, for the tops of the iron ribs of the vessels are left far above the sand's surface to tell of many a ship's untoward fate. Such evil moods fortunately come but seldom to the sea about Studland; most visitors to the place remember it by reason of its sapphire hues and its marvellous clarity.

Although it be not a place of ill-omen, a weird interest is attached to the moor behind the sandhills, on the north side of Studland. Here, poised upon a considerable eminence, is a gigantic stone. Geologists say that it grew there: other folk that the Devil placed it there; but all are agreed that upon its upper surface are certain markings for which Nature is not responsible. What these markings signify no one knows for certain; but there are not a few who find in them evidence that in barbaric times this great rock was used as a sacrificial altar. Whether they are right or not, the Agglestone, as the rock is called, sheds its influence over many a mile of the generally deserted moorland, and he who sees it has his mind quickly forced back into former times. And no better place can there be, than on one of the heather-covered hills which surround the Agglestone, to sit and dream over this wonderful rock, or to give play to any of the other emotions that the village of Studland will of a surety have aroused.

ARTHUR TOMSON.



The Shore, Studland.

By Arthur Tomson.



1.—A Street in Tangier.

By Howard Ince.

A Reference to the Coast Towns of Morocco.

WITH SKETCH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

MOROCCO, though its longitude is all west from Greenwich, may fairly be considered as "The East." For "The East" is the name of that wonderful land with the ill-defined frontiers—that "Bohemia by the sea shore"—in which one's thoughts have wandered for years, when life was a waking dream in a world of make-believe, a world apart, its scenery compounded of biblical description and the setting of fairy tales; a world inhabited by dragons, captive damsels, errant knights, giants, prophets, and other marvellous folk, in every way more alluring than those prosaic, grown-up relatives and governors who had dominion over us. Indeed, Morocco is better entitled to be called the "Changeless East" than is Egypt or, even, Syria. Still there is maintained the tradition of the tenth century; and Haroun-Al-Raschid himself might walk through its towns and think himself a contemporary of their inhabitants.

Tangier only is an exception; since the fifteenth century Europe has set her foot there. For the English it has an especial interest, since it is one of the few possessions which we have relinquished after it came fairly within our grasp. The Portuguese held the town for two hundred years; and it passed to us as part of

the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, on her marriage with Charles II.* The place was at once garrisoned by a considerable force, and a large sum was voted by Parliament for the construction of a fine harbour and fortification. The work was done, but the garrison had no peace, being constantly besieged by the Moors. Pepys mentions the death of the Governor, and more than two hundred officers and men, in a sortie. The strategic importance of the place was not recognised; we did not in those days hold Gibraltar; and, at length, after twenty years of constant and apparently profitless warfare, partly on this account, but more probably because the House of Commons believed that the garrison was fast becoming the nucleus of a Popish army, Lord Dartmouth was sent out, in January, 1683, to destroy the fortifications and evacuate the town. To-day nothing remains to record our dominion save the foundations of the mole which, at low water, are seen to stretch far out to sea—a fitting and much-needed monument to the evil effect which must follow when

* Curiously enough the residue of this dowry was the swampy island of Bombay. One cannot help contrasting the determination which made an Empire of one possession—the less promising—with the vacillation which finally threw away the other.

2.—*The Kasbah, Tangier.**By Howard Ince.*

petty sectarian views are allowed to over-ride and govern the broader political destinies of a nation.

It was here that John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, first saw service as an ensign in the King's Guard.

3.—*A Mosque Door, Tangier.**By Howard Ince.*

A century later Nelson especially regretted our unworthy withdrawal. In his opinion Gibraltar could not be considered impregnable until we again held Tangier. There can be no doubt that in the hands of another European Power it would be a serious menace to our command of the Mediterranean—as a base for supplies alone it is important to us that it shall remain in neutral hands.

Whatever influence the presence of Europeans may have had on the inhabitants of Tangier—it has certainly not been for good—it has had little or none on its architecture.* The main street ascends at a steep gradient from the sea, and, besides the principal mosque, contains low two-storied houses with shops on the ground floor (Fig. 1). There is no formal regularity; the frontage is set back to shelter a *café*, and in the wider parts peasant women squat beside their baskets of garden stuff, while the camels pick their way among them with cynical indifference. Nothing, it should be noted, goes on wheels in Morocco; horses, mules, donkeys and camels are literally beasts of burden there, and of necessity, for, once clear of the towns, there are no roads—only beaten tracks.

In the upper part of the town is the Kasbah (Fig. 2), at once the palace of the Bashaw, the Government offices, the Courts of Justice; on the left is shown the doorway of a mosque, and on the right the curious vaulted portico approached from the courtyard by a flight of steps. This, like all the buildings, public or

* The numerous villas which have within the last twenty years been built on the cliffs between Tangier and Cape Spartel are a part of Europe; they have no relation to the native architecture.



4.—Atrium, Moorish House, Tangier.
By Howard Ince.

private, is of rough brickwork coated with whitewashed stucco. This sameness of colour, and the infinite variety of pearly greys which it takes in shade and shadow, is one of the charms of the architecture, and with the aid of the coloured tile work and the painted woodwork of doors and window-frames—usually faded greens and blues—gives beautiful colour effects.

Set amidst such large expanses of plain walling the architectural features, such as the doorways and minarets of the mosques, on which all the love of intri-

cate detail—dear to the Eastern mind—is concentrated, acquire by contrast an additional interest.

Slight as the sketch is (Fig. 3), it shows a typical example of a mosque doorway. It is quite usual for the arch rings—usually two—to be of different curves, as in this case. Never deeply recessed, the inner arch is quite plain and unmoulded, the outer has an elaborately fretted and cusped outline, the fretted pattern is extended into a surface decoration, radiating to the outer curve of the arch and filling the spandrels. This banded ornament is in relief, and within the patterns which it forms there is set a diaper of small coloured glazed tiles, usually either green, blue, black or yellow. The arch is, as in all Arab work, enclosed by the square lines of the straight hood-mould returned down the sides within the plain pilasters which carry the corbels of the pent. Over the hood-mould there is an elaborate corbelled cornice, and above that again, supported at either end by great carved and fretted corbels of wood, is a broad projecting pent, its under side richly panelled and roofed with glazed tiles of green and yellow colour.

The houses are invariably built round a patio or courtyard, from which the rooms open. Fig. 4 shows how, by four columns carrying carved and painted beams, covered corridors are formed, the central space being open to the sky. Such an interior follows very closely the classic tradition; it differs from examples at Pompeii and Seville only in scale and in the detail of the ornament. The sketch also serves to show the use of coloured tiles for the skirting and pilasters, and the curious and characteristic corbelling which takes the place of a wall arcade.

There is no doubt a tendency in modern work, by the use of glass and iron, to cover in these central courts; in the house of a wealthy Moor in Tetuan this had been done with great loss of effect.

Tetuan, a day's journey to the east, is a larger and in every way more interesting town. There tradition is more jealously guarded; the traveller must seek quarters in the Ghetto, an isolated part of the town, of



6.—A School, Tetuan.
By Howard Ince.



5.—The Market Place, Tetuan.
By Howard Ince.

which the gates are locked and barred at night. The *sôk* or market-place (Fig. 5) is there within the town, and is approached by gateways, one of which is shown in the sketch, and also the white walls and massive tower of the Bashaw's palace. This is a building of great interest; the part to which one had access contained work which, if not altogether so elaborate, rivalled the Alhambra in its design. The apartments had similar high tiled dados, and though the upper wall surfaces were not fretted with patterns in plaster, they bore traces of beautiful colour, and the treatment of the ceilings and the wooden corbelling across the recesses was extremely rich and elaborate. Unfortunately, the building is but ill-tended, and is falling into decay.

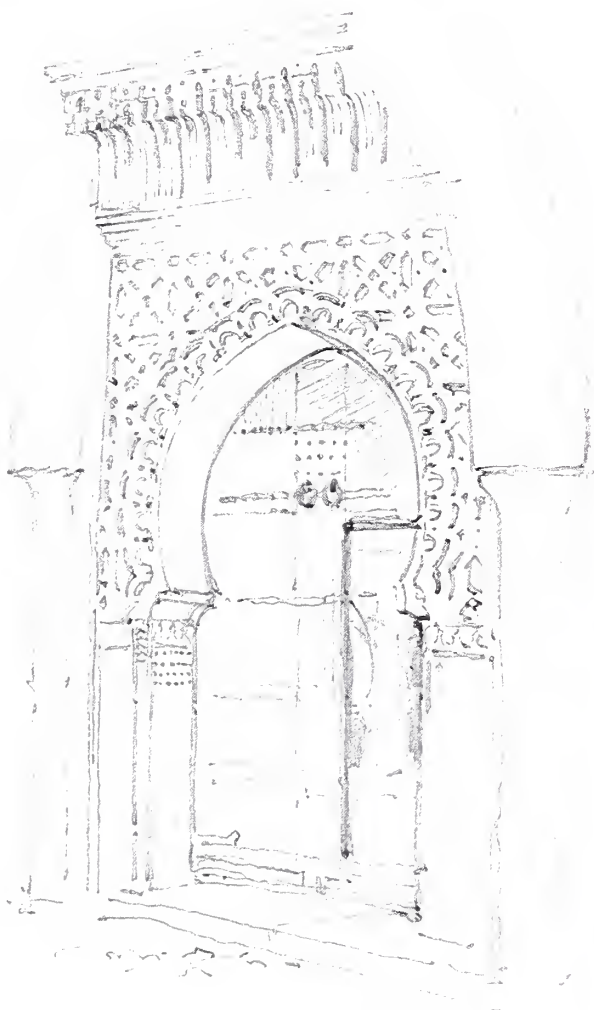
The streets are frequently spanned by arches which appear to serve as buttresses. Many of them are roofed over for a considerable part of their length, and the intermittent changes from sunlight to shadow give charming and unexpected effects (Fig. 6). The lesser streets are very narrow, and where not roofed over are studded with rickety-looking wooden pents (Fig. 7).

The mosque doorways are very similar to those of Tangier; many of them are in the covered part of the streets, set between two of the arched buttresses, and in place of the wooden pent the upper part is finished by a corbelled cornice (Fig. 8). The doorway shown



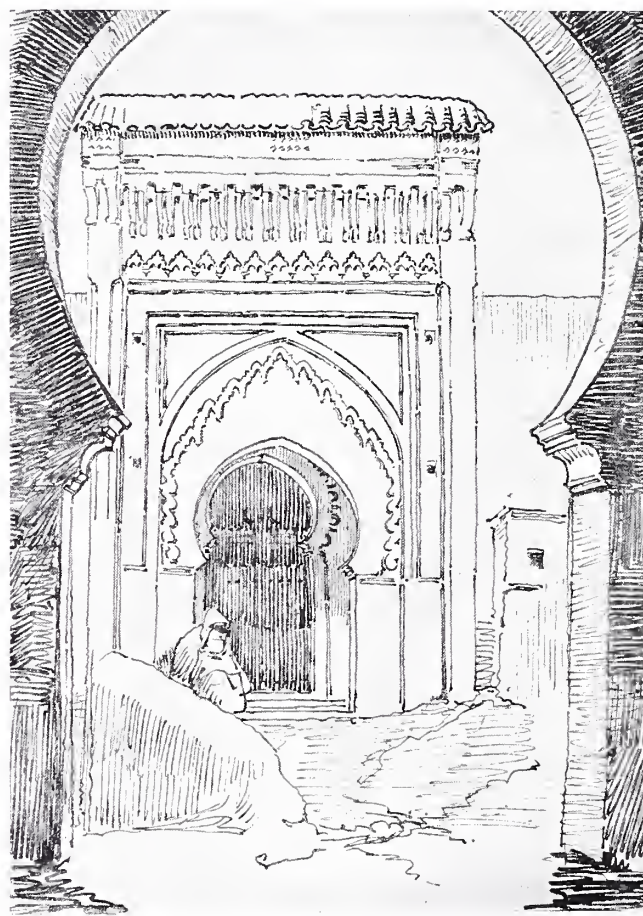
7.—In Tetuan.

By Howard Ince.



8.—A Mosque Door, Tetuan.

By Howard Ince.



9.—Doorway in Tetuan.

By Howard Ince.



10.—A Mosque Minaret, Tetuan.

By Howard Ince.

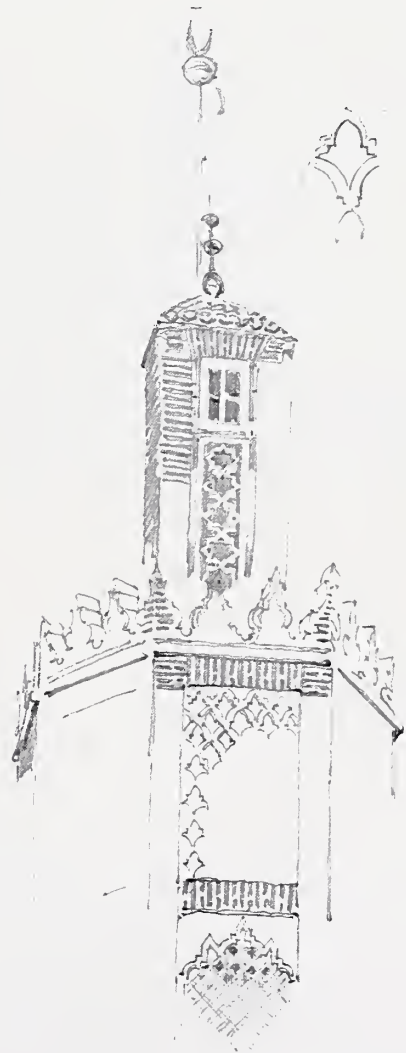
in Fig. 9 shows an unusual treatment of the second or outer arch.

The mosques themselves are difficult, if not impossible, to be entered. Such glimpses of the interiors as could be caught through the jealously guarded doors, when open, showed a cloister or courtyard surrounded by an arcade of plain horseshoe arches on single columns.

The minarets of the mosques (Fig. 10) all bear a strong resemblance. They are square of plan, and built of brick coated with stucco, though, as in Fig. 11, from Tangier, the brickwork, set with wide mortar joints, is sometimes left exposed, and then looks very like the Roman work. The angles of the tower are left plain, while on each side there is a large panel of interlacing bands, forming a regular pattern, with pieces of coloured tile, made to coincide with the curves, let into their face. Within these bands the wall surface is recessed some two inches, and the spaces are filled with a diaper of coloured tiles. The parapet of the tower is finished with machicolations very similar to those at the Alhambra or in Venice. From the centre of this upper platform there rises another smaller tower, also square of plan, enriched with tile work and roofed with glazed tiles.

Tetuan is particularly rich in tile work. The mosque door (Fig. 12) is a good example of its use: here the tiles are purposely made to follow the curve of the cusps of the outer arch. A local manufacturer lamented that he could not make a red glazed tile, neither is such a colour found in the Alhambra or in Sicily; to obtain it appears to have been a secret never learnt by the Moors. Yet it is quite unnecessary to their colour scheme, which reserved the primaries for the applied colour and the secondaries for the tile work. It would be interesting, were it possible, to ascertain whether they decided thus from preference, or because the primary red tile was by them unattainable. The beautiful practice of shaping the tiles, so that they form an interlocking pattern, though found here in the earlier work, as at the Alhambra, is no longer followed; now, small tiles about two inches square only are made.

The shrine (Fig. 13) is a curious example of religious superstition, not unknown in more sophisticated countries. In the centre of the niche a number of little scraps of rag were tied, and intended to ensure the protection of the saint for the devotees

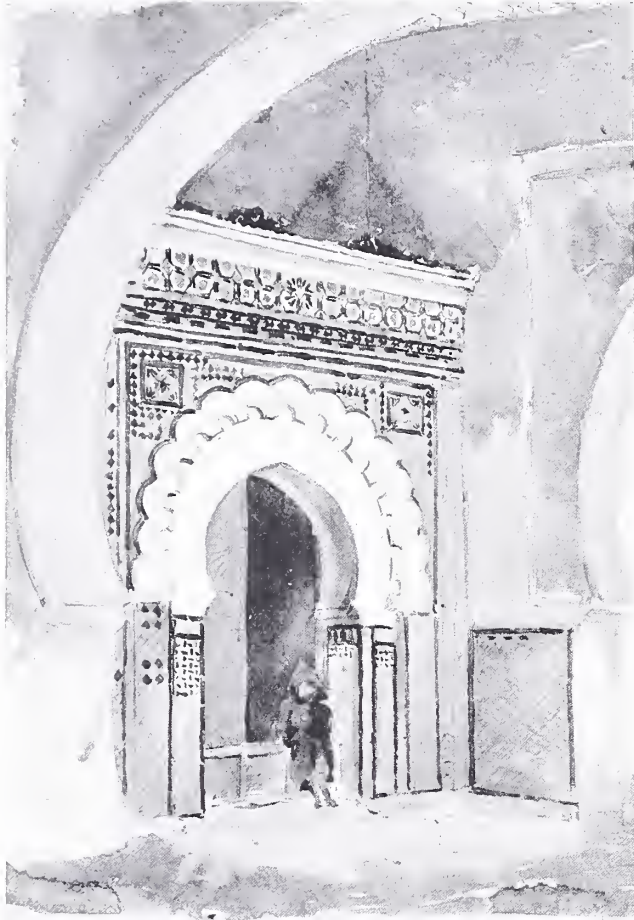


11.—A Minaret, Tangier.

By Howard Ince.

from whose garments they had been torn. Over the shrine was hung a bough of withered foliage, no doubt placed there at the last festival.

Mogador, being the port nearest to Morocco city, is a busy place, but has little architectural importance. The most interesting buildings are the town gates, especially those towards the sea; and, as at Tetuan, the drinking fountains. Water has there a value which it is difficult to appreciate—it is the first requirement of man and beast at the end of the journey—and a drinking fountain is invariably placed on the outer side of the town gate. The water is laid on to a marble



12.—Mosque Door, Tetuan.
By Howard Ince.

trough, in many cases elaborately carved and always set in an arched recess, not unlike the mosque doorways in treatment. One is shown on the right of the gateway at Tetuan (Fig. 14).

Mazagan and Casa Blanca are small towns of even less architectural importance, and very poverty-stricken. Outside the town walls are suburbs of reed-built huts, each with a small forecourt enclosed from the footway by a reed hedge; there the cooking is done, and there the children play about in very airy costume.

Many Moorish families still treasure the keys and title-deeds of the palaces in Granada, from which they were driven in 1492, and, it is said, live in hopes to return to take possession: however this may be, the similarity of the architecture on either side of the Straits is very noticeable. The strongly-marked horizontal lines, the solemn, restful proportions, the restraint of the plain wall surfaces and the exuberant



13.—A Shrine, Tetuan.
By Howard Ince.

detail of the features selected for emphasis are common to both.

The use of similar materials has already been noticed. The preference for brickwork seems to acknowledge a Roman influence, and to be deliberate. There is in both countries a sufficiency of building stone; but just as the stone columns of the Greek temples of Sicily were coated with fine stucco as a ground for colour decoration, so the Moors seem to have used it on brickwork for a similar purpose, though externally it was destined to no more elaborate treatment than a coat of whitewash.

There is, moreover, a noticeable absence of domes. The minarets of the mosques have flat or hipped roofs, differing essentially from those of Cairo or Constantinople; there is, certainly, a small dome to the porch of the mosque at Tetuan, shown in Fig. 5, but it is exceptional. In a general view it is not the soaring curve of the dome, but the abrupt square-topped tower and the horizontal parapet of the flat roof, which give the contours.

HOWARD INCE.



14.—The Town Gate, Tetuan.
By Howard Ince.

Edward Lanteri, Artist and Teacher.

PROFESSOR LANTÈRI'S definition of Art is as original as it is true:—"Art is but individuality—individuality makes all Art." His own career and his style exemplify his definition.

Edward Lanteri was born at Auxerre, in Burgundy, on November 1st, 1848. His father was a small tradesman. Neither he nor his wife—Edward's mother—possessed any particular art proclivities. The only artist in the family was an uncle, who was a tolerable musician.

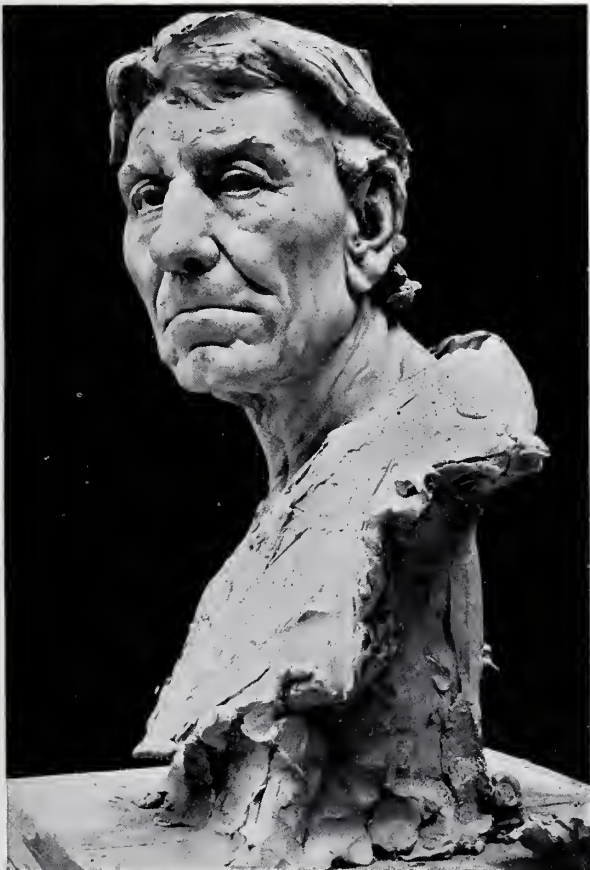
The boy very early showed a taste for music, especially for the violin. When he was no more than eight years old his father permitted him to have lessons from a music-master in Auxerre. The talent he displayed, and the progress he made, caused his teacher to advise M. Lanteri to send his little son to the Paris Conservatoire of Music.

"But," says Professor Lanteri, "one day something came into my head to try my hand at making little objects in clay. The fancy grew upon me, although my material was of the roughest." These first attempts were made in the courtyard of the building in which the lad lived. His occupation, and the evident pleasure he took in it, attracted the attention of a working mason-sculptor who resided in the same tenement. This man encouraged the young modeller, and persuaded his father to let him give him some lessons.



His Majesty King Edward VII.

By Professor Lanteri.



A Study, modelled from life.

By Professor Lanteri.

"At fourteen," says Professor Lanteri, "I had to begin to work for my living, and I hadn't much time for any new pursuit; besides, my father kept me to my musical studies in my leisure." In some way or other, M. Aimé Millet, the sculptor, heard of the lad, and manifested much interest in him. He sent for him, and asked him if he would like to be a sculptor. Young Lanteri jumped at this opportunity, and when M. Millet went on to tell him that he might work in his studio, his delight knew no bounds. This fixed the boy's career, and he devoted himself exclusively to his modelling.

When he was sixteen, Lanteri was sent to the "École des Beaux Arts" to compete for a prize, which required the presentation of a figure from life, and an anatomical study. He was successful in gaining the coveted distinction.

To M. Millet Lanteri owes much of his thoroughness of technique, and especially his skill as a draughtsman. Having been thoroughly grounded also in the elementals of modelling, the lad left M. Millet to join the studio of M. Duret, whose work was marked by great freedom and much delicacy, and whose reputation was still higher as a sculptor than M. Millet's. Some of Lanteri's decorative sculpture shows unmistakable evidence of M. Duret's influence.

He next attached himself to M. Claude Guillaume (Hon. R.A.), a distinguished man in various walks in life, and comparable in versatility with our noble Lord

Leighton. M. Guillaume took kindly to his pupil, and readily imparted to him his methods. Lantèri says: "I learnt much, very much, from Guillaume." He also visited the studio of M. Cavelier, who was Professor at the "Beaux Arts," and gained much in the way of finish and the care of accessories.

Lantèri married in July, 1870, but soon after, on the commencement of the war, he was called upon to join the Army of Defence, making the rendezvous at Chatillon, on September 19th, 1870. After the Peace of Versailles, Lantèri and his wife took a room in Paris.

He was reduced to poverty. He could get nothing to do. One day he chanced upon a cabinet-maker who required a man to repair and redecorate articles of furniture which had suffered by the bombardment. "The pay was absurdly little, but I gratefully accepted it—it paid for a room and some bread, that was all," and, says Lantèri, "I kept the situation for eighteen months."

Among refugees who sought a temporary asylum in England was M. Jules Dalou, whose fame as a sculptor was in all the London studios. Owing to the influence of Leighton and others, he soon obtained remunerative commissions, and was appointed Teacher of Modelling at South Kensington. M. Dalou's influence for good was



Professor Edward Lantèri.

enormous, both upon British sculpture and upon British sculptors. He remembered Lantèri, and, when Sir Edgar Boehm required an assistant, he named Lantèri to him. As a consequence, Lantèri came over to England in October, 1872, and at once set to work in Sir Edgar's studio.

To Lantèri is due absolutely the finishing touch of all Boehm's later work. Nothing left the studio until it had been gone over in every part by Lantèri, so that actually the work was Lantèri's rather than Boehm's!

On the proclamation of the amnesty Dalou returned to Paris, before he left introducing Lantèri to Sir E. J. Poynter, and leaving him under the care of another distinguished refugee, M. Alphonse Legros, who has remained in England, and now adorns the Slade School, by holding, with distinction, the coveted position of Professor of Painting.

In 1874 Lantèri was appointed Master of Modelling at the Royal School of Art at South Kensington in succession to Dalou. He found the school in a deplorable condition, notwithstanding Dalou's efforts. The apparatus and appointments, no less than the temporary character of the workshops, were thoroughly unsatisfactory. There were only twelve pupils! By degrees, slow and laborious, progress was made until the number of students in 1899 reached the high-water mark—one



Sir Walter Sendall, G.C.M.G.

By Professor Lantèri.



Sir William Abney, K.C.B., F.R.S.

By Professor Lantèri.

hundred and five. This total, with the insufficiency of staff and material and constant official starvation, could not be maintained. At the present moment there are forty pupils—twenty-four men and sixteen women. This is as much as can be done under prevailing conditions. They manage these things better in France.

In 1888 M. Guillaume visited London, and, of course, sought out his old pupil. "Grasping my hand warmly," says Lantèri, "he said, 'How glad I am to see you here; you are a fortunate fellow; you have a splendid opportunity not only of raising the artistic taste of England, but also of maintaining the fame of the sculpture of France.'" Whilst noting the difficulties and restrictions under which the work was carried on, he said further, "You must persevere, for you have around you, I see, a devoted band of students who should do great things. Your methods are excellent." In 1900 Lantèri was made first Professor of Modelling at the Royal School of Art.

Ever since 1883 Lantèri has been an annual exhibitor at the Royal Academy; so he must be regarded in two lights: (1) as an Artist, and (2) as a Teacher. His artwork has taken the forms of busts, statuette groups, single-figure statues, monumental and decorative sculpture, and medallions. In the first category quite his most successful bust is that of M. Waddington, late Ambassador of France in this country. For this Lantèri was awarded a silver medal. His Duchess of Leinster, J. C. L. Sparkes, Esq., and Sir Augustus Harris are also notable portraits.

The bust of His Majesty the King, in this year's Academy, is excellently conceived and carried out (p. 241). His Majesty, who first knew Lantèri at Sir Edgar Boehm's, was pleased to accord Lantèri very satisfactory sittings. This is destined for the French Hospital.

The other contributions to the Royal Academy are busts of 'Sir William Abney, K.C.B., F.R.S.' in bronze (p. 242); 'Sir Walter Sendall, G.C.M.G.' (p. 242), and 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' both in marble. The second is especially noticeable for its life-likeness and sense of being. In all these excellent examples Lantèri gains great distinction in the manipulation of the eyes and hair, and in the natural—almost pulsating—texture of the cheeks and forehead.

Of statuette groups 'The Duet' claims the first place. It represents two young girls, with bare heads and feet, seated on a marble bench, clothed in well-arranged draperies, very much after the manner in which Leighton so conspicuously worked. The girls are beautifully chiselled, with lovely features delicately rounded; their pose is very easy, as they sing together from a music-book lying open upon their laps.

'The Sisters' is also a successful piece of miniature sculpture, and is delicately fashioned, after the manner of the exquisite Tanagra figurines. The group has all the grace of Leighton's treatment, with much of his distinction in the arrangement of draperies and details.

The mention of Lord Leighton brings to mind the pleasant fact that Lantèri was "loaned" by Sir Edgar Boehm to the late President of the Royal Academy, for the purpose of assisting him to prepare his design for casting for 'Queen Victoria's Jubilee medal of 1887.'

Another lovely little statuette group is entitled 'The Fisherman and the Mermaid' (p. 243). This is an ideal composition; the figures are very beautiful in form and colour; the conceit of the draw-net which is cast by the love-lorn sailor boy is finely conceived. This is an excellent piece of decorative sculpture.

Another little piece—"for garden decoration," as



The Fisherman and the Mermaid.

By Professor Lantèri.

Lantèri describes it—is a 'Bust of Bacchus on a pedestal with a group of romping children.' The freedom and elegance of the composition are quite after the French manner. 'Pax' is a three-quarter life-size figure of a well shaped girl, standing square to the spectator. On her head is a coronal of olive, and in her right hand is the orb of the world girt with a ribbon of stars, and supporting a group of sportive "Loves." The plaster cast of this, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1900, is now at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is a splendidly conceived and well-worked out representation quite natural and very graceful. 'Omphale' is another statue of more generous dimensions treated with distinction—simple and convincing. 'The Fencing Master'—M. Bertrand—is a statuette-figure giving an excellent likeness of his features and figure, and presenting several points for just admiration (p. 245). The portrait statuette of 'Sir Edgar Boehm' is also an animated and characteristic piece of workmanship.



A Study, modelled from life.

By Professor Lanteri.

Among monumental works, perhaps, the memorial to the Rajah Sir Mahadam Row is the most successful; it is at Bombay.

In the Royal Academy of 1901 was a remarkable subject bust entitled 'Head of a Peasant' (p. 244). It represents a type common enough in France, marked by strong features, animated and intelligent. The original bronze is in the Luxembourg, whilst a replica in metal is in the Sculpture Saloon at the Tate Gallery. It was presented by a number of pupils and other admirers of the artist.

In Professor Lanteri's studio at the Royal School of Modelling are a number of studies and "roughings," as well as several mouldings and finished plaster casts, telling the eloquent tale of a strenuous life lived for the honour of the plastic art he loves so well. Among these is a characteristic French "Pierrot," holding out his empty pockets; a group of children struggling with a goat, quite after François Boucher; moulds of medallions of Beethoven, Handel and Wagner, and several reliefs in plaster and clay.

Carefully swathed in wet cloths are two charming compositions now engaging Lanteri's clever facile fingers—a portrait statuette of a lady, in the present mode of fashion, most easily seated in a chair, evidently a speaking likeness of the original; and a life-size circular low relief of Mrs. Carnegie with a child of a few months old in her arms. She wished so to be represented.

The Art of Lanteri is characterised by dexterity in manipulation and rapidity of execution. He is possessed of great creative power, and he has an immense wealth

of constructiveness. His accurate and sympathetic study of Nature has taught him exact values and proportions. He is full of invention, and is ignorant of convention. His work is thorough and vigorous, and free from meretriciousness.

As a teacher, Professor Lanteri possesses in a remarkable degree the power of reading character, and he has the precious gift, largely developed, of being able to impart knowledge to others. No teacher gets into touch with his pupil as quickly as Lanteri, and, besides, he gains their confidence immediately.

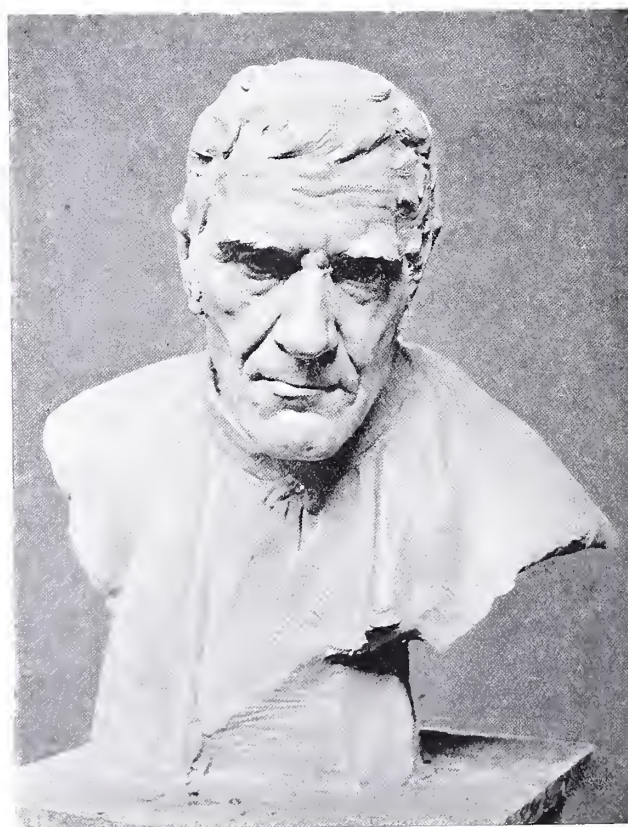
His transparent openness of character and his absolute frankness of manner win the enthusiastic emulation of all who come under his instruction.

Rarely is it given to a teacher to bring out individuality in so prompt and marked a manner.

"My method," he says, "is like a mariner's compass which I put into the hands of my pupils. It gives them confidence in themselves that they may be able, ere long, to develop their own personality."

"I make two strong points of drawing and anatomy. The former is the alphabet of all plastic art. Anatomy teaches the primal laws of the human frame; whilst the living model makes use of those laws, adapted to and modified by individual characteristics. It is essential," he goes on to say, "to study the model from every point of view, and to make elaborate drawings of each range of movement and condition of rest. Before finishing with the model a pupil must place it in a side light and note the varying values of light and shade."

The tools Professor Lanteri recommends for modelling are very few and very simple—two turn-tables, two wooden boards for transferring, three spatulas, a pair of callipers, and a piece of sponge. The tools should be as light as possible in every case.



Head of a Peasant in the Luxembourg, Paris.

By Professor Lanteri.

"The human finger," the Professor says, "is more firm, and, at the same time, more sensitive than any mechanical or artificial instrument. It is Nature's spatula, and should be used in preference to anything else."

As regards models, Lantèri says: "The student need only study three heads for his busts—'The Head of Lucius Verus,' a Græco-Roman antique; Donatello's 'Lawyer' or his 'Dancing Faun,' and the bust and features of Michelangelo's 'David.' These three possess all the qualities desirable for the study of form."

The estimation in which Professor Lantèri is held by his pupils is shown by a chance conversation with a student in the School of Modelling, who said: "The Professor is kindness itself; he is firm and exact, very punctual, and an excellent example in every way to us fellows. He is ever ready to explain the smallest detail, and is never tired of offering suggestions and making corrections in our work. He knows everything about his Art, and is, we think, the finest teacher in Great Britain."

The visit of M. Auguste Rodin, the celebrated French sculptor, lately to London has been a very pleasant episode for all connected with sculpture. He spent a long time at the School of Modelling, talking not only to Professor Lantèri and to Professor A. Legros, who accompanied him, but also to the students, complimenting them upon their work, and saying, "I am delighted with all I have seen."

A committee of students, including Messrs. M. C. Carr, R. G. Goulden, J. A. Stevens, C. Pibworth, and F. W. Walter, arranged a complimentary banquet in Rodin's honour at the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., was in the chair. He had been a pupil of Professor Lantèri, when the latter was at Sir Edgar Boehm's in 1874, and the Professor is never tired of extolling his genius. Rodin, in replying to the toast of his health, finished up a charmingly characteristic speech as follows:—"J'aurais toujours un souvenir et un grand bonheur de cette soirée. Je vous remercie vous et votre Professeur."

EDGCUMBE STALEY.



'The Fencing Master' (M. Bertrand).

By Professor Lantèri.



A Vine.

By G. Woolliscroft Rhead.

A Twentieth-Century Herbal.

THERE have been published various studies of plant form for the use of students and designers, more or less fulfilling their purpose—usually less. The best of them do not of course, and in the nature of things cannot possibly, make up for the neglect of the student to make studies for himself. He knows best, or ought to know, what will serve his individual purpose; and when he comes to make use of another man's studies, admirable as they may be, he finds that they do not tell him all he wants to know. It may be that the draughtsman has taken for granted what the student wanted definitely telling; it may be that, looking at nature with eyes prejudiced as they are sure to be by his own sympathies, he omits to note points which to another would have had more interest than those upon which he dwells. In any case, it is rare to refer to another man's drawings for information, as the designer has often to do, without finding them wanting. There are books of studies to which one refers eagerly; they look as if they would most certainly contain everything one wanted to know; but the more we are dependent upon them, the more surely they betray anticipation: one by one our hopes are disappointed, until we end in wondering how we came to be so foolish as to expect help from such a source. "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," is a maxim which may, of course, easily be pushed to extremes (how easily was amusingly shown

years ago in the pages of *Punch*), but if you want a thing done *as you want it*, the only way is positively to take it into your own hands and do it.

But it is impossible for a designer, and especially for a young one, to have always by him a study of the plant he may be called upon to introduce into his work. He must of necessity refer to another man's drawing—the question is whose will be of most use to him; and though, as before said, no one will quite make up for a man's own deficiencies, there are some who will be really helpful.

The worst offenders in the way of arousing false hopes are certain French artists, whose work need not be more specifically referred to. Their studies look as if they were going to tell you all about the plants; but the more sharply you cross-examine them the clearer it becomes that you will get no trustworthy evidence out of them. The artist has taken care not to commit himself to definite statement—which alone is any just cause or excuse for publishing plant studies for the use of others.

The fault of faults in work of this kind is sketchiness, a rendering of the subject which suggests the plant, and gives perhaps something of its charm, but does not give the details of form and growth, without which the designer is hopelessly at a loss. Neither are merely pictorial renderings, paintings of the plant,

even when carried far enough to give the effect of the flower as it grows, much to the purpose of the designer. He wants to know more than can be seen from any one point of view; he wants definite information as to the structure of the plant, the articulation of the stem, the turn of the leaves, the form of the petals. He wants, in short, the facts of the case, and all the facts, before him—the aspect of leaf and flower, in bud and open, in all stages of growth and from all points of view. Only then is he able to build up the plant again for himself, and make it conform, without violence to nature, to the decorative conditions of the particular case in hand.

More useful by far to the designer than flower paintings are botanical drawings; but it wants of course an artist, and one in full sympathy with plant form, to put growth and life into a design made from them. And of course there is to an artist something very depressing in the dry statement of the man of science, complete as it may be from his point of view. There is a danger too of his leaving out artistic aspects of the subject which do not bear upon his science. Modern artists, and especially those with a leaning towards mediævalism, have often found inspiration in old herbals—where the drawings are not rendered in so purely scientific a spirit as the diagrams of our day, and where the artist has even taken upon himself to design his plants to fit the space of the wood-block allotted to him.

Mr. Woolliscroft Rhead has not taken any such artistic liberty with nature; but his manner is reminiscent of the old herbalists. He is botanically accurate without being dry. He gives details of the flower and other features, but with artistic instead of

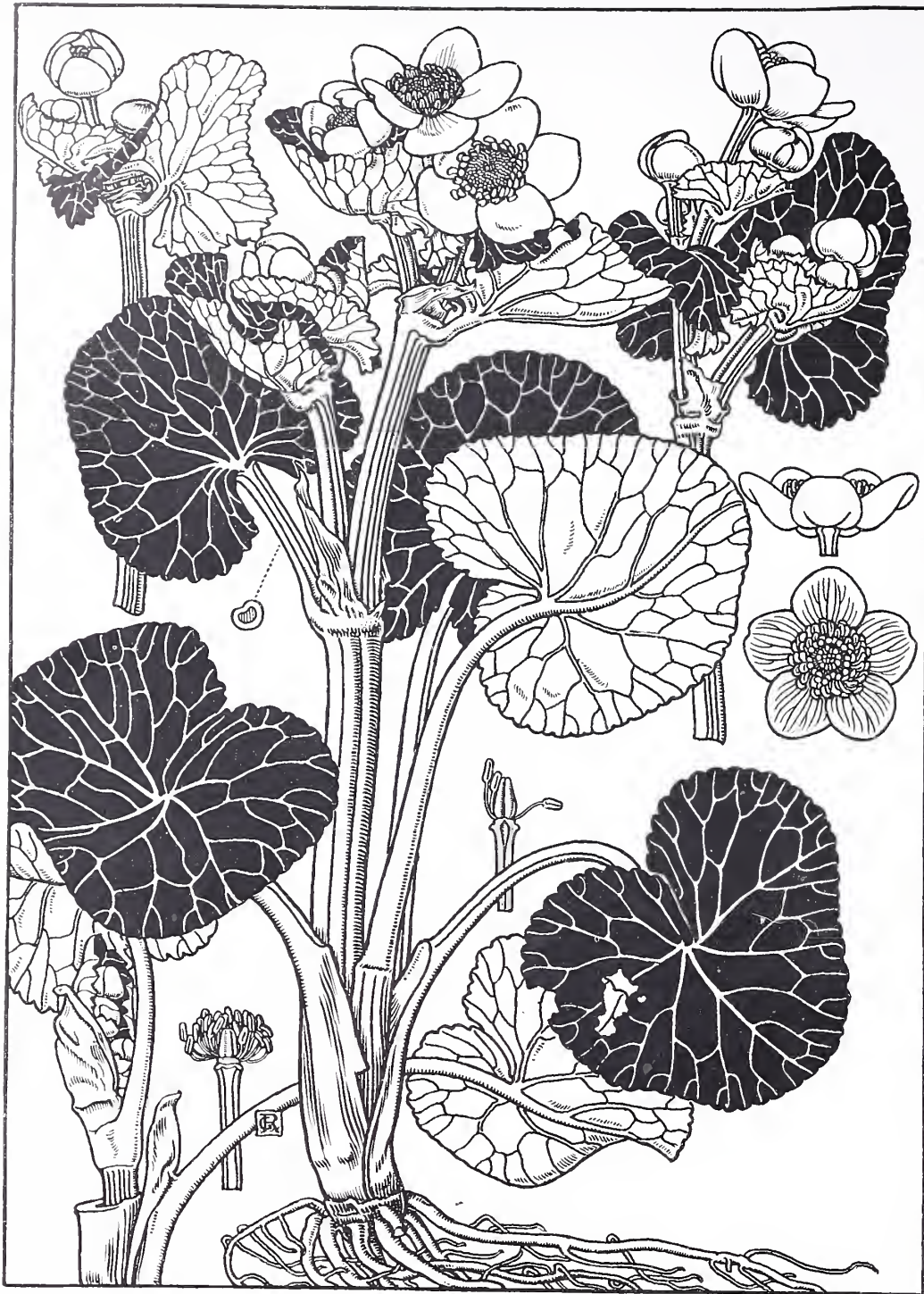
scientific purpose, he never shirks difficult passages in the drawing, and he draws on a big, bold scale, and with a firm, determined and unmistakable line. One can see that he has studied the wood drawings of the German masters such as Dürer and Burgkmair. He has, in fact, founded his manner upon them—though the hint of the



The Passion Flower and Friesia.

By G. Woolliscroft Rhead.

Japanese has not been lost upon him. His broad and manly draughtsmanship (he fails to express sometimes the delicate beauty of the plant) ought of itself to commend his studies to the "students, designers and draughtsmen" to whom he dedicates them. Drawings



The Marsh Marigold.

By G. Woolliscroft Rhead.

more trustworthy have not been published in our day, nor yet studies upon which they could so surely rely for information. They are all that they promise to be, and there is no disillusion about them.

Mr. Rhead goes for his subjects to the garden and the open country, to the orchard and the hedgerow, and makes careful studies:—among wild flowers, of the Scotch thistle and the goatsbeard with its elegant seed vessels, of the snake-headed fritillary, and the lush marsh marigold; among garden plants, of modest snowdrops and pushing crocuses, of the velvety scabious and the straight-spurred columbine, of spiked larkspur and monkshood, of the rigid crown imperial, the climbing clematis, pea, passion flower, and other

such old friends; among trees, of the seeding sycamore with its hanging bunches of “keys,” the horse-chestnut and the elm in bud, fruit trees in blossom, and the eucalyptus with its many stamened flower and fruit. The honeysuckle, simultaneously in flower and berry, the hop, the primrose, violet, and forget-me-not, are among the plants he draws which do not belong exclusively to the garden. An exceptionally interesting sheet is devoted to studies of spring buds, conspicuous among which are the folded fronds of the bracken—so difficult to draw.

But it is just in the drawing of such things that the artist shows his draughtsmanship. He has an eye for characteristic form and a rare faculty of rendering it in line about which there is no possible mistake, though he is more intent upon the truth than upon expressing it elegantly. The student may not find in a drawing of his just the detail of growth he is in search of, but, having found it, he will never be in the least doubt as to what it means. Mr. Rhead expresses himself in his drawing more than plainly

—with emphasis, indeed—and his “treatment” of the flower (the expression, that is to say, which every artist of individuality puts unconsciously into his rendering of the natural fact) is usually in the direction of that severe simplicity of line which goes already some way towards decoration. Given the necessity for studies of flowers to refer to, other than those which the artist can make for himself—and there is no denying such necessity—it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to find examples better drawn than these or more safely to be trusted for exact information. And on the whole they are chosen with sufficient, if not unerring, insight into the wants of the practical workman.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Reception Room.

D. Bennett Dobson, Architect.

Furniture by James Craig and Co.

A Decorative Achievement in Glasgow.



*Sculptured Finial.
J. Sheriffs.*

THERE are few towns in Britain in which the architect is more in evidence than in Glasgow. Many of the public buildings, the blocks of offices, the hotels, and the works and factories that have been built within recent years show both novel and beautiful treatment; in many sculpture is freely and judiciously used: and balance, design and originality are evident in most. But if most of these cannot fairly be classed as whitened sepulchres, it cannot be disguised that the designer has concerned himself far more with the æsthetic possibilities of the exterior than with any scheme for the artistic treatment of the interior. Why this should be so is not quite obvious, for surely if it is worth while to expend both time and money on producing beautiful externals, it is equally worth while to devote care, taste, and attention to the inside of these buildings. It should not be a difficult task to combine a perfect fitness of method with some decora-

tive charm, even in an office or a counting-house; and one firm, at least, has made the attempt with no mean measure of success. The opportunity occurred when the firm of Millar and Lang had to build new offices and



Electrolier in Reboussé Copper.

By the Scottish Guild of Handicraft.



Grotesque in Lead.

By the Scottish Guild of Handicraft.

works, and Mr. Millar, as was but natural in the director of a factory where the output is artistic, was quick to see his chance. Assisted by an architect who entered with sympathy into his projects, and supported by an able set of craftsmen, he has attained a result that is at once interesting and stimulating.

Built in the red stone that is so frequently employed in Glasgow, a stone of a warm and pleasant tone, the outside of the building is designed on freely Gothic lines. But it is not the exterior of the building that more particularly calls for notice; though the great hanging clock with its wrought ironwork, and the graceful sculptured figure (p. 249) that surmounts the main gable, give earnest of what may be found within. It was Mr. Millar's intention to use no material and include no work that was not as perfectly fitted to the purposes of an office as are the plain iron, cement, and woodwork everywhere else employed. Durability, permanence and absolute cleanliness were to him admittedly essentials, but he did not see why beautiful materials could not be as legitimately used in a business establishment as in a private house, or why decorative charm could not char-

acterise the building he was erecting, as well as entire utility; and so mosaic, stained glass, marble, repoussé metalwork, and ceramics came to be largely, almost lavishly, employed.

Before entering the building and mounting the stone staircase, the visitor sees, fixed to the tiled wall, a large enamel panel, some two feet high, that strikes at once the note of colour, of beauty, and of permanence that is to be found throughout the structure; and the same idea of beauty, combined with the indispensable utility, resulted in the copper finger-plates, reproduced on p. 251, being placed on the exterior doors of the warehouse. They illustrate, as will be seen, the ancient and the modern methods of printing; and the other finger-plates of varied forms, that are employed on every door throughout the building, show a similar felicity of treatment. Most of these doors are fitted with panels of stained and leaded glass, used both to give light and because of the intrinsic beauty of the material, and the same inspirational idea as is apparent in the glass of a door is repeated in the finger-plate.

The main office is really a remarkable achievement. The counter at which enquiries may be made, and behind which the clerks and typewriters sit, bears a screen of stained glass distinctly original both in design and idea; the oak woodwork is a beautiful piece of carpentry; the walls are marble; and at one end a singularly successful piece of decoration is attempted. This is a picture in encaustic tiles, a reproduction on a large scale of Mr. H. J. Draper's breezy and vigorous

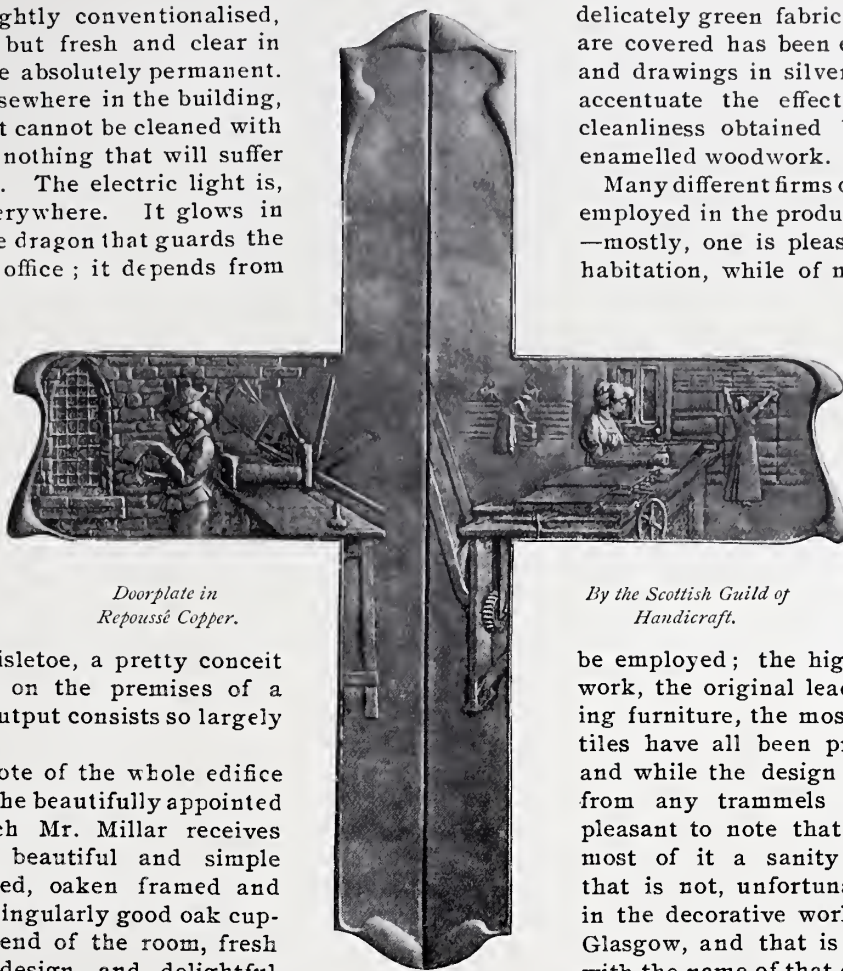


Finger Plates in Repoussé Copper.

By the Scottish Guild of Handicraft.

'Foam Sprite,' slightly conventionalised, as was necessary, but fresh and clear in colour, and of course absolutely permanent. In this room, as elsewhere in the building, there is nothing that cannot be cleaned with a damp cloth, and nothing that will suffer from such cleaning. The electric light is, of course, used everywhere. It glows in the eyes of a marble dragon that guards the door of the private office; it depends from copper electroliers in the forms of other mythical reptiles and fish, and elsewhere it shines from brackets in which metal-work is employed to simulate the familiar leaves and berries of holly and misletoe, a pretty conceit permissible enough on the premises of a firm whose artistic output consists so largely of Christmas cards.

Perhaps the keynote of the whole edifice is most apparent in the beautifully appointed little room in which Mr. Millar receives his callers. Here beautiful and simple furniture is provided, oaken framed and leather covered; a singularly good oak cupboard occupies one end of the room, fresh and successful in design and delightful in the reticence of the carved ornament; a soft toned carpet covers the floor; the



*Doorplate in
Repoussé Copper.*

delicately green fabric with which the walls are covered has been embroidered by hand, and drawings in silver point and sanguine accentuate the effect of daintiness and cleanliness obtained by the use of white enamelled woodwork.

Many different firms of craftsmen have been employed in the production of this building—mostly, one is pleased to know, of local habitation, while of more than local reputation; a Glasgow sculptor has worked with a Glasgow architect (Mr. D. Bennett Dobson), and marble, lead, stone and bronze have been used where each might most fitly

be employed; the highly successful metal-work, the original leaded glass, the charming furniture, the mosaic, and the encaustic tiles have all been produced in the city; and while the design of each is quite free from any trammels of convention, it is pleasant to note that there runs through most of it a sanity and reasonableness that is not, unfortunately, always evident in the decorative work that emanates from Glasgow, and that is elsewhere associated with the name of that city.

PERCY BATE.

Some London Exhibitions.

IN number, in magnitude, in importance, the exhibitions opened during the month of June will not bear comparison with those of April and May. Relative to the assemblage of marbles, Greek bronzes, etc., at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, to the collection of Dutch pictures at the Guildhall, to the Academy and the New Gallery, most of the June exhibitions come within the somewhat slighting designation of "minor shows." Yet many possess interest, and there has been no lack of variety. Mr. Mortimer Menpes was present, of course, at the Durbar, and in the Dowdeswell Galleries were arranged 130 of his brightly-coloured records of gorgeous pageantry, of notable folk. At the other extreme, as to mood and method of approach, is the art of Mr. R. Macaulay Stevenson, whose initial exhibition in London, at the Bruton Gallery, comprised thirty landscapes. Mr. Menpes is a pictorial *raconteur*; he aims at being paragraphically epigrammatic. The quiet tones, the vague forms of Mr. Stevenson indicate his concern with aspects and elements of nature whose interpretation demands not epigram, but the brooding insight of dream. At the Continental Gallery, Mr. F. Carruthers Gould proved himself to be no less trenchant, adroit, witty, than always in his political thrusts, now in

black-and-white, now tinted as in the drolly angular illustrations to "Froissart" in 1902. The pictures of Mr. William Nicholson, put on view at the Stafford Gallery, are interesting experiments by a talented artist whose practice is in considerable part based on the brown or buff paper tradition of his successful lithographs and drawings. Mr. Nicholson never attempts, as does Mr. Chamberlain in a humorous cartoon by Mr. Gould, "the top note"; in colour he is uniformly reserved, in manner the reverse of flagrantly naturalistic. The Winchelsea landscape, with its winding roads, the 'Morris Dancers at Blenheim Gate,' and the strenuously characterised designs for playing-cards, worthy of immediate use, testify to something beyond mere facility—the mind, the imagination, are operative in them. From these products of to-day we could turn to Messrs. Agnew's Collection of "One Hundred Beautiful Women and Children"—mezzotint and stipple engravings, mostly of the late eighteenth century—brought together in aid of the funds of the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, a feature of which was a particularly fine impression of Jacobé's 'Hon. Miss Monckton,' after Reynolds.

The fifth exhibition of the Pastel Society, held at the



The Dead Heron (p. 255).

By E. Alexander.

Institute, contained a fair proportion of interesting groups—for, wisely, works of given artists are thus brought together—by native craftsmen. Mr. Brabazon sent several delightful notes of colour, fresh, spontaneous as though given off as is song by a bird; Messrs. Alfred Withers and Henry Muhrman, landscapes observed unsensationally and rendered in low, impressive tones; Mr. Bertram Priestman, a cleverly-designed 'Roundabout,' a departure from the pastorals with which we chiefly associate his name; Mr. Byam Shaw, 'My wife, my bairns, and my wee dog John,' an oblong composition of many figures in irregular succession, seen against a tapestry-covered wall; Mr. Joseph Pennell, several Venetian pieces in black-and-white, including a felicitous arrangement of 'Boats on the Riva' and one or two studies of Turnerian skies; Mr. T. Austen Brown, 'Wayside Pasture,' a version in pastel of his New Gallery picture of 1900; Sir James Guthrie, a sun-dappled 'Orchard' and a decorative view of Stirling at evening; Mr. Bernard Partridge, a graceful and consistently carried out drawing of a lady in eighteenth century costume, 'Embroidery'; Messrs. H. M. Livens, J. R. K. Duff, and A. S. Hartrick, welcome things. Leaving out of account the loan collection of old tapestries and drawings hung in the east gallery—notably beautiful portraits of the Ladies Charlotte and Priscilla Bertie, by John Downman, the property of the Countess of Ancaster—several of the best works were contributed by foreign artists. M. Charles Cottet's 'Deuil Marin' (p. 254), a finished study for his new Salon picture, was, in its kind, the most impressive pastel at the Institute. There is much of primitive *naïveté*, singleness of purpose, in this pastel, interpretative of the tragedy which broods over seaboard places. The stiff hands, the dazed faces, the resigned attitudes of this trinity of black-robed women, seated in monumental silence on a stone wall above the level of the fishing village, reveal a sorrow too profound for words or tears: a sorrow the more poignant now because the despoiling sea

behind them, of soft jade-green, is unbrokenly calm save where as a line of surf it joins the promontory on the farther side of the bay. It is unfortunate that M. Cottet has introduced this same jade sea, this same foam motive into his 'Vieux Cheval sur les Landes,' an irrelevant repetition and little more. There are pleasure-giving passages in M. Gaston Latouche's 'Mardi Gras'—the orange-coloured window and the mellow flesh-tones of the woman blowing bubbles, for instance; M. Bauer treats with austere power rocky landscapes in Spain, with fine nervous force the Mosque at Cordova; the vivacious red-haired girl of M. Lévy Dhurmur, 'Les Carottes,' is in strange contrast with his 'Notre Dame de Penmarc'h'—a Breton woman and child silhouetted against a rocky coast line—of a few years ago; MM. René Billotte and Le Sidaner were represented by pleasant pastels.

No exhibit at the Institute was more in the nature of a challenge than M. Simon Bussy's 'Portrait of

Mr. W. E. Henley,' as dissimilar as could well be from that by Mr. Nicholson. He wears a positively purple coat, a blue shirt, black trousers, and is seated by well-filled bookshelves against a grey-green wall. It will be recalled that the art of M. Simon Bussy, a pupil of Gustave Moreau, was last year introduced to notice in London by Mr. Van Wisselingh at the Dutch Gallery. A second exhibition of pastels by him at the Carfax Gallery was one of the most interesting shows of June. M. Bussy's views of Villefranche, Mentone, Monte Carlo show to what individual and delightful uses the tradition of Monet can be put. These renderings of the Riviera are glad and gay. The sea, of sunlit amethyst, purple, green, pale blue, is translucently frolicsome; the houses on the hillside have sunlit red roofs and white fronts, with which no serious thought can be associated. The Bruges drawings, on the contrary, are sober almost to sadness in colour, and not, as it seems to me, so characteristic of accent. 'Les Aiguilles rouges par un temps gris,' lent by Lady Strachey, is an impressive rendering of jagged heights, snow secreted in the deep crevices, lifting their peaks towards a drift of grey clouds overhead; individual, too, though perhaps in a somewhat perverse way, are studies of firs on Jura silhouetted against a sunset sky, rendered as a flame-coloured shower, or against the darkness of night. We reproduce, by the courtesy of the artist, 'Lucerne' (p. 254), at once one of the smallest and the most accomplished of his pastels. This is no fantasia on Monet or on Japanese drawing, but M. Bussy's own conception. The figures are admirably placed beneath the tree, the houses, beyond the quiet blue-green water, delineated with surety of purpose.

At the French Gallery, Pall Mall, there were brought together several pictures and a number of drawings by Professor Adolf von Menzel. There is rare beauty in the creased glove of 'A Woman Drinking,' in the delicate solidity of the spiral 'Roman Staircase, Merseburg,' in many of the "factual" pencil notes. 'Early Mass, Salzburg' (p. 253), painted in 1856, with its finely

pictorial iron screen, its mysterious lights and shadows, ordered by the mind of a master. From the same year dates 'A Performance at the Gymnase, Paris,' so "impressionistic" that it might have been painted yesterday. In King Street, Messrs. Gutekunst brought together a collection of thirty-five etchings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron. Three only are recently executed—a view of the water front of the magnificent Ducal Palace, Venice, of the Place Plumereau, Tours, with particularly good passages in the lower part, and of the interior of St. Laumer, Blois (p. 255). The pure proportions of the pillars of this thirteenth century church, directly and simply treated, are in imaginative contrast with the darkened chancel, chandelier depending from roof, cross seen significantly against the light from the eastern window.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.

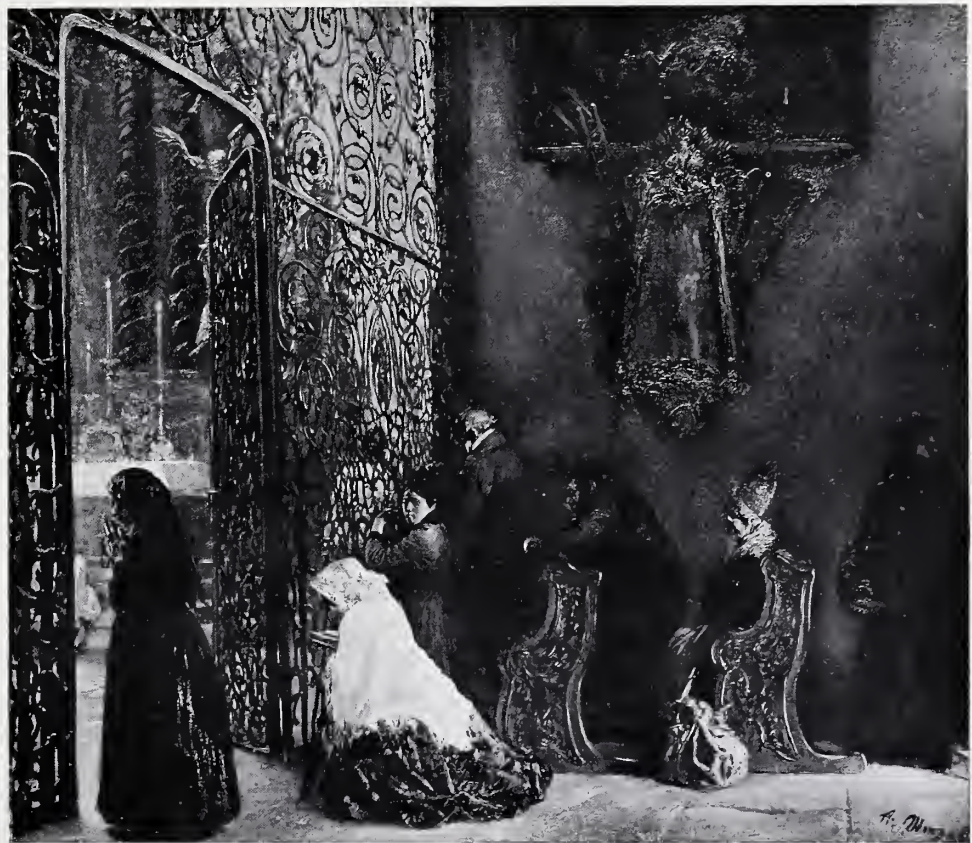
THE electorate of the Royal Academy assembled on the evening of June 17th to raise an Associate to full membership, in the stead of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, who resigned owing to ill-health. The vacancy being that of an architect, and an architect being required in the schools, the success of Mr. Aston Webb was the reverse of unexpected. Since he was made A.R.A. in 1899, the new schools of Christ's Hospital at Horsham—for which, in conjunction with Mr. E. Ingress Bell, he is responsible—have been completed, of course, and Mr. Webb has been entrusted with the architectural features of the Victoria Memorial.

CAMERON'S Etchings: a Study and a Catalogue, is the title of Mr. Frederick Wedmore's little volume, concerned with one side of the endeavours of one of the most able and distinctive of our younger artists. One hundred and fifty-five copies only have been printed on hand-made paper, doubtless "as an incentive to the collector." Mr. Wedmore thus closes the brief essay on the etchings of Cameron:—"May I irreverently suggest that to a well-to-do person, generally the rarity of the piece—be it Rembrandt's, Meryon's, Whistler's, Cameron's—is about as pleasure-giving as is the grace or majesty of the performance. Ardent is the collector when his chase is beset with difficulty; and cold, I have

noticed, is he in the presence of the beauty that is upon the street." Fortunately, however, there are thousands who care for beauty first, rarity afterwards, or not at all.

WE notice, with increasing anxiety, the persistent way in which those open spaces which still exist in the more central parts of London are one by one encroached upon, and ultimately covered with buildings, while large sums of public money are, from time to time, voted for the purchase of parks, like Avery Hill, Eltham, still a rural district. It seems illogical to allow these more central spaces—often well planted with trees—to be ruthlessly destroyed for the profit of a few speculators. Three acres of garden land on the west side of Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, which abuts on the congested district of Lisson Grove, are now in imminent danger of being covered with long terraces of lofty residential flats, too expensive for the use of the artisan. Whatever excuse there may be for the deeds of the ordinary speculating builder, there is none when, as in this case, the air space is to be lost for the further enrichment of Lord Howard de Walden, a young noble, already the fortunate possessor of a more than princely income from property in the same borough.

EXAMPLES of the art of Mr. Sargent seldom occur for sale at Christie's—portraits tend to remain in the possession of their original owners for a longer period than landscapes or subject pictures. On June 27th, however, his presentment of a dark-eyed, laughing girl in black dress, holding a fan, was knocked down for 130 gns. This dashing sketch was not of recent execution, and has never been exhibited in London probably.



Early Mass, Salzburg (p. 252).

By Professor Adolf von Menzel.

AN amusing and instructive incident in connection with the Chantrey Bequest controversy is worth noting. A correspondent wrote to one of the London morning papers championing the purchase of a certain high-priced picture, and citing as evidence of its merit that it had received the largest number of votes in the plébiscite arranged by a "great daily paper." Forthwith "A prize-winner" steps into the arena and says, "I filled in a number of copies of the paper with the names of all the sentimental, clap-trap pictures I could think of." If he is to be taken seriously, this does not inspire us with confidence in competitions of the kind.

THE Thames Floating Art Gallery, whose inaugural cruise took place last year, is again this summer faring from place to place with its burden of pictures. If the actual beauties of the river require supplementing, no better plan could be devised, probably. Exhibitions are held in the house-boat, chiefly of works having the Thames as theme. A small society of artists has been formed for the purpose of organising and directing these exhibitions, with Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., as President, Mr. Val Davis, R.B.A., as Vice-President, Mr. Claude H. Rowbotham as Secretary. Mr. Leslie, who celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of his birthday on July 2nd, is a particularly apt president for such a society. He lives at Wallingford, and in "Our River" has written sympathetically of the



Denil Marin (p. 252).

By Charles Cottet.

waterway which, having flowed through many a beautiful stretch of country, passes to the sea by way of London. The floods of June conflicted with the interests of the floating gallery as with so many others.

SEVERAL London papers made a ridiculous error as to a Madonna and Child, by Rubens, sold in King Street as part of the property of Mr. Robert Orr, Neilston, N.B. "A Rubens fetches over £7,000" was one of four or five such sensational headlines. As a fact, Lot 106, a Madonna and Child attributed to Rubens, made 25 gns., the total of the property up to this point being £7,539 10s. 6d. "The name of the purchaser was not given!" Well might this be so, seeing that it was quite impossible. The catalogue aggregate for the 106 lots was substituted in error for the small amount paid for the Rubens.

MR. P. FLETCHER-WATSON, the architectural draughtsman, claims to be the only pupil of David Roberts. The keynote of the master's teaching was "attain breadth of *ensemble* by scrupulously exact rendering of detail." Mr. Fletcher-Watson has recently made a long sojourn in Spain, some of the pictorial results of which he showed at the Doré Gallery.

STUDENTS of art needlework were glad of the opportunity to examine at the Grafton Galleries ten of the twelve panels executed by the late Mdme. Leroudier, after Audran's designs made for Gobelins tapestries, 'Les douze mois grotesques.' The panels, each 11 feet high and about 33 inches wide, involved seventeen years more or less continuous labour, and won for their executant the first Grand Prize at the 1893 Chicago Exhibition. In the face of Venus alone—each month has its presiding genius, Neptune, Vulcan, Diana, Ceres, and the rest—there are said to be no fewer than two thousand stitches. The grace and spirit of the Audran designs are admirably interpreted, and the series warrants the often too carelessly used word beautiful.



Lucerne (p. 252).

By Simon Bussy.

THE 132nd exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours contained a few good drawings. Miss Alice Swan, a new member, sent, among other things, a study of Iceland poppies, well massed, freely handled; Mr. John M. Swan, A.R.A., her brother, 'Tigers in Jungle,' a sketch swift and sure in its interpretation of animal life; Mr. Edwin Alexander, 'An Owl's Nest,' admirable as far as the round-eyed bird is concerned, and 'The Dead Heron' (p. 252). This drawing well exemplifies that the careful realisation of detail does not necessarily conflict with a well-ordered *tout ensemble*. The heron, lying on the game-bag, is true to fact, but it is true no less to the pictorial requirements of a low-toned, sensitively gradated colour-scheme.

BY no means unimportant question was raised in the Courts last month. An action was brought against an artist to recover a commission of 25 per cent. on a gold pendant designed and carried out by him. His contention was that commission should be chargeable only on the value of the product less the cost of the gold. The law was against him, however, and for designing and executing the pendant he states that he had to be content with 35 per cent., while the dealer took 25 per cent. Cases of this sort seldom occur, but workers in gold and other precious mediums would do well to bear it in mind.

HIS Majesty is lending to the Cork Exhibition the pictures 'Queen Victoria's Accession,' by the late H. Tanworth Wells, R.A., and 'The Reception by King Edward VII. of the Moorish Ambassador, 1901,' by Mr. J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

WE regret to announce that one of the most competent of modern mezzotint engravers, Mr. E. Gilbert Hester, died on July 3rd, in his sixtieth year, at St. Albans. Mr. Hester practised aquatint and etching, but his reputation was made as a mezzotinter, and his fame will rest upon the important works he produced after pictures by Lawrence, Millais, Noël Paton, Edwin Long, Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., and other artists. At the time of his death he was engaged on the reproduction of a landscape painted by Mr. MacWhirter, R.A.

MR. ERNEST BROWN has joined the directorate of the Leicester Gallery after twenty-five years' association with the Fine Art Society, who have now secured the services of Mr. Langton Douglas.

SUBSCRIBERS to THE ART JOURNAL are reminded that vouchers should be sent in at latest by July 31st for last year's Premium Plate, a photogravure after the picture 'Adieu,' by Mr. Blair Leighton.

New Books.

IN the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* in 1864 there appeared a descriptive list of 54 Etchings which had been produced since 1843 by Mr. F. Seymour Haden. In 1880 Sir William R. Drake's Catalogue was published, recording in chronological order, so far as could be ascertained, the total number of 184 Plates; and now



St. Laumer, Blois (p. 253).

By D. Y. Cameron.

Messrs. Macmillan have issued a "Supplement to Sir William Drake's Catalogue of the Etched Work of Sir Francis Seymour Haden, P.R.E.," by Mr. H. Nazeby Harrington, this work containing corrections and additions.

Mr. Fletcher Moss in "Pilgrimages to Old Homes" devotes himself mostly to rambles on the Welsh Border in continuation of his earlier Pilgrimages in Cheshire, Shropshire, and elsewhere. The author has visited historic houses, often little known, within a certain radius: in an easy style of narration, without too closely concerning himself with history or archæology, he gives a delightful record which proves of continued interest from beginning to end. To the companion "X" is due a tribute for the excellent photographs from which the numerous illustrations were made. A chapter on Pitchford Hall is particularly entertaining. We do not care for the spelling "Shakspeare." The book is published by the author from The Old Parsonage, Didsbury.

Mary had a Little Lamb.

WITH the first announcement of his refuge for destitute wit, his asylum for orphan jokes, Mr. *Punch* mentioned his intention of doing justice to the Fine Arts, and although in his second year a facetious criticism was declared by the artist to be unjust to his picture, it has rarely happened that the author of a work has been caused to suffer by the chaff of our jocular contemporary. Perhaps the quality of appreciation was singularly undeveloped in the artist who resented being made the target for the paper bullet of the humorist's brain; for it is generally believed that the subject of

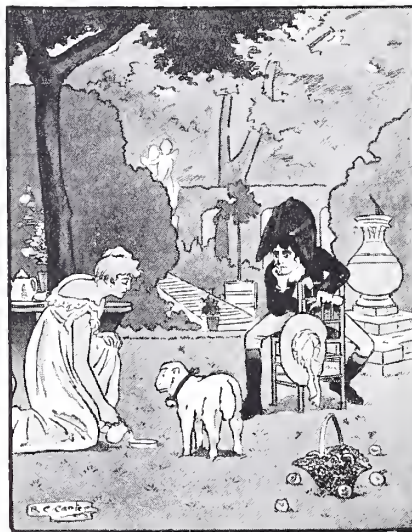
ridicule is as much diverted as one to whom the joke does not allude. Such is the reputation for cordiality which Mr. *Punch* has earned.

We expect there was nothing but approval for the work of Mr. R. C. Carter from the six victims who are supposed to have interpreted the topic of Mary. The picture exhibitions have always given opportunities for pictorial parodies, and the studios are a constant source of inspiration to contributors of words and drawings; but we fancy Mr. Carter has hit upon an original theme.

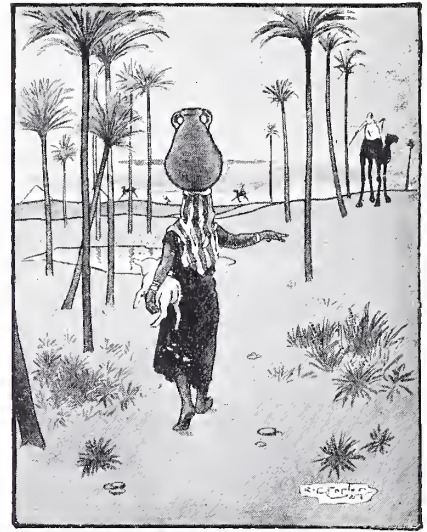
PICTORIAL VARIATIONS OF A THEME AFTER THE MANNER OF SELECTED ARTISTS.



After G. H. Boughton, R.A.



After Marcus Stone, R.A.



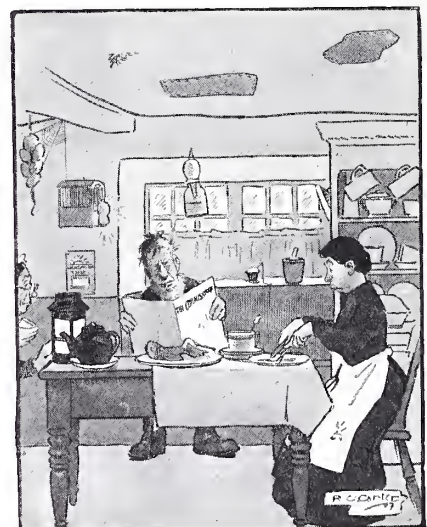
After F. Goodall, R.A.



After George Clausen, A.R.A.



After Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.



After Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.

The European Armour and Arms of the Wallace Collection, Hertford House.—VI.*

BY GUY FRANCIS LAKING, M.V.O., F.S.A.,
KEEPER OF THE KING'S ARMOURY.



No. 885.—A Processional Glaive
of the Guard of Pope Paul V.
(Camillo Borghese, 1605-1621).

cases where the suit is of sufficient quality to make it worth the trouble of using fine work in its manufacture. This suit comes from the Meyrick Collection, and figures in the engraved illustrations of that gallery, plate 37, vol. i.

Forgetfulness as regard the hafted weapons in the Wallace Collection may be suggested, as no mention has as yet been made of them, the reason being that those of earlier make than the seventeenth century were somewhat commonplace, and not worthy of special

THE only suit of any importance of seventeenth century make is No. 1146, an armour complete to the knee. The harness, although picturesque and rich in colour, shows the deterioration of the craft, the general form being spiritless, and the plates, with the exception of the breast and back, are thin and of poor workmanship. The whole surface is etched and partly gilt, being divided into diapered square panels, composed of double Savoyard knots, issuing from square-shaped corner ornaments. In the panels are the three palm-leaves crowned, the crest of the house of Monaco, alternating with the conjoined hands of the Manfredi of Faenza. Nothing in the construction of the armour is worthy of note, save the fourteen laminated plates that protect the inner bend of the arm, an armament usually associated with fine suits of early sixteenth-century make, but, however, not a very unusual revival in the seventeenth century in

notice. However, a few fine halberds, glaives, etc., of seventeenth-century date, are really good examples of decorative arms, and of these we will place in the foremost rank the glaive No. 885, one of the processional weapons of Pope Paul V, Camillo Borghese, 1605-1621. It presents no variation from the usual glaive form, but the gold damascening and silver incrustation, used so liberally in its decoration, show the amount of money and care that has been spent upon what at the best is but a pageant arm. Twenty-five of this series of glaive existed formerly at the Borghese Palace, many of which have now found their way into various public and private collections. This example, from the collection of the Count de Nieuwerkerke, was, according to the Borghese family tradition, stolen from the palace towards the close of the eighteenth century.

Another hafted weapon, although of considerably later date, is of interest from the point both of history and decorative art. It is the partisan of the bodyguard of King Louis XIV. of France, No. 931, in Gallery V. The head is of chiselled and gilt steel, executed from a design of Jean le Paultre, the French artist who, about the year 1680, painted a portrait of Louis XIV. in Roman attire, at which time he must have executed the design for the King's processional halberds. Le Paultre was born in 1618, and died in Paris in 1682. This same partisan head has been founded in various mediums, and contemporary specimens of it still exist, fashioned in silver-gilt and ormolu. Rapiers and swords of the seventeenth century are to be seen decorating the walls of the three galleries of European armour, but we must turn to Cases 1 and 2 for the finer examples of these weapons. In Case 11 we find the sword (No. 1302) of Henry, Prince of Wales, brother of King Charles I., possibly one of the weapons that formed a part of the gift sent by the Dauphin, son of Henry IV. of France, in 1607, to Henry, Prince of Wales, for it comprised a "suit of armour well gilt and enamelled, together with pistols and a sword of the same kind, and armour for the horse." This supposition is strengthened by comparison with the sword-blade of this specimen, and that of the dagger, No. 1306—its case companion—made for Henry IV. of France, for they



No. 931.—A Partisan of the Guard
of Louis XIV. Designed by
Le Paultre.

* Continued from page 113.



No. 1146.—A Suit of Armour complete to the knees, with the Arms of the House of Monaco and Manfredi of Faenza.

correspond very closely in workmanship, and leave little doubt as to their both being of French nationality. The sword No. 1302 has a plain cruciform hilt of russeted steel, with a large spheroidal pommel, the whole most richly encrusted with cherubs' heads, and the like contemporary decorations in silver. The entire groundwork, which has not been russeted, is matted and gilt. The blade, which is about 32½ inches long, is of flattened oval section, having the ricasso grooved and stamped with the well-known Solehgen blade-maker's name, Clemens Horn. For 8 inches of the length, from the hilt the surface is blued and decorated with laurel leaves, the Prince of Wales's feathers, and the initials H.P., wrought in gold azzimonia. These plain cruciform hilts on swords of seventeenth century make are rarely met with, although often portrayed in costume portraits of the period, where the dress represented is sometimes fancied with a classic revival. The sword,

No. 142 in Gallery VII., is another illustration of such a fashion.

Case 1 shows us two magnificent specimens of the cup-hilted rapier so cherished by collectors, Nos. 162 and 163. The hilt of the former sword is of the usual pierced and chiselled style of ornamentation, usually produced at Naples, whilst the hilt of the latter is without piercings, but elaborately chiselled in low relief with the triumph of a Roman Emperor; the workmanship is Italian, probably dating towards the close of the seventeenth century. This form of cup-hilt is interesting on account of the extreme rarity of the method of ornamentation as applied to the cup of a rapier, for it is chiselled work in low relief from the solid ground. In His Majesty's collection at Windsor a rapier with its *main gauche* dagger are almost identical in workmanship and design to the example before us, which, with the Wallace specimen, I think it almost safe to say form the only three genuine examples to be found in our English collections, for the type has been extensively copied and forged, no doubt owing to the facility of reproducing the cup by means of a casting.

The separate pieces of armour of the seventeenth century to be found in the galleries are not very numerous; helmets are represented by a few fine specimens, one of the most interesting being No. 511, for it shows a helmet based on classical lines, with a comb finishing in a broad spiral curl, with large hinged cheek-pieces. The surface is russeted, and round the skull-piece is embossed a wreath of laurel leaves, the raised portion being fully gilt. This helmet, like the sword of Henry, Prince of Wales, may almost be classed as coming under the heading of a second classic renaissance in the armourer's craft.

A gauntlet which is of the greatest historical interest may be found in Case 11, No. 1303. It is from the suit of armour of Henry, Prince of Wales, made by the armourer William Pickeringe, the Master Armourer at Greenwich. The complete suit, with some of its tilting-pieces, is in the Royal collection at Windsor, where there is also a portrait of the young Prince, probably by Van Dyck, in which he is depicted wearing the identical harness of which this gauntlet is a part. The surface decoration consists of slightly sunk vertical bands, deeply etched with an interlaced strap-work design, introducing the crowned letters H. P. The panels between the sunken bands are deeply blued. It is generally believed that the suit to which this gauntlet belonged was made between the years 1610 and 1612, when the young Prince was created Prince of Wales, on which occasion he caused a challenge to be given to all Knights in Great Britain under the name of Mæliades, Lord of the Isles. The Prince was then barely sixteen years of age.

The firearms of the seventeenth century possibly form the strongest section of this particular era, for Case 2 in Gallery VII. (some of the contents of which have already been passed in review) shows the gunsmith's art at its highest decorative level. Nothing could exceed the good taste with which the wheel-lock gun No. 178 is decorated. The stock, of most graceful



No. 1302.—*The Sword of Henry, Prince of Wales, brother of Charles I.*



No. 1303.—*A Gauntlet, from the armour made for Henry, Prince of Wales, by Pickeringe.*

form, is inlaid with groups of figures in engraved silver and delicate tracery of silver wire. The barrel is brightened and partly octagonal in form, having the back-sight formed as the small silver figure of Cleopatra. The lock is on the wheel principle, but in addition it has also a slow-match holder, which falls at the same time that the wheel is released by the action of one trigger, ensuring by the use of the two forms of ignition an absolutely certain discharge. There is a supposition that this beautiful weapon was made for Louis XIII. of France.

In Case 7 we find a very complete series of wheel and flint-locks, the famous maker, Lazarino Comniazzo, being represented by three superb pairs of pistols, 692-708, 693-707, and 698-702. They are nearly all decorated in the same manner, with trophies of arms, lace-like tracteries, etc., chiselled and pierced in bright steel, in the Brescian school of ornamentation. To match in taste the delicacy of the chiselling or the beautiful workmanship of ebony and ivory inlay on the stocks of the wheel-lock pistols Nos. 724-728 would be hard indeed, for the workmanship and style of the barrels and locks, and those of pistol No. 774, Case 8, are similar to a magnificent series of firearms, with their accessories, which are preserved at Turin, and which tradition says were given by Philip II. of Spain to Emanuel Philibert of Savoy. The pistol No. 774 is, in particular, line for line, as regards decoration and workmanship, the replica of a wheel-lock arquebus in the collection of His Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia, which is superb in its pristine preservation. The pistol No. 774 has evidently formed part of the same set. The companion gun to that of His Imperial Majesty is now in the collection of Mr. W. Riggs, of Paris; however, it is in less satisfactory condition to its companion arm in Russia.

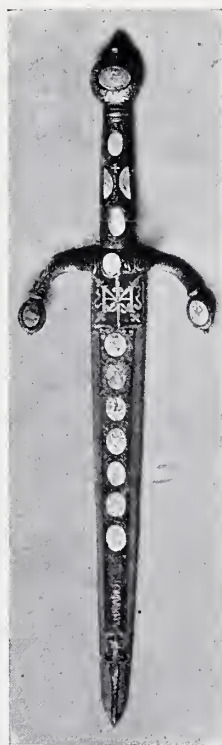
Projectile weapons of high quality were usually made in pairs, or even larger sets, so it would be interesting to learn into what collection—if still in existence—the companion to the pistol No. 774 has passed.

Before finally leaving Case 7 the pistol No. 726 must be considered, for, although of a comparatively late date—the end of the seventeenth or the commencement of

the eighteenth century—its fine workmanship entitles it to more than a cursory glance. The stock is of Italian walnut-wood, slightly carved with scrolls and inlaid with silver wire; the pommel, trigger-guard and other mounts are of silver chased in low relief with portraits of Louis XIV., figures of Fame, and trophies of masks and scrolls; the groundwork is matted and gilt. Above the grip of the stock is the escutcheon of France (Dauphiné),

but that, however, would seem to be an addition at a more recent date. The barrel, which is blued and elaborately inlaid with gold, bears the name *La Roche* of Paris; below is a group of armour, etc., chiselled in relief, also on a matted gold ground. The maker's name is again repeated on the lock-plate.

The fine bronze cannon in the centre of Gallery VII., No. 1197, certainly deserves notice before we pass on to the few exhibits here displayed of eighteenth-century armour, for it is a *tour d'adresse* of the bronze-founder's art, being a *cire perdue* bronze casting in the highest relief. At the breech, a composition of combatting figures introducing Hercules is in itself a group rather than a relief. The figure of Jupiter sitting astride an eagle is above the trunnions; he holds in his hand the fulmen, or thunderbolt; surrounding his figure are those emblematical of the four winds. The decoration above the trunnions alters to a spiral band of acanthus foliage, among the leaves of which sport amorini. On the second spiral from the centre two cupids bear a ribbon inscribed with the name and date of the maker, *Io. Mazarolli, 1688*. The work throughout is influenced by a strong Venetian feeling as regards the ornamentation, and which, together with the rich, red-brown colour of the bronze itself—so often seen in the Venetian ink-vases and candlesticks of a somewhat earlier period—leads me to suggest Venice as the place of its manufacture. The



No. 1306.—*A Dagger given to Henry of France by the people of Paris, on the occasion of his marriage with Marie de Medici in 1599.*

carriage on which it is now mounted is modern, and was made in 1854 from drawings by M. de Sanson, after a small model cannon that belonged to Cosmo III. de Medicis, and by whom it was given to the family of Franceschi, of Pistoja. There are two other small bronze cannon in this collection, but both of earlier date,



No. 162.—A cup-hilted Rapier, Neapolitan, late Seventeenth Century.



No. 163.—A cup-hilted Rapier, Italian, late Seventeenth Century.

Nos. 1327 and 1331, the one of Spanish make and dated 1577, fine and complete in design, the other of French workmanship, decorated with figures in high relief, in the style of Germain Pilon. Several cannon of this exact design and size are in existence: one is to be found in the Musée d'Artillerie, and the other in the Musée de Cluny. A fine pair, with their carriages, were in the collection of the Baron de Cosson, and were believed to have been sent as a present to Queen Elizabeth. There was also a damaged specimen in the Londesborough Collection.

With the eighteenth century this article, if this list may be honoured by that name, comes to an unimposing termination with the description of a few but fine "Court" or "small swords," as they are called in England. This century sees the complicated counter-guards disappear and make way for a type that forms the prototype of the modern Court sword. The grip has lengthened, the pommel diminished in size, the guards evolved into small oval shells on either side of the blade, with but a small *pas d'âne*, and a simple knuckle-guard of one bar, in a line with

which was the small single quillon. The blade also became shortened, and is, as often as not, triangular in section, although the form varied according to the period, for about this time many quick changes took place in succession, from that invented by the great Count Konismark, who introduced a blade that tapered suddenly to a fine point (being a comparatively broad triangular blade a third the way of its length), to the slender triangular, or flat slender Court blade, as worn in the present day.

Case 8 supplies us with an illustration, No. 772, of a type usually accepted as being German, its peculiarity consisting in the formation of the grip, which swells suddenly in the centre. The entire hilt is of steel chiselled with figures emblematical of the Arts, on a groundwork that is inlaid with gold. Its date must be between 1730 and 1740.

Case 5 shows us two specimens of later date, Nos. 627 and 628. No. 627 is pretty and interesting on account of the decoration, which is composed of small parties of soldiers, foot and horse, and groups of commanders in the costumes of about 1740. The steel is chiselled



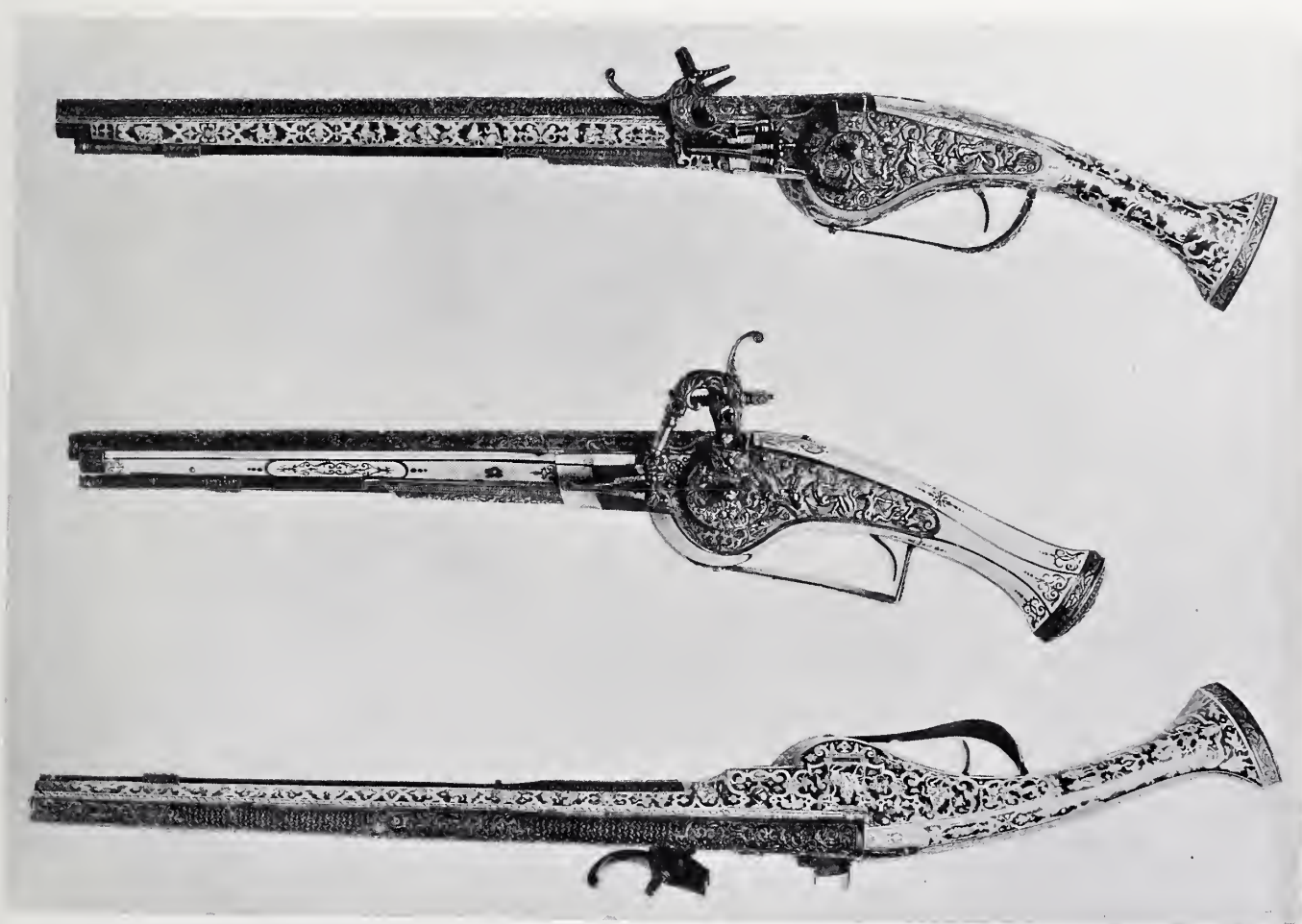
No. 511.—A closed Helmet, probably French, middle of the Seventeenth Century.



692

693

698



724

774

724

No. 692.—A snaphance Pistol, Italian, about 1660.
 No. 693.—A flint-lock Pistol, Italian, Brescian, about 1670.
 No. 698.—A flint-lock Pistol, Italian, about 1640.

No. 724.—A wheel-lock Pistol, Italian, about 1615.
 No. 774.—A wheel-lock Pistol, about 1615-20.
 No. 724.—The above-named Pistol, viewed from the other side.



No. 1327.—A Bronze Cannon, Spanish, dated 1577.

No. 1331.—A Bronze Cannon, French, late Sixteenth Century.



No. 627.—A "Court," or "Small," Sword. French, about 1770.

No. 772.—A "Court," or "Small," Sword. German, about 1740.

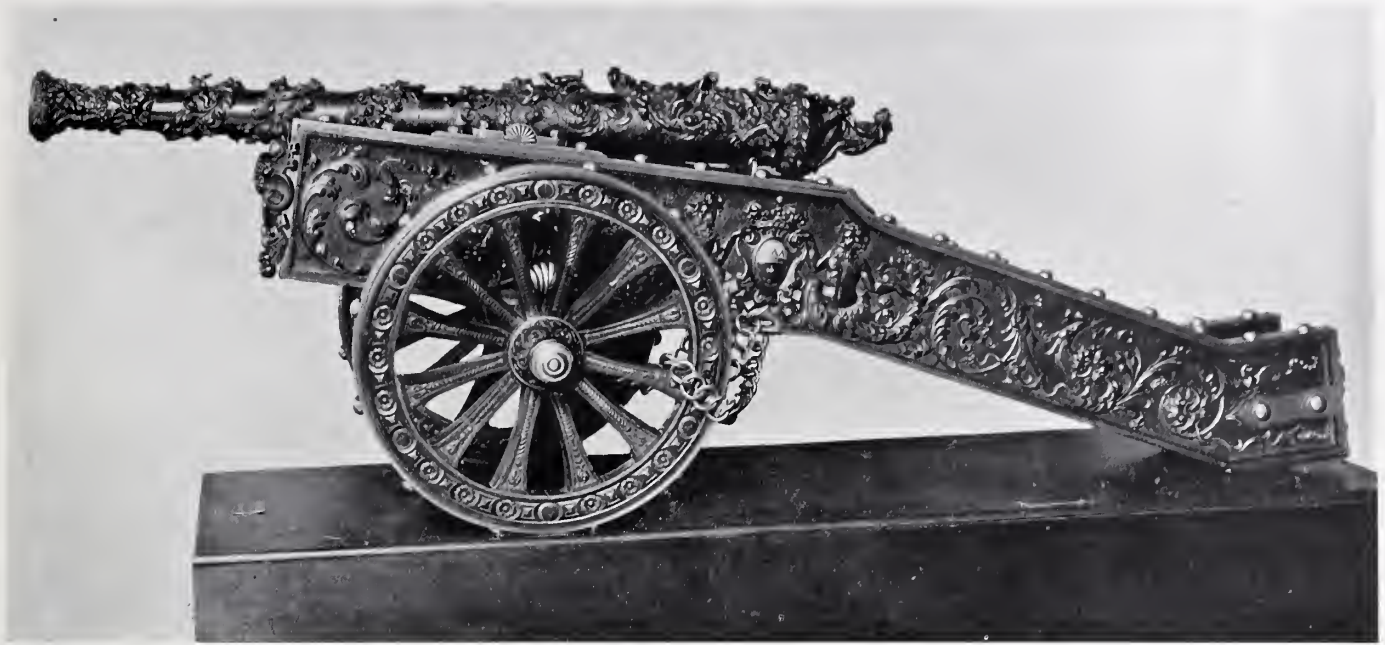
No. 628.—A "Court," or "Small," Sword. French, about 1770.

with an Oriental-like fineness, and burnished on a groundwork that is overlaid with matted gold. The blade is blued and gilt at the hilt. It is probably of Paris workmanship, and dates from about 1760. It came from the collections of M. A. Beurdeley and the Count de Nieuwerkerke.

The next sword in the catalogue is much the same in workmanship, but the figures are allegorical; the blade is blued and gilt, and bears the inscription:—"Courlier successeur de Monsieur Péchon, fourbisseur de Monseigneur Le Comte d'Artois, Rue St. Honoré, à la Victoire de Paris." This sword we know to be of Paris make, and must be about the same date as the one just described. Both Courlier and Péchon were well-known makers of Court swords, for in the fine series of this particular weapon shown in His Majesty's collections at Windsor these two names are to be repeatedly found engraved upon the blades.

Court swords of the eighteenth century have never received the proper attention that their fineness of workmanship and fertility of design merit, for with the exception of a few connoisseurs and collectors, such as Mr. Reubell, the Baron de Cosson, and Viscount Esher, they have been brushed aside as undesirable acquisitions in a collection of arms.

Much has been passed over that is well worthy of close scrutiny; whole walls have been



No. 1197.—A Bronze Cannon, Venetian, dated 1688.

overlooked and entire cases merely mentioned. The fine and complete series of daggers, and of powder-flasks and primers, also the stirrups and spurs in

Cases 7 and 9, have received no notice. They will wait for some future occasion, as also must the Oriental section of armoury.



No. 178.—A wheel and match-lock Gun that is supposed to have belonged to Louis XIII.

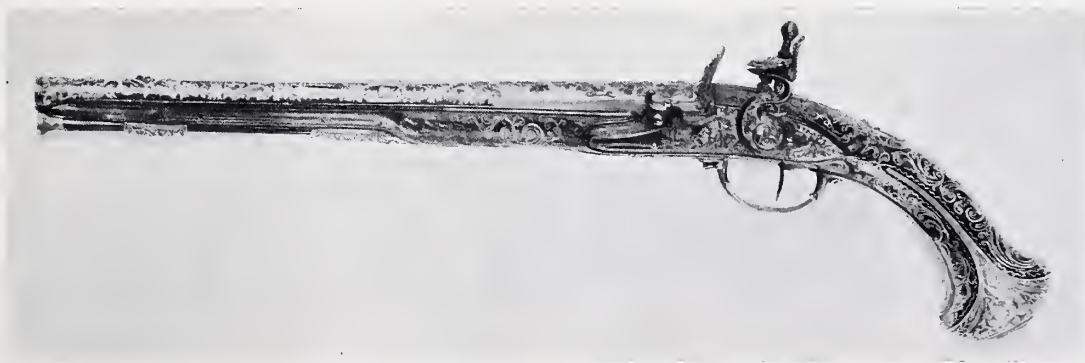
Although I have been unable to make mention of so many beautiful exhibits, I hope at least that my readers will feel that if they have carefully examined the various items I have endeavoured to describe, so often with

insufficient praise, they are to a degree fairly acquainted with the more important exhibits of the Wallace Collection of armour and arms at Hertford House.

GUY FRANCIS LAKING.

THE END.

(The previous articles commenced on pp. 129, 273, 1902 ; 19, 42, and 109, 1903.)



No. 726.—A Flint Lock Pistol, French, about 1680-1700.



The Charge of the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo.

By Henri E. F. Philippoteaux.

The Charge of the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo.

BY HENRI E. F. PHILIPPOTEAUX.

"This carefully-studied and most skilfully-painted piece is but too likely to be overlooked in the confused rush to Miss Thompson's more attractive composition. And of all in the Academy, this is the picture which an Englishman, of right feeling, would least wish to overlook. I remember no so impartial and faithful representation of an historical battle. I know no war painting by the artist of any great race, however modest, in which the object has not hitherto been definitely self-laudation. But here is a piece of true war history, of which it is not possible to say, by observance of any traceable bias, whether a Frenchman or Englishman painted it. Such a picture is more honourable to France than the taking of Malakoff."—JOHN RUSKIN: Notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1875.

THE Charge of the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo' is now one of the most popular paintings in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, and invariably attracts the attention of the visitor. It describes the last phase and critical episode of the battle. A Highland regiment in the foreground presents unshaken walls of men and bayonets to the heavy French cavalry, and the whole plain is covered with squadrons following up the charge. A large area of the battle is skilfully compressed into a small canvas. The colouring, the effective grouping of large masses, and the hurling of the squadrons *en bloc* against the sides of the square, with its disastrous recoil from the unwavering lines, are all admirably rendered. It may be remarked, however, although the Highland dress is accurately depicted, it is that of the time when the picture was painted, and not that worn at Waterloo.

It was a curious coincidence that a very similar episode, 'The 28th Regiment at Quatre Bras,' by Miss Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler), should be hung on the walls of the Academy in the same year. The *motif* of the two paintings, however, was quite different. Philippoteaux's aim

was to represent the grandeur of the onslaught and the repulse, whilst Miss Thompson's object was to show each individual soldier of that narrow but adamant wedge, with the joy and rage of battle in his eyes—the varying expressions on the faces of the recruit and the veteran, and the set resolution of one and all to shatter the onrushing foe.

Monsieur Philippoteaux was born in Paris on April 3rd, 1815, and was a pupil of Léon Cogniet. He painted military scenes with great success, especially those representing British soldiers. Besides the present painting, he exhibited at the Royal Academy 'The Charge of the English Heavy Cavalry at the Battle of Balaclava,' in 1876; 'The Battle of Alma,' in 1877; and 'The Life of Sir Frederick Ponsonby being saved by a French Soldier,' in 1879. He was also the chief author of the panoramic views representing incidents in the siege of Paris in 1870, which were shown in the Champs Elysées. He died on November 9th, 1884.

'The Charge of the Cuirassiers,' and also 'The Battle of Fontenoy,' painted in 1873, were presented to the Museum by the late Mr. F. R. Bryan.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler.

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.



THE small band of the really great artists of the latter half of the nineteenth century who make London their home has lost its most striking genius in the death of Mr. Whistler. Rossetti, Millais, and Burne-Jones went before, and now death leaves only Mr. Watts of the men who may truly be enrolled amongst the painters of the highest rank.

Mr. Whistler made himself best known by his witty sarcasm on the "plain men" who could not understand his methods of artistic production. Yet it is to be noted with much emphasis that he never quarrelled with people who showed a desire to understand and to like his work; all his discussions were with those who in one way or another tried to depreciate the artistic value of his pen or pencil. Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Harry Quilter the Baronet, Mr. George Moore, and the anonymous writers of the press who attacked him openly or covertly, were the much-besmirched victims of his righteous wrath; but Mr. Whistler's large circle knew these were only the notable exceptions amidst a host of truest friends. It has sometimes been said as a joke that Mr. Whistler quarrelled with everyone in London he came in contact with, and there is no doubt he had no liking for the Cockney. Even the average Englishman upset his equanimity, and he often said the only thing admirable in all London was the way the street-policemen had of regulating the traffic.

For the French people Mr. Whistler had a great liking, and he never was happier than in Paris, either in his quiet retirement in the Rue du Bac, where the only sounds to be heard were from the singing of the young monks at the training college over the high wall, or in one or other of the restaurants on special occasions, dining perhaps with Mr. Théodore Duret, or some other intimate friend.

For Scotland and the Scot he had also a special regard, and he considered his "McNeill" as giving him great claims on all admirers over the Border. Of these he had many both in Edinburgh and Glasgow, chiefly amongst the painters of the latter city, men

whose influence induced the City Fathers to purchase the 'Portrait of Carlyle,' which was the first indication of a popular desire to do him honour. Sir James Guthrie, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and Mr. Lavery, another prominent member of the Glasgow School, were his intimates for many recent years.

I remember very well Mr. Whistler visiting me at the Goupil Gallery in New Bond Street, and asking if the 'Carlyle' could be exhibited before it went to Glasgow. After it had been shown a short time Mr. and Mrs. Whistler again called to hear the gossip of



Mr. Whistler.

By Himself.

*From the Etching by William Hole, R.S.A.,
after the Picture in the Collection of George McCulloch, Esq.*

the exhibition, and I interested him greatly with my conclusions. I told him that, in my judgment, the turning point was approaching so far as the British public were concerned; that many had come to scoff and smile, and when they found the Chelsea Philosopher so grandly portrayed they remained to admire and reverence.

As a life-long partisan of Mr. Whistler's work I had treated the exhibition very seriously, and the 'Carlyle' was exhibited with a simple dignity which satisfied even "the Master," and the London public responded quickly.

Therefore, I continued, we ought to do something to, as it were, "rub in" this sentiment, and after some discussion I suggested offering the 'Portrait of My Mother' to the Luxembourg. Mr. Whistler liked the idea, and set to work to get the picture into his possession, while it was left to me to correspond with my friends in Paris. M. Joyant, then one of the assistants of the house of Goupil on the "Boulevard"—now one of the enterprising heads of Goupil's publishers' successors—took up the matter with the greatest possible spirit. While the picture was under consideration by the Luxembourg authorities we got together a subscription list to buy the picture and present it to the

French nation if the State would not purchase it; but the precaution was not needful, for the Gallery chiefs decided to buy it for themselves.

Out of this arose the scheme to arrange a representative collection of Mr. Whistler's Oil Paintings, for up to this time (1892) no exhibition had been made of them. Mr. Whistler, with characteristic energy (for he was a strenuous worker, as all his intimates always knew) made out lists of the owners of his finest pictures, wrote letters, and began preparing his catalogues and selecting an appropriate background for his pictures. In all this the greatest possible good humour prevailed, which culminated on the eventful evening of the hanging of the pictures, when refreshments of a more or less Bohemian order were circulated.

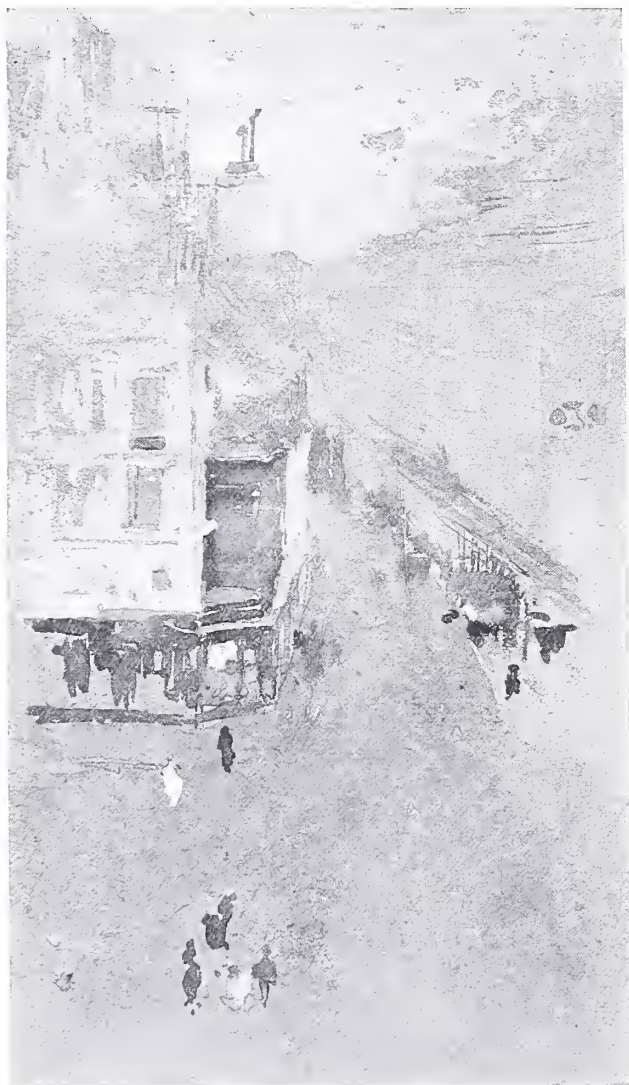
The exhibition was a complete success from the popular point of view, and many hundreds of admirers passed the turnstiles. "Artists and poor relations" were admitted early each morning without payment, Mr. Bernard Partridge in *Punch* embodying this in a comical cartoon.

Photographs were taken of the chief pictures, and these were published in a portfolio, with Mr. Whistler's butterfly signature. As this contained 'The Little White Girl,' 'Miss Alexander,' 'Battersea Bridge,' 'Symphony in White No. III.,' 'The Fire Wheel,' 'St. Mark's, Venice,' 'The Ocean,' 'Miss Rosa Corder,' 'The Music Room, Valparaiso,' 'Lady Meux,' and the 'Lange Leizen,' all of which were exhibited, it was no great wonder that the success was genuine.

Mr. Whistler took far more pains with his pictures than the ordinary artist. I have stood beside the best known portrait painter of to-day and witnessed the deftness with which within one short half hour he obtained on the bare canvas a striking likeness of a sitter. I have also, as a great and rare privilege, stood beside "the Master" while he laboriously strove to obtain the exact tone of the flesh, and at the end have seen him, with a sigh, rub it entirely away and begin again.

Notwithstanding all that Mr. Ruskin so very unwisely said about "throwing a pot of paint in the public's face and calling it a picture," Mr. Whistler took more sittings for his portraits than any artist has ever been known to require. His fastidiousness in searching for a tone or colour was almost past belief. So frequent and long-drawn-out were those given by Mr. Carlyle that even he rebelled a little, and in confirmation of this a pretty story is told. One day, after sitting a long time to Mr. Whistler, Carlyle was permitted to go. As he neared the hall a knock was heard, and the maid went forward to open the door to let a little girl step briskly in; the Chelsea Philosopher, as he passed, asked who was the little girl, and he was told "Miss Alexander, who is beginning to have her portrait painted by Mr. Whistler," and the Sage went out, mindful of his own lengthy experiences, muttering "Puir lassie, puir lassie!" I once asked Mr. Whistler if this story was true, but he would only reply that it well might have been.

At another time Mr. Whistler showed me great kindness and took some trouble to be of help to me. I was invited by a literary society in Highgate to give the members a lecture, and I thought of "Mr. Whistler." I set to work, and gathered together a very remarkable collection of original specimens of his art: several oil paintings, 'The Little White Girl,' a Nocturne, and others, one or two water-colours, half a dozen pastels, several lithographs, and a whole series of etchings and



Rue Laffitte.

A Water-colour by J. McNeill Whistler.

By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons.

photographs. Mr. Whistler was moderately curious as to how this would draw, and I was to do nothing to advertise the lecture more than what appeared on the syllabus. The result was so unexpected as to be absolutely ludicrous, and next day Mr. Whistler and I had a good laugh over it. Besides my own personal friends, of which there might be a dozen, there were only six or seven others, and the only notable who appeared from the district was Mr. Scott Morton, the decorative artist. Such was a suburban audience: but it is only fair to say that news of the lecture spread, and when some months later I gave another paper on a different subject the hall was crowded to the door.

It is a very remarkable fact that while the biographical notices of Mr. Whistler which have been supplied to the press by the professional journalists are filled with anecdotes of the painter's wit and ready power of repartee to those who understood him, or sarcasm for those who could not, scarcely one has dwelt on his extraordinary powers of concentration when painting or writing, or his most wonderful perseverance when in pursuit of some effect of tone or colour either in flesh or landscape.

Scarcely one biographer of the ephemeral sort seems to have recognised Mr. Whistler's true character, which was that of a man supremely devoted to his art, who was an artist to his finger-tips, whose whole thought was a continual study for his work. Whose only failing was one of acute anguish when some sordid soul voiced his inability to comprehend his compositions, and the Master felt it necessary to try to awaken the unlucky one to a sense of his deficiencies, and to hold him up to a well-justified scorn.

Mr. Whistler will be remembered as a pioneer of a beautiful and subtle branch of painting, for not before him was there any artist who could secure the essence of the tone and quality of colour. His ideas were unconventional, and only in the Japanese idea of art can something similar be found. His portraits are in every case absolutely his own in idea, composition, tone, and colour; and it is quite certain that in the future his figure pieces will be as highly prized as Rembrandt, Titian, or Velasquez. Such expressions of opinion read at present almost like an exaggeration, but in quarter of a century or less they will be treated as the ordinary commonplace of the day. Mr. Whistler, being a pioneer, has lived before his time, and until the last ten years of his life he paid the inevitable penalty of being laughed at and grossly misunderstood.

Another reason why Mr. Whistler was considered a man of absurd pretensions was because no one before him had dared to synchronise the terms of music to those of painting, and therefore his *Symphony*, or *Nocturne*, or *Arrangement* was treated with a levity which has already become almost obscure in its reasoning. We are now so accustomed to these terms that we recognise without



Portrait of Mrs. Huth.

By J. McNeill Whistler.

By permission of Louis Huth, Esq.

difficulty why the painter employed them, and cannot conceive of another title to fit them half so well. Yet to the "plain man" of twenty years ago they smacked of the charlatan and quack.

As water-colour painter Mr. Whistler was very little known, although there remain many delicate and most fascinating drawings in that medium. Better is he known as a pastel painter, and the artistic level of the Venice pastels will never be excelled; all the more pity that the works are at the mercy of any careless



St. Mark's, Venice. A Nocturne.

By J. McNeill Whistler.

By permission of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons.

servant accidentally breaking the glass, and dusting over the picture to its utter destruction.

As an etcher Mr. Whistler has fortunately long been admitted a master, but with that perversity of declining to believe it possible that anything recently executed in art may be really fine, it is only his early plates which

have been admired—up to the present. Now that the artist is dead we shall very soon find the later etchings also admitted to rank with the earlier, and, indeed, this they do in every way, although nothing will ever lower the estimate of the quality of the Thames series.

D. CROAL THOMSON.



Old Chelsea Bridge and Church.

From the etching by J. McNeill Whistler.



(1) View in Bottesford Church.

The Rutland Monuments in Bottesford Church.

BY LADY VICTORIA MANNERS.

THE monuments of the Ros and Rutland families in the old parish church of Bottesford, in the County of Leicester, have always been accounted some of the finest in England, for they have providentially escaped the fury of the Puritan and the misdirected zeal of the (so-called) "restorer." Many of the tombs have been reproduced in Nichols's "Leicestershire," but as that monumental work is rare, a short description of them may be useful both to the art lover and antiquarian.

The earlier Albini and Ros tombs were removed from the ancient Belvoir Priory (a distance of about three miles), at the time of its demolition by the first Earl of Rutland (1543), to their present position, and have since remained undisturbed, a fact which perhaps accounts for their almost perfect preservation. They are mentioned by Symonds in his "Diary of the Marches of the Royal Army," 1644, and we gather from his notes that the monuments then occupied (with one or two exceptions) the same positions in the chancel as at the present time. Some recently discovered household accounts contain many interesting entries relating to the payments made to artists and workmen engaged upon the monuments, the expenses of transport, and the local talent employed. "The Alabaster man" figures largely in these extracts, while in one case the tombs with recumbent figures are spoken of as "the III. great pycktures." These payments appear to have been very low, when we consider the excellence and

great artistic merit displayed throughout, many of the small kneeling figures, coats-of-arms, etc., being by themselves perfect little works of art, and worthy of the closest attention.

The first of the effigies in point of antiquity is the very interesting little Purbeck marble figure, about 18 inches high, long considered to represent Robert de Toden, the valiant standard-bearer of William the Conqueror, and founder of the Belvoir Priory (No. 2). The figure is clad in a hauberk of chain, with a surcoat over it, a heater-shaped shield is borne on the left arm, and a sword on the same side. The hands are joined in prayer, and the head rests on a cushion; the legs, unfortunately, are broken off. Gough, in his "Sepulchral Monuments," describes this figure, and concludes: "It is not easy to account for several figures of smaller proportions than ordinary which one meets with in some churches." Later authorities consider this figure to be the effigy of William de Albini III., who died in 1236, and whose body was buried at Newstead in the hospital which he founded there, and his heart under the wall opposite the High Altar in Belvoir Priory. As it was the custom of those days to erect these small figures where the heart alone was buried, there seems good reason for believing that it represents William Albini III., especially as the armour on the effigy is of that period. Tradition, however, has always ascribed it to Robert de Toden.

I am indebted to Major Victor Farquharson for the



(2) Effigy supposed to be Robert de Todeni, but probably his son, William de Albini III., who died in 1236.

following interesting remarks relating to the armour, etc., of this figure :—"As far as is visible the equipment, though of a somewhat simpler and earlier form, is almost similar to that on the brass of Sir John d'Aubernoun, 1277 (at Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey). . . . The bare clasped hands are of interest, they having been passed through the openings that were usual in the palms of the mittens of mail, which latter, drawn back, hang loosely from the wrists. The openings in the palms were to afford a good grip on the sword or lance. The elaborate sword belt is well shown. The legs and feet were originally covered with cnausses of

mail, the spurs of a spike description without rowels. The effigy is of the size usually assigned to heart burials."

Two beautiful alabaster tombs on either side of the altar attract our attention. They are similar in design and workmanship, and represent William de Ros III., who succeeded his brother, at the age of twenty-four, in 1393, and his son John de Ros. The recumbent figure of William de Ros, immediately in front of the piscina, and on the south side, is especially fine (No. 3). He is in plate and mail armour with basinet, round which is an orle of laurel leaves and berries: on the front is inscribed I.H.C. Nazere, Jesus of Nazareth. The I.H.C. is the common mediæval form of I.H.S. The orle or circle is only to be found on the headpieces of important people; the material of it was generally gold set with gems. The hilt of the sword bears the letters "I.H.S." The workmanship of the mail armour is very good: round the neck is a collar of SS, from which depends a fragment of the George and Rose of the Order of the Garter. The head rests on a tilting helmet, crested by a peacock. "The arms, thighs, legs, knees, and feet are covered with jointed plate armour, ornamented with lace work; and below the left knee is the Garter; while the feet, which are pointed at the toes, and have rouelle spurs, rest upon an animal couchant, head missing, with a long tail." (Eller's "Belvoir.") The front of the tomb is divided into five compartments, in each of which is an angel with flowing hair, holding a shield, reminding us of Keats's lines :—

"The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts."

William de Ros died September 1st, 1414, and was buried in the Priory at Belvoir; his monument was afterwards removed to Bottesford by the first Earl of Rutland.

The tomb of his son, John de Ros, differs in a few respects from that of his father; his basinet bears a similar inscription; he wears also a collar of SS, beautifully executed, from which is suspended a trefoil-shaped ornament. The whole figure is in plate armour, except a camail of mail. The knightly belt is very fine, and shows elaborate detail; the misericorde, or dagger, suspended on the right side, is lost. The belt passes transversely across the body to support the sword by the left side. This knight succeeded his father in 1414, being then but seventeen years of age. In 1421 he and his brother William were slain, together with the Duke of Clarence, at the battle of Beaugé. He was thus only twenty-four at the time of his death, a fact which attaches a special and somewhat pathetic interest to his beautiful tomb.

The wife of William de Ros, and mother of the ill-fated John, was Margaret, daughter of Sir John Arundel, or, according to some authorities, of John Fitz-alan, Earl of Arundel. What remains of her tomb—a beautiful recumbent figure of freestone, with a dog at her feet (No. 4)—is now placed at the foot of the third Earl of Rutland's monument, having been rescued from the dust and oblivion of the belfry tower, to which it had been consigned apparently as useless lumber by a bygone generation. She is dressed in a coif and wimple, with a veil hanging in folds. The whole is statuesque in its simplicity and boldness of treatment, and is one of the finest things of its date in the church. The fragment of a supporting angel is seen behind the head. Unfortunately, the slab under the figure has vanished, but, according to Nichols, it



(3) *Monument to William, Lord de Ros, K.G. (1393-1414).*

bore the arms of Ros. Symonds also mentions this fact as a proof "that anciently women did beare Arms." In 1645 it stood on the north side of the chancel

(opposite her husband). The Lady Margaret died in 1439. She bequeathed in her will "one cup of gilt silver for the use of the High Altar in the (Belvoir)



(4) *Monument to Margaret, wife of William de Ros.*



(5) *Monument to Thomas, 1st Earl of Rutland (1525-1543).*

Made by Richard Parker, "the Alabaster man."

For figures on the other panels of Tomb, refer to illustrations 6 and 7.

Priory, and £40 for the purchase of lead to repair the dormitory and refectory."

A gap of one hundred years now occurs in the series, the next monument (No. 5) in chronological order being that of Thomas, created first Earl of Rutland on June 18th, 1525, by Henry VIII. The following entries, taken from the household accounts, doubtless refer to this most beautiful tomb of the Earl and his second wife, Eleanor, daughter of Sir William Paston. 35 Henry VIII. (1543-1544).

"Payd to Richard Parker the alabaster man in p'te payment of xxli for making a tombe of alabaster for my lorde and my ladye to be sett at Botelford accordyng to the effect of an indenture thereof made . . . vjli. xiijs. iiijd.

"Payd to Lupton of Waltham rughmason for iij days dyggynge stone for the Vawte to be made w't to bere the tome due the iij day of May Anno xxxvjti at vjd the day ijs, and to William West laborer for lyke days at iiijd the day—xvjli. iijs. iiijd.

"To Richard Parker alabaster worker for the last payment of all manner of chargis of the seid tombe and setting yt up in Botelsforde Church accordyng vnto the indenture of Covenants made for the same between the executors and hime over and besyd to hyme payd before xiiijli. vjs. viijd."

Unfortunately we know nothing whatever of Richard Parker, "the alabaster worker," beyond his name. Up to the present date all research has quite failed to discover any facts relating to this forgotten and

unknown sculptor; his beautiful and noble work certainly deserves to be recognised and appreciated by all art lovers.

The monument is of Derbyshire alabaster, and is placed in the middle of the chancel floor, nearest to the altar rails. The Earl is habited in the robes of the Garter, his head rests on his tilting helmet, crested by a peacock in pride, cap of dignity, etc. A beautifully executed "George and Rose" depends from the collar; the Garter is round his knee. To the right of the feet is a gauntlet glove conventionally treated. On the surcoat was originally painted a coat of arms, quarterly, Manners, Tiptoff, and Badlesmere; this is now much defaced, but faint traces of the colour still remain. His Countess is attired in a mantle of scarlet, lined with ermine, upon which were painted or, a chevron between three talbots' heads, gules: gules a chevron between three bears' heads, azure and quarterly: gules and azure, on a chief gules three hearts; at her feet is a griffon couchant. Around the neck a charming necklace of four folds of delicate chain-work from which is suspended a heart; her head, on which is a jewelled cap, rests on embroidered cushions.

The beautiful little kneeling figures of the Earl's many children are a distinguishing feature of this monument. On the south side are the five sons in

armour with daggers on the right and swords on the left; on the north and east sides, eight daughters in black mantles and long trains, all in different attitudes (six of these figures are shown on p. 274), and at the west end is the delightful little figure of their eldest son in armour, kneeling before a *prie-dieu* (p. 273).

The inscription around the tomb in black letters runs thus: "Here lyeth the body of Thomas Manners, Erle of Rutland, lord of Hamelake, Trusbut, and Belyer, and Knyght of the most honorable order of the Garter, who deceased the xxth daye of September at iii of the clock at aftornoone, Anno Dni 1543; and the body of the lady Elianor Countisse his wyf, daughter of Sir Will'm Paston, of Norfolke, Knyght, who deceased the . . . day of . . . Anno Dni 15 . . . whose soules Jhu pardon, Ame."

The blanks for the date of the death of the Countess have never been filled in; she survived her husband and died in 1550, and was buried at St. Leonard's, Shore-ditch. The Earl appears to have played an important part in the stormy affairs of his day. "He furthered the divorce of Henry VIII., and was richly rewarded accordingly, by grants of monastic and other lands." (Complete Peerage by G.E.C.). He was present at the Coronation and also at the trial of Anne Boleyn, and was Chamberlain successively to Anne of Cleves and



(6) Monument to the 1st Earl of Rutland.

Figure of his eldest son Henry, afterwards 2nd Earl of Rutland.



(7) Monument to the 1st Earl of Rutland.
Figures of his Daughters.

Catherine Howard. That he fulfilled these delicate posts satisfactorily, and without losing his riches or his head, proves him to have been a man of no mean sagacity and shrewdness of character.

In succeeding articles the history will be given of the monuments erected to the memory of other members of the family.

VICTORIA MANNERS.

(To be continued.)

Shylock, Salanio, and Salarino.

PAINTED BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.; ETCHED BY LUKE TAYLOR, A.R.E.

ON August 25th, 1594, Philip Henslowe produced at the Rose Theatre "The Venesyon Comedy." This is regarded as the earliest version of a play known to everyone under its revised title of "The Merchant of Venice." During the almost thirty years that have elapsed since Sir John Gilbert painted the picture the genius of Shakespeare has been debated with increasing eagerness. To-day his name stands for more than ever before. As dramatist, as poet he is universally accepted. And this wider acknowledgment of his power has been coincident with scholarly researches such as those of Mr. Sidney Lee, which among other things have demonstrated yet more clearly that the creations of Shakespeare are in large measure creations by virtue of his genius in re-working material ready to hand. He did not think it necessary to contrive an absolutely new plot, but instead used an existing story for purposes of his art. His dramas are supreme examples, of—

... the little more, and how much it is !
 And the little less, and what worlds away !

"The Merchant of Venice" is a case in point. In 1558 there was published a collection of Italian stories, in one of which a Jewish creditor demands a pound of flesh of a defaulting Christian debtor, who is rescued through the wit of "The Lady of Belmont," wife of

the debtor's friend. The story is to be found in outline, too, in the "Gesta Romanorum," and the tale of the caskets appears there as well. Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," Robert Wilson's "Three Ladies of London," and, possibly, a lost play, described by Stephen Gosson, were also laid under contribution. None the less, "The Merchant of Venice"—comedy interwoven with its tragic intensity, the richness and variety of old-time Venetian life, and of that life in relation to the life of the sea, its mother, revealed throughout—is incontrovertibly Shakespeare's own. Shylock is the central figure in the play. When the Jew is discomfited by the adroit wit of Portia, the drama culminates. It has been conjectured, and certainly not without a large show of probability, that Shakespeare came to write the "Merchant of Venice" as the result of the trial and death, in 1594, of a celebrated Jew, which doubtless added to the popularity of the drama at the time.

Mr. Luke Taylor was elected to associateship of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers between the exhibitions of 1891 and 1892, and among other interpretative works by him is 'Elijah Raising the Widow's Son,' after Ford Madox Brown. The present composition suggests the "argosies with portly sail" "tossing on the ocean," which form the dramatically moving background of Shakespeare's play.

The Art Journal, London.



Printed by Geo. John Gilbert, R.A.

Engraved by Luke Taylor, R.A.

Shylock, Salanio and Tubalina.

Merchant of Venice, Act 3, Scene 1.



Portion of Room.

Designed and Executed by W. Reynolds-Stephens.



Detail of Electric Shade.

By W. Reynolds-Stephens.

Some Recent Decorations by Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens.

THERE is at the present moment a particularly good opportunity of forecasting the changes in artistic conviction which are likely during the next few years to have a very definite effect upon many details of professional practice. The first signs of coming developments are always interesting, and though it is not difficult to misinterpret them, they are quite worth studying closely, because they provide—if they are properly understood—a number of useful hints for the guidance of people who are concerned about the tendencies of art education. For some little while it has been obvious that picture painting has ceased to be the one special form of production on which artists can hope to depend as their chief resource. There is no longer the general demand for canvases, large and small, which was, a quarter of a century ago, the reason for the remarkable prosperity enjoyed by a host of painters of all degrees of capacity. On the contrary, pictorial art seems to suffer more and more every year from the competition of other modes of expression, and is very decidedly losing its hold upon the majority of collectors. Into the reasons for this there is no need to go—they are many and complex—and the fact itself is so unpleasantly obvious to most of our present-day painters that it is hardly likely to be disputed. The only thing worth considering is the way in which the men who seek for success in their profession can best adapt themselves to the changed conditions under which they have to work.

Already some of the ablest and most intelligent of our artists have recognised the need for new methods and for a fresh view of their technical responsibilities. There has grown up lately a small class of artistic craftsmen who appreciate the importance of



View in Room.

Designed and Executed by W. Reynolds-Stephens.



Detail of Electric Shade.

By W. Reynolds-Stephens.

being not so much specialists in pictorial art as all-round men, prepared to apply their taste and knowledge in the widest manner. These workers take the precaution to qualify themselves to meet whatever demands may be made upon them. They follow the example not of their nineteenth century predecessors, but of the great masters of the Middle Ages, who were by turns painters, sculptors, designers and architects, and acquitted themselves with ample credit in each branch of practice. They are, in fact, renewing the old tradition that the first duty of the artist is to be a decorator, and are giving a logical expression to the idea that art should be made an essential of everyday life and not a luxury for occasional enjoyment.

By this realisation of the claims of decoration they are doing their best to put themselves fully in touch with the new movement. They see that they can best satisfy their clients by making a careful study of the way in which artistic effort can be most appropriately applied to the beautifying of domestic surroundings. People now want beautiful houses; they like the things they use, and the things which they gather round them in their homes, to be pleasing to the eye and æsthetically correct. Pictures alone do not suffice to give to the modern collector's house the artistic atmosphere

*View in Room.**Designed and Executed by W. Reynolds-Stephens.*

that he desires ; his taste has become broader and more catholic, better educated, perhaps, and he takes a truer view than the art lovers who lived a generation ago of what may fairly be called the duties of his position.

It is fortunate that there should be artists who sympathise sufficiently with the aspirations of the latest type of collector to wish honestly to give him what he wants: these men can do much to guide his growing

*Canopy of Electric Light Carriers in Steel, Mother-of-Pearl, and Cast Ruby Glass.**Designed and Executed by W. Reynolds-Stephens.*



Portion of Room.

By W. Reynolds-Stephens.

preferences in the right direction and to prevent his taste from becoming unduly erratic.

One of the most prominent figures in this particular group of artists is certainly Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens. He combines in an exceptionally correct proportion the qualities needed for coping effectively with the tendencies by which the art world is now being influenced. He is a very skilful painter, a sculptor with a rare appreciation of subtleties of modelling and delicate grace of line, a designer with endless resource and unfailing imagination, and a craftsman who is practically acquainted with constructive details and aims habitually at a high standard of workmanship. His artistic preferences are markedly individual, and yet controlled by the best traditions of decorative art. In everything that he has so far produced there has been plainly apparent an intention to deal with decoration as something alive and still in process of development, not as a form of æsthetic expression limited immutably in its scope by what has been done by designers in past centuries. Rightly he regards the classic traditions of design as providing him with the grammar of his art, but not as fixing beyond appeal the lines along which he must work. He is, in a

word, no copyist, no pedantic student of some style or fashion in decoration which flourished centuries ago and served its purpose then admirably because it was in right relation with the life of the period at which it existed. His knowledge of styles and schools has only made him more capable of choosing the direction in which he can affirm most convincingly his preferences in art; it has given a safe basis upon which he has built a workable and ingenious system of practice suited to what he perceives to be the special exigencies of his own times.

He has just carried out in the drawing-room of Mr. William Vivian, 185, Queen's Gate, a piece of work which illustrates his methods in a very definite manner. He had to provide for this room a scheme of decoration which would be complete and elaborate and yet not too sumptuous for a private house, something which would be suitable for a domestic interior and would serve as a fitting background for people when carrying on their everyday avocations. Any inclination towards the gorgeousness of effect quite permissible in a public building would have been dangerous, because the risk of overpowering

the inmates of the room by excess of detail would have been difficult to avoid. The problem he had to solve was how to secure at the same time effectiveness and repose in his ornamentation, and how to bring about a result which would be pleasantly original and yet dignified. That he has fully mastered this problem is apparent by the success which he has attained; the absolute appropriateness of the decoration is by no means the least of its merits.

It is, perhaps, in the colour scheme of the room that the artist shows his decorative instinct most persuasively. His treatment of the architectural features or his design, and his judgment in selecting just those adornments which are required to give it its full measure of completeness, can be unreservedly praised; but the way in which he has combined and balanced his colour so as to bring its variety into restful harmony is especially ingenious. He has divided the walls into panels with flat pilasters of grey-green marble; the woodwork—skirtings, window sashes, and door-jambs—is painted a cool green, the doors themselves are polished mahogany, and the wall-panels are filled in with copper-gold patterned canvas. A broad

moulding of bronze-brown separates the panels from the frieze above, and this frieze is filled with conventional plant forms in low relief on a gold ground—a pattern of orange trees with green leaves and pale yellow fruit, and vines with pale lilac blue bunches of grapes. In the coving of the ceiling is a low relief running pattern of rose foliage and flowers, and this, and the flat of the ceiling, are overlaid with silvery aluminium. The floor is polished oak. All these subtle modulations of colour come together into very happy agreement, and give to the room an atmosphere of richness and warmth which is extremely satisfying.

The accessory details which have been introduced are worth studying on account of their correct relation to the larger scheme. Over the chief fireplace hangs the panel 'Summer,' which, when it was first exhibited some years ago, stamped Mr. Reynolds-Stephens as a painter of no ordinary gifts.* It has been given an architectural setting which makes it part of the ornamentation of the room and not a mere chance addition, as pictures so often seem to be in a decoratively treated

interior. The steel canopies to the fireplaces, with tall standards carrying veiled electric lights, are admirable in design and workmanship, and are specially noteworthy for their soundness of construction; and even the metal rods fixed in the wall panels for hanging the pictures which are to be placed in the room have been treated with due consideration for ornamental effect. Nothing has been left to chance, and no point of even minor importance has been carelessly dealt with. The artist has worked strenuously to arrive at perfection in all things, small and great.

Particular praise is due to the cleverness with which the lighting of the room has been arranged. To ensure that the decoration should be as harmonious by artificial light as in the daytime, it was necessary to avoid all glare and all irregularity in the distribution of the light. So, with this object, the electric lamps have been set in flat, saucer-shaped pendants, jewelled and ornamented with pieces of semi-transparent mother-of-pearl. These pendants screen the lamps from below, but concentrate the light strongly on the silvered ceiling,



Portion of Room showing part of Frieze and Ceiling Cove; also Electric Pendant in Brass, Mother-of-Pearl, Ostrich Egg and Jewels.

By W. Reynolds-Stephens.

which by reflection diffuses it pleasantly about the room. Other shaded lamps are fixed over each wall-panel so that pictures hung there may be properly displayed.

Indeed, Mr. Reynolds-Stephens can be congratulated on an achievement which is at the same time perfectly practical and absolutely correct in taste. He has missed none of the essential points which have to be kept in view by every artist who desires to excel as a decorator. Certainly, he has shown convincingly how much scope there is for invention, and what opportunities there are for the display of artistic discretion in this branch of practice. But he has also set a standard against which the work of other men can fairly be measured, and to reach this standard will be a matter of some difficulty for those workers who are not so well equipped as he is for solving decorative problems.

A. L. BALDRY.

[We are indebted to Mr. William Vivian for permitting photographs to be taken at his house, and to Mr. Reynolds-Stephens for sanctioning their reproduction.—EDITOR.]

* The copyright of this picture, shown in several illustrations, is owned by the Berlin Photographic Company, who have published it in photogravure.

Picture Sales of the Season.

IN or about 1766, James Christie, having resigned a commission in the Navy, held his first auction sale. Appropriately, it took place in the Pall Mall rooms wherein, onward from its foundation till 1779, the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy were held. Tall, dignified, eloquent and enthusiastic, intimate with Reynolds, Gainsborough, David Garrick, and doubtless with other of the notabilities wont every week to congregate in the Leicester Fields house of Sir Joshua, James Christie was a founder chosen by the gods, so to say, of the firm of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, now known all over the world in connection with the "sale by way of auction, or who will give most for them," to use a seventeenth century locution, of pictures and objects of art. Properties to the aggregate value of tens of millions of pounds must from first to last have changed hands at bidding of Messrs. Christie's little ivory hammer, or hammer-head rather. But on May 23rd last all former picture records, so far as the aggregate amount of bids is concerned, was eclipsed. No connoisseur will have the temerity to affirm that the works then dispersed form a gallery comparable with many for which a fraction only of £100,000 has been paid in the past. Yet the total has an imposing appearance, especially at the head of a list of "classic" single afternoon picture sales, such as that which appears below. It is necessary to point out, however, that the dispersal of May 23rd occupies its foremost place only by adding to the Vaile total that for twenty-seven pictures from various other sources.

SOME FAMOUS SINGLE AFTERNOON PICTURE SALES.

YEAR.	COLLECTION.	LOTS.	TOTAL. £
1903 ...	Reginald Vaile, etc. ...	62 ...	105,845
1892 ...	Earl of Dudley ...	91 ...	99,564
1895 ...	James Price ...	91 ...	87,144
1890 ...	William Wells ...	104 ...	76,866
1897 ...	Sir John Pender ...	111 ...	75,916
(Two days, 437 lots, £81,913)			
1896 ...	Sir Julian Goldsmid ...	82 ...	67,342
1888 ...	H. W. F. Bolckow. Part I. ...	70 ...	66,567
1891 ...	" " Part II. ...	111 ...	66,487
1899 ...	Sir John Fowler ...	91 ...	65,974
1892 ...	David Price ...	137 ...	65,182
1887 ...	John Graham ...	95 ...	62,297
1891 ...	C. P. Matthews ...	125 ...	57,858
1894 ...	Adrian Hope ...	75 ...	49,884
1898 ...	John Ruston ...	100 ...	45,995

Apart from May 23rd there has been nothing extraordinary in the way of totals of picture sales. The following are the chief private collections dispersed since January:—

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS, JANUARY TO JULY, 1903.

DATE.	SALE.	LOTS.	TOTAL. £	s.	d.
May 23 ...	Reginald Vaile ...	59 ...	58,529	2	0
May 2-4 ...	Ernest Gambart ...	289 ...	31,014	10	6
April 4 ...	Henry James Turner ...	166 ...	29,126	12	6
May 16 ...	R. T. Hamilton Bruce ...	77 ...	20,804	19	0
June 27 ...	Sir Horatio D. Davies ...	69 ...	16,150	1	0
Feb. 21 ...	Lady Page Turner ...	113 ...	15,337	3	0

Mr. Reginald Vaile, who unsuccessfully contested the Ecclesall Division of Sheffield in the Liberal interest at

the bye-election on February 3rd, 1902, had brought together practically all his pictures during the past decade, some of them, indeed, having been acquired as recently as eight or ten months prior to the sale. Examples by French masters of the eighteenth century formed the most prominent feature. Two articles on these French pictures appeared in THE ART JOURNAL, 1902 (pp. 65 and 149), in connection with their exhibition in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield. The highest priced "lot" was a series of four decorative upright panels by Boucher, seen at the Guildhall in 1902 as the property of Madame Ridgway, having before been in the collection of the Marquis de Ganay. In the adjoining gallery were simultaneously hung the series of decorative panels painted by Boucher's pupil, Fragonard, for Madame du Barry's pavilion of Luciennes, but which never left his native town of Grasse till bought two or three years ago, it is said for £50,000. In addition to the Bouchers and other high-priced works, details of which appear farther on in this article, particular allusion may be made to a delicately beautiful miniature of a blue-eyed girl by Fragonard, which, halting for some time at from £20 to £60, was finally sold for 510 guineas. Among the best portraits were Largillière's 'Monsieur de Noirmont,' and the companion presentment of Madame de Noirmont. Jean Baptiste Pater—whose relationship with his master Watteau is so delightfully sketched by Walter Pater in "A Prince of Court Painters"—and Nicolas Lancret were represented by at least one good work each, while in marked contrast as to mood and intent was Rossetti's 'Veronica Veronese,' strange visitant among the artificial women of most eighteenth century French artists, strange guest at the *fêtes galantes* of a Lancret or a Pater.

At the beginning of the Vaile dispersal some brief sentences came from the rostrum. The auctioneer concluded: "I have to announce that the sale is absolutely without reserve; the last chapter is therefore in your hands. Lot I." Needless to say, this is not the invariable practice. In all too many cases pictures are "protected" by a reserve, not seldom excessively high; hence it does not follow when a work is knocked down at so many guineas that it has actually changed hands. Sometimes the reserve is a matter of more or less common knowledge. It was generally known, for instance, that Mrs. Hamilton Bruce "reserved" Matthew Maris' 'He is Coming' at more than the 1,900 guineas whereat it fell in May—there was a "firm bid" of 1,800 guineas, if we be not mistaken. Generally, however, these very essential details are regarded as private. It is necessary, then, to take *cum grano salis* several other prices named hereafter in addition to that set against 'He is Coming.'

The most sensational incident of the season occurred at the dispersal of pictures from various sources, held immediately after those belonging to Mr. Vaile had been disposed of. Lot 64 was unostentatiously catalogued as the portrait of a girl in muslin dress with yellow trimming, powdered hair, 30 x 25 in., by Gainsborough. Perhaps she is no other than the beautiful

Mrs. Tickell of the artist's Dulwich picture. The canvas was in dirty condition, and had a hole more than an inch square, fortunately not in the face. Many lovers of art, in particular of the art of Gainsborough, had remarked the fine, "feathery" quality of this picture as it hung in Messrs. Christie's western gallery. But would-be buyers are proverbially wary, and it was "put in" by Mr. Martin Colnaghi at 200 guineas. Within a few minutes the price had been raised to 4,000 guineas, with Mr. Sedelmeyer of Paris, Mr. Charles Wertheimer, and Mr. Colnaghi prominent in the contest. Not till Mr. Wertheimer nodded 9,000 guineas did competition cease. On the Monday following a story went the round of the papers that a Bond Street dealer had refused, a few weeks previously, to give a £5 note for the portrait. But this seems to have been a fabricated account of an affair in itself sufficiently interesting. The picture belonged to the three daughters of the late Mr. G. Mowser, a merchant in the Old Kent Road, into whose hands it came years ago. In the autumn of 1902 the three ladies were at Worthing, where a doctor expressed a wish to buy it. However, it was sent to Christie's, and even at 9,000 guineas was certainly not one of the most expensive pictures of the year. Gainsborough the magician reveals himself in it. The same afternoon witnessed the sale of Paul Veronese's 'Venus and Mars,' belonging to Lord Wimborne, a superb example by the Venetian colourist, and one which attracted a maximum of attention at the Old Masters exhibition in Burlington House last winter. Considering its importance, it might well have made more than the amount actually paid for it. Prominent among the portraits belonging to Mr. E. W. Beckett, M.P., were a winsome Romney, 'Mrs. Blair,' and Gainsborough's 'Mr. Ozier.'

Royal Academy Saturday is invariably one of the most important of the year at Christie's: the Bolckow, Murrieta, and Fowler galleries, for instance, were dispersed on that date. The sale arranged for the first Saturday in May of the present year consisted of the major part of the collection of pictures brought together by the late Monsieur Ernest Gambart, M.V.O., Consul-



By permission of Mr. Martin Colnaghi.

Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster.

By Sir H. Raeburn, R.A.

General for Spain, removed from Les Palmiers, Nice. Whether or not works by Rosa Bonheur—well represented in the Gambart collection—will continue to command the considerable prices now ruling remains to be seen. Examples by the Spaniard, J. Domingo, and many more, are less eagerly sought than heretofore.

No collection sold during the season testified to finer taste than that of the late Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce, of Edinburgh. Five small water-colours by Bosboom realised 538 guineas, against a cost of £125; four studies of still life by Fantin brought 299 guineas, against a cost of £70; reckoning all the examples by

Matthew Maris, two drawings and four pictures realised 3,410 guineas, against a cost of £700—the 'Montmartre' brought 620 guineas, as compared with a cost of £40; two pictures by Corot, purchased for £560, realised 1,660 guineas. Finally, four water-colours by James Maris made 1,510 guineas, as compared with a cost of £265; eight pictures by him, 7,750 guineas, albeit the outlay upon them was no more than £1,465.

The pictures of Alderman Sir Horatio Davies included Turner's 'Worcester,' 27 by 35½ in., 1,100 guineas; Lord Leighton's 'Nausicaa,' 58 by 25½ in., 1,010 guineas; several minute examples of Meissonier's art, notably 'A Troop of Cavalry,' 5¼ by 8½ in., painted in 1878, 950 guineas, and 'The Artist Riding at Antibes,' 5¼ by 9½ in., 1868, 820 guineas; a remarkably interesting portrait of his second wife by Millet, 23½ by 19 in., 750 guineas; and a finely-toned little marine, 'The Open Sea,' 23 by 28½ in., by Jules Dupré, 480 guineas.

Finally, there is the collection of pictures and draw-

ings, mostly by Old Masters, formed by the late Sir Edward Page Turner, and sold by order of the executors of Lady Page Turner. Three small examples by Guardi fetched 1,030 guineas, and an excellent Wouverman, 'A Party Halting at a Cottage,' 19½ by 17½ in., 880 guineas. This section of the Page Turner collections, however, was less important than that comprising the porcelain, decorative furniture, etc., eighteen lots of which realised £9,040, as against a cost between 1858 and 1868 of some £725.

The following table contains details of the thirty-four lots knocked down for at least 1,400 guineas each onward from January last. For the year 1902, excluding two bought-in pictures, the corresponding number was eighteen, and we have to go back to 1895 to discover a list as long as the present, which contains, however, some works believed not to have changed hands. Save where marked R(obinson) and F(isher), in column three, all occurred at Christie's:—

TABLE OF PICTURES, 1,400 GUINEAS OR MORE.

ARTIST.	WORK.	SALE.	GNS.
Boucher ...	The Fortune-Teller, 124 × 72¼ in. ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	22,300
	The Love Message, 123¼ × 73½ in. ...		
	Love's Offering, 123½ × 72 in. ...		
	Evening, 124 × 71¼ in. ...		
Raeburn ...	Sir John Sinclair, 94 × 60 in. ...	May 21 (R. and F.) ...	14,000
Romney ...	{ Mrs. Blair, 50 × 40 in. 1787-90. (Romney received 100gs. for this and 'Alexander Blair') ...	Beckett (May 23) ...	9,400
Gainsborough ...	Portrait of Young Lady, 30 × 25 in. ...	May 23 ...	9,000
Veronese ...	Venus and Mars, 79½ × 62½ in. ...	Wimborne (May 23) ...	6,000
Alma-Tadema ...	{ Dedication to Bacchus, 21 × 49½ in., Opus CCXCIV. (Highest price of season for work by a living artist. Cost late owner £2,000.) ...	Gambart (May 2) ...	5,600
Nattier ...	Comtesse de Neubourg and Daughter, 58 × 44 in. ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	4,500
Titian ...	{ Giorgio Cornaro, 43 × 38 in. (Bought in, 1902, New York, 8,000gs.) ...	Milliken (May 23) ...	4,500
Rossetti ...	{ Veronica Veronese, 43 × 35 in. 1872. (From Leyland sale, 1892, 1,000gs., and Ruston, 1898, 1,550gs.) ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	3,800
Rosa Bonheur ...	On the Alert, 97 × 69 in. 1878. (Engraved as 'Le Roi du Forêt') ...	Gambart (May 2) ...	3,100
Boucher ...	Diana Reposing, 29 × 38 in. 1748 ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	3,000
Paul Potter ...	{ Peasants Dancing, 14½ × 19½ in. 1649. (From Helsleuter sale, 1802, 4,403frs., and Lapeyrière, 1825, 8,950frs.) ...	April 25 ...	2,700
Troyon ...	Vallée de la Tocque, 102 × 83 in. (From Kurtz sale, 1880, 700gs.) ...	Macandrew (Feb. 14) ...	2,600
Raeburn ...	Miss Isabella Brown, 29 × 24 in. ...	May 23 ...	2,600
Alma-Tadema ...	The Picture Gallery, 88 × 67 in. 1874 ...	Gambart (May 2) ...	2,500
James Maris ...	Rotterdam, 36 × 43 in. (Cost Hamilton Bruce £300.) ...	Hamilton Bruce (May 16) ...	2,500
Lancet ...	Strolling Musicians, 28 × 34 in. ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	2,500
Largillière ...	Mons. de Noirmont, 54 × 42 in. ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	2,500
Corot ...	{ St. Sebastian, 50½ × 33½ in. (From Defosses sale, Paris, 1899, £1,920) ...	Milliken (May 16) ...	2,300
Gainsborough ...	Mr. Ozier, 29½ × 24½ in. ...	Beckett (May 23) ...	2,150
Reynolds ...	{ Thomas, eighth Earl of Westmorland, 94 × 58 in. 1761 (Reynolds received 80 guineas for picture) ...	Dean of Wells (May 23) ...	2,100
Gainsborough ...	Captain Wade, Master of the Ceremonies, Bath, 91 × 59 in. ...	{ Bath Assembly Rooms Co. (July 18) ...	2,100
Drouais ...	Madame du Barry, 27 × 22 in. ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	2,000
Pater ...	Pleasures of the Country, 35 × 44 in. ...	Vaile (May 23) ...	2,000
Matthew Maris ...	He is Coming, 17 × 12½ in. (Cost Hamilton Bruce £300) ...	Hamilton Bruce (May 16) ...	1,900
Hoppner ...	Mrs. Huskisson, 29 × 24 in. ...	Beckett (May 23) ...	1,900
Corot ...	Zuydcoote, 27½ × 39 in. ...	Davies (June 27) ...	1,900
Fragonard ...	Twelve drawings (bidding began at 1 gn.) ...	March 23 ...	1,850
Reynolds ...	Miss Palmer (?), 29 × 24 in. ...	Seguier (Feb. 7) ...	1,700
Hoppner ...	Nancy Carey ...	Long (May 21, R. & F.) ...	1,650
J. C. Hook ...	Wild Harbourage, 34 × 55 in. 1884 ...	Turner (April 4) ...	1,650
Müller ...	Woody landscape, 30 × 50 in. ...	Rawlinson (May 18) ...	1,600
James Maris ...	Barge at river mouth, 33½ × 42 in. (Cost Hamilton Bruce £350) ...	Hamilton Bruce (May 16) ...	1,550
Dagnan-Bouveret ...	Vaccination, 41 × 56 in. 1882 ...	Turner (April 4) ...	1,500
Peter Graham ...	Wandering Shadows, 52½ × 72 in. 1878 ...	Orr (June 13) ...	1,500

By the courtesy of Mr. Martin Colnaghi we are enabled to reproduce Raeburn's masterly portrait of Sir John Sinclair, alluded to by Sir Walter Armstrong as a

work in which culminates the early manner of Scotland's Sir Joshua. The 14,000 guineas whereat the hammer fell is the highest sum for which a single work was

knocked down during the past season, and within 50 guineas of the largest amount ever paid at auction in this country for a single picture. The amount paid for the set of twelve sketchy illustrations of figures, etc., in charcoal and wash, by Fragonard, was quite unexpected.

Several of the prices given above are the highest at which examples by the artists have been knocked down at auction in this country. In the following table these prices are set side by side with former "records" relating to the painters :—

RECORD PRICED PICTURES.

1903.				FORMER HIGHEST PRICES.				
ARTIST.	WORK.	PRICE. GNS.		WORK.	SALE.	DATE.	PRICE. GNS.	
Raeburn ...	Sir John Sinclair ...	14,000		Two Sons of David Monro ...	May 3 ...	1902	6,500	
Paul Veronese ...	Venus and Mars ...	6,000		Binning ...	Novar ...	1878	3,300	
				A Vision of St. Helena... (Now in National Gallery)				
Alma-Tadema ...	Dedication to Bacchus ...	5,600		Un Amateur Romain ...	Murrieta ...	1891	2,650	
				An Audience with Agrippa ...	Murrieta ...	1891	2,550	(Bought in.)
Nattier ...	{Comtesse de Neubourg and Daughter ...}	4,500		Portrait of a Lady on Clouds...	Lyne Stephens	1895	3,900	
Titian ...	Giorgio Cornaro ...	4,500		Mother and Child ...	Dudley ...	1892	2,400	
Rossetti ...	Veronica Veronese ...	3,800		Dante at the Bier of Beatrice	Ruston ...	1898	3,000	
Lancret ...	Strolling Musicians ...	2,500		La Ghirlandata ...	Ruston ...	1898	3,000	
J. Maris ...	Rotterdam ...	2,500		Fête Champêtre ...	Broadwood ...	1899	2,450	
				Seaweed Gatherers ...	Pattison ...	1899	1,350	
				(From Grant Morris Collec- tion, 1898, 880 gns.)				
Drouais ...	Madame du Barry ...	2,000		Madame du Barry ...	Lyne Stephens	1895	690	
Pater ...	Pleasures of the Country...	2,000		Fête Champêtre ...	{Mrs. De Athe ...	1888	2,750	
				The Companion ...				
M. Maris ...	He is Coming ...	1,900		Fête Champêtre ...	Doyle ...	1891	1,300	
				The Dark Beauty ...	Burrell ...	1902	280	

Apart from instances already cited, either in the text or in the table, many pictures sold during the last season show noteworthy advances in price since they

formerly changed hands. Details of several of the more important appear in the statement which follows :—

ARTIST.	WORK.	SALE.	PRICE, 1903. GNS.	FORMER PRICES.
Corot ...	Ruined Castle ...	Hamilton Bruce	1,100	Purchased, 1880's ... £320
Boucher ...	Woody River Scene ...	Page Turner	820	Purchased, 1868 ... £110
" ...	Woody Stream ...	" "	760	" "
W. Drost ...	Portrait of Artist's Wife	Macandrew ...	640	Levy, 1884 ... gs.68
" ...	Portrait of Artist ...	" "	440	" "
Wouverman ...	Conflict of Cavalry ...	Page Turner	600	{Maitland, 1831 ... gs.126 Oppenheim, 1864 ... gs.330
James Maris ...	Quay at Amsterdam ...	Hamilton Bruce	410	Purchased, 1880's ... £45
Netscher ...	Portrait Group ...	Page Turner	370	Prince de Conti, 1779... frs.1,130
Jan Fyt ...	Dead Partridge and Birds	" "	220	Purchased, 1869 ... £29
Monticelli ...	Figures on Mountain ...	Hamilton Bruce	210	1880's ... gs.1½

One of the most striking cases of depreciation, on the other hand, is in Edwin Long's 'Australia,' which, on May 16th, fetched but 115 guineas, against 800 guineas paid for it at the Walker sale, 1888. *A propos* it may be recalled that the artist's 'Babylonian Marriage Market' realised 6,300 guineas in 1882, this being the highest sum ever paid at auction in England for a work by a native living artist. Examples by Messrs. Frederick Goodall, Heywood Hardy, Wake Cook, and J. Linnell also declined very considerably since formerly sold at various times during the past two decades.

Pictures by Edouard Manet—the extraordinarily

brilliant French painter who, without shadow of uncertainty, could say, "*Je ne me suis pas trompé de métier*," seldom occur for public or private sale in London. Those who recall Manet's 'Death of Maximilian,' exhibited at the International Society's inaugural show, who are familiar with his 'Olympia' of the Luxembourg, the beauty of whose ugliness cannot be denied, or his equally celebrated 'Déjeuner sur l'Herbe,' were glad of the opportunity to see the 'Jetée de Boulogne' while on view at Christie's. This picture, sold on June 27th among others belonging to Mr. J. G. Menzies, is a daringly simple composition, personal in every detail.

The Society of Scottish Artists.

IT is some years since this Society came into existence, being originated by several of the younger artists who had formed the idea that the Royal Scottish Academy did not afford sufficient scope for the exhibition of their talents. The Council has done good service by bringing before its members and the public examples of foreign painters and sculptors, though it seems rather anomalous that a society of vigorous young native artists should have to attribute at least some of the success of their exhibitions to the aid from foreign sources.

The present exhibition is much on the same lines as formerly, though perhaps the native element is stronger than on other occasions. The tonal quality of the exhibition is low, with one or two exceptions; for example, after a number of dreary portraits and sombre landscapes, you come upon the open-air seascape by Mr. W. M'Taggart. This is like getting out of an opium den on to the North Sea. The most outstanding work of the entire display is the very remarkable production by G. Segantini, called 'The Punishment of Luxury.' The surface of the canvas has been systematically loaded with pigment, varying in texture and direction before being painted on. The modelling of the hills and foreground is most ingeniously carried out. The subject of the picture is an allegory. Those represented as suffering for the sins of luxury are young females condemned to float through the air for all time. They are clad in white vesture, and they have as a background Alpine hills covered with snow. A fine, clear, bracing atmosphere is around them. It is not so much the subject that interests as the method of execution.



Noah's Ark.

By R. Gemmell Hutchison, A.R.S.A.



The Silence of Spring.

By W. M. Fraser.

The use of gold dust among the parts is unaccountable and perhaps unwarranted, tending to charlatanism or the absurdities that used to be seen at the early Grosvenor. Notwithstanding the curious manipulative process made use of, the beautiful colour comes over and redeems all.

Taking the works in the first room, which is given up to water colours, not many important examples are to be found of this most delightful branch of art. The most ambitious is the work of Mr. J. Cadenhead, titled 'A Knight Errant,' a knight in armour evidently asking direction from a monk. This somewhat mechanical though clever drawing is marred by the frame, which is all white. Going round the rooms and noting in the order of the catalogue, we come to No. 16, 'Culross Pier,' by Mr. Mason Hunter, a study in grey of the old jetty. No. 19, 'At Drem,' East Lothian, by Mr. G. Ferrier, a very sparkling and good work. No. 30, 'Midwinter,' by Mr. R. B. Nisbet, a clever though matter-of-fact drawing. This artist has other works fully showing his skill as an aquarellist. No. 46, 'A Perthshire Landscape,' by Mr. E. Geddes, a clear, bright example. Mr. E. Alexander has some drawings, a little natural history like, but cleverly manipulated.

No. 76, 'Watering Horses under Fire, Frederickstad,' by Mr. W. Cumming, a remembrance of some of his African experiences. No. 88, 'Gate of the Sun, Toledo,' a brilliant rendering of the street scene with the Moorish arch, is by Mr. P. S. Nisbet, who has made Spanish subjects a particular study. No. 102, 'The Windmill of Rye,' a much laboured work, it seems as if in the fight for quality the purity of colour has been lost; Mr. C. H. Mackie, the painter, has some other clever works. Mr. T. M. Hay has four clever pure wash drawings, showing that his experience of weather has not been of the best. No. 97, 'Roseneath,' by Mr. G. Gray, is a very smart sketch of a choice spot on the Gareloch. Miss Macgoun makes advance in her art; some good heads are shown by her.

Among the oil pictures the first that claims attention is No. 152, 'The Little Mushroom Gatherers,' by Mr. E. Hornel, possessing some fine passages of colour, yet, as a whole, it forms a kaleidoscopic, tapestry-like flatness. No. 155, 'Sunshine and Clouds,' by Mr. J. Riddel. In this picture the sky is the motif, and very well it is carried out, both in form and colour. Some portraits come from this artist, also a fine rendering of a vanishing bit of old Edinburgh. No. 156, 'Morning on the Tyne,' by Mr. A. Douglas, cows drinking in the water at East Linton; noteworthy is the cleverly-introduced



A Bit of Vanishing Edinburgh.
By James Riddel.

background, with a portion of the old bridge. No. 177, 'The Lazy Corner,' by Mr. C. M. Hardie, has all the quiet, sleepy feeling in keeping with the subject. No. 176, 'The Banks of the Garry,' by Mr. G. Aikman. No. 180, 'Aberlady,' the quaint old East Lothian village by the sea, a low-toned, grey picture by Mr. J. C. Mitchell, who has also some other fine works. No. 187, the pastoral by Mr. J. M. Brown, is a sweet little bit of nature. No. 195, 'A Friendly Light,' by Mr. R. Noble. The light is the light of the moon shining on whitewashed cottages, cleverly rendered. There are other more important pictures by this artist, but the little light is very satisfying. No. 199, 'In the Orchard,' by Mr. G. Smith, shows well-drawn cows and calves. No. 200, 'An Evening in May,' by Mr. W. Robson, fine in tone, but the introduction of a full moon of large proportions is not so happy; a young May moon would have tended to greater completion. No. 202, 'The Caravan,' by Mr. Fritz Thaulow, shows tramps inspanning for the night by moonlight. No. 211, 'Dutch Canal,' by Mr. J. C. Noble, is a desirable picture. No. 216, 'Ailsa Craig from White Bay, Cantyre,' by Mr. W. M'Taggart, an exceedingly brilliant and refreshingly open-air seascape, most masterly and yet so simple; note the particularly happy manner in which the figures are introduced. The whole canvas—and it is a large one—is permeated with the feeling of the purest sea breezes; to possess this picture would certainly be to have a joy for ever. No. 250, 'Turf Carriers, Shetland,' by Mr. W. Walls, Shetland ponies with panniers full of peat. No. 256, 'The Sea,' by Mr. M. Brown, is a big wave on a stormy day dashing on the Carrick shore. No. 268,

'The Silence of Spring,' by Mr. W. M. Fraser, full of fine feeling and beautiful colour. No. 286, 'Edinburgh, Evening,' by Mr. C. Woolford, a view of the city from the neighbourhood of St. Anthony's Chapel; dark and dreary is the night. No. 290, 'Portrait,' by Professor Von Angeli, a striking profile intensely worked out, with good colour and drawing. No. 297, 'Noah's Ark,' by Mr. R. G. Hutchison, a small donation from this versatile artist, rather darker in tone than his usual brightness. No. 316, 'A Winter Idyll,' by Mr. T. Blacklock, a very lovely rendering of one of those fancy subjects so tender and poetically expressed by this artist. He has some other works equally fine as regards the setting, although the figures do not always fulfil the intention. No. 317, 'Ben Venue,' by Mr. H. Bell, shows the mountain enveloped in a haze of heat. No. 326, 'The Village Church,' by Mr. J. Ford, a small picture with the church against an evening sky, and figures daintily introduced. This artist has a more important exhibit in No. 361, 'The Royal Procession, Edinburgh, May 13th, 1903,' the King driving along Princes Street, showing the gay appearance of the city on that great occasion. No. 330, 'The Happy Valley,' by Mr. P. Wishart, has a fine breezy sky; a little more definition in the foreground would have enhanced the work. No. 334, 'Study,' by Manet, but not by any means a great work by this French artist. No. 352, 'The Convalescent,' an early picture by Mr. Solomon, A.R.A., No. 364, 'Ruth,' and another head by Mr. D. Herdman, show considerable ability both in colour and design. A fine head by Mrs. Nisbet hangs on the line. No. 367, 'Marine,' by Professor Hans Peterson, Munich, a lurid sunset over a rather metallic sea.

The sculpture is very decoratively placed in the rooms. There is not much of it, but what there is is good. Mr. Colton has three works; M. Rodin has an example in stucco which is rather monstrous both in subject and size. 'The Song' and 'The Ode' are pleasing statuettes by Mr. J. Main.



The Magic Mirror.
By J. Blacklock.



Making for Home; Scotch Coast.

By Alfred S. Edward, R.B.A.

The Work of Mr. Alfred S. Edward, R.B.A.



A Fisherman's Haven; Kincardineshire.

By Alfred S. Edward, R.B.A.

THE charm of the work of Mr. Alfred S. Edward, R.B.A., lies in its freshness in treatment, effect and colouring, and its truth to nature. His favourite and best known subjects are Dutch and Scotch landscapes and seascapes. Delightful examples of his work have been exhibited at most of the principal art galleries in London during the last thirty years.

Son of the late Mr. Charles Edward, born in 1853 at Dundee, and educated at his native town, Mr. Edward evinced strong artistic tendencies at an early age, for at the Madras College, St. Andrew's, he soon showed a special talent for drawing and painting, carrying off the first prize.

On leaving school he went to serve his apprentice-

ship as an architect at his father's office, Messrs. Edward and Robinson. Here, as was afterwards demonstrated, the boy proved father to the man. He did not take kindly to the drudgery of office work, but always wanted to be out sketching. He was therefore sent to Edinburgh to study.

After that he migrated to London, like so many of his contemporaries, and worked at South Kensington as well as copying in the National Gallery. In 1873 he joined a life class called "The Bayham Studio," at Camden Town. But painting from nature was by no means neglected, for he visited Scotland every year, making studies of coast scenery. Mr. Edward always had a special fancy for marine, coast, and river work, partly attributable, no doubt, to the fact that he was brought up near the coast and conceived a love for these phases of nature when quite a child. In 1876 Mr. Edward succeeded in getting one of his pictures hung at the Royal Society of British Artists. Two years later this success was followed by his being hung at the Academy, where he has constantly since exhibited. Representative works have also been seen at the New Gallery and at Provincial Exhibitions. He was elected a member of the R.B.A. in 1893, since when he has regularly exhibited at the Suffolk Street Galleries.

Mr. Edward has painted in many countries besides Scotland and Holland, among them being Spain and North Africa, and last year he visited the Canary Islands with Mr. Tom Browne. Mr. Edward exhibited some characteristic work of the Canary Islands and Las Palmas at the last winter exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, 1902-1903, but it is with his Dutch pictures that Mr. Edward has achieved his greatest successes. Holland is his favourite hunting-ground, and it is from this land of boats and canals that Mr. Edward has derived many of his inspirations for his numerous canvases of Dutch landscape. He has been over nearly the whole of Holland, generally making Dordrecht his headquarters for at least the last nine or ten years. The pictures with which he has had the most success are 'En Hollandsch Veer'—a Dutch highway—a large canvas; 'Evening Gold, Holland,' 'A Quiet Haven,' 'Making for Home,' and 'Dunottar Castle.' Some of his work is in the permanent collection of his native town. Many of his works have gone to far-away Australia, Japan, New Zealand and America.



The Glen Road; Perthshire.

By Alfred S. Edward, R.B.A.

He has sketched abroad with Professor Jensen of the Copenhagen Art Academy, Mr. J. Laing, Mr. A. Black, R.S.A., Mr. A. Kinsley, R.I., Mr. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., and many others. Partly by reason of his association with many clubs and societies he has met almost everyone of note in the literary, dramatic, and art world, and was a great friend of the late Mr. John Pettie, R.A.

Passing Events.

THE death of Pope Leo XIII. reminds us that he was probably the first occupant of the chair of St. Peter who has sat to an English painter since the days of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The late Pope was painted in 1886 by Mr. H. J. Thaddeus, seated at a table by his books; and this picture was sold at Christie's, with the plate of the engraving after it, for 150 guineas in the summer of 1901. When Leo XIII. saw the portrait he is said to have exclaimed, *à propos* of his aged appearance therein, "I am old, but the Papacy is always young."

IF in academical circles things move slowly, the Royal Academy, like all human institutions, must "suffer change." More than a quarter of a century ago there

was a powerful "outside" agitation for the reduction from eight to four of the number of works which a non-member should be permitted to submit for the annual summer exhibitions. After being discussed again and again during the interval, it has at last been determined to make three the maximum for non-members, and furthermore to cut down the privileges of R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s from eight to six. This wise and inevitable step has been taken, of course, in order to lessen the labours of the selecting committee, who in 1900 are said to have examined about 13,500 works, from which considerably less than 2,000 could be selected. It may well be that even under the new rule not fewer than 10,000 will in 1904 be submitted to the council by non-members.

IT is impossible to conceive of a more striking portrait of Whistler than that by Monsieur Jean Boldini, which was the outstanding attraction at the New Gallery exhibition, and now goes to America. *A propos*, the sitter exclaimed:—"Yes, audaciously clever, but, thank Heaven, not a portrait of me!" In art, as in life, Mr. Whistler had his sublime aversions, his consuming admirations. Not long ago, at an exhibition of important works by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and the rest, he said:—"But, after all, Hogarth is the great English painter." On the other hand, he once denounced Turner, to quote from Mr. W. M. Rossetti, "as not meeting either the simply natural or the decorative requirements of landscape art," one of which, in his view, was obligatory.

SINCE the article in the current *Quarterly Review* is unsigned, few can do more than guess the identity of the writer on "The Royal Academy and Reform." The reforms suggested are at once sweeping and constructively inchoate. All artists and craftsmen of repute should belong to the Academy corporation, and each should have power to vote and to make his voice heard in all business. The Academy Schools should be abandoned, and, instead, other existing schools aided practically and with money. Then there should be two exhibitions each year—the one of pictures and certain kinds of sculpture, the other of architectural work, sculpture in alliance with architecture, and examples of the arts and crafts. Thus, in the opinion of the *Quarterly Reviewer*—whose scheme, however, is of the ending rather than of the mending kind—has the Academy a great future before it. But a perfectly representative Academy, one which shall wisely exercise its powers, seems to be as remote as the Utopia of Sir Thomas More.

IN token of the love in which the late Onslow Ford was held in St. John's Wood, where for years he had worked, aiming ever to eclipse his best, and in token of art associations innumerable, there was unveiled by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema on July 13th, at the junction of the Abbey Road and the Grove End Road, a memorial to the late sculptor. On the obelisk is a replica in bronze of the sorrowing muse from his Shelley memorial at Oxford.

MR. HAROLD SPEED, gold medallist of the Royal Academy, and by whom is a decoration in the refreshment room at Burlington House, not only paints but he acts. His portraits of the King and of the Queen were recently on view at the Graves Galleries prior to being presented to the Maharajah of Mysore; and, coincidentally, Mr. Speed filled the part of the River

God in Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," as presented by the Mermaid Society.

FAR and away the highest sum ever paid at auction for a set of Apostle spoons was on July 16th, when a complete set of thirteen, bearing the London hall-mark, the date letter for the year 1536, and the maker's mark, a sheaf of arrows, fetched £4,900, albeit a prominent dealer thought he had procured them a few weeks earlier at £1,000. This is the earliest complete set known.

AT the Whitechapel Art Gallery a series of posters is being shown. The trade element is naturally rather aggressively in evidence, but the exhibition is instructive. It would have added to the interest if some of the really good Art Gallery designs could have been included.

PAINTERS of pictures skied in the Academy exhibitions have the consolation that many of the visitors to the crowded galleries—for instance, on a Bank Holiday—can see completely only those works hung high.

THE size of a picture is a special merit in the opinion of at least one dealer. In a shop window in the Waterloo Bridge Road, added to the title of a painting were the words, "This celebrated artist has one of the largest pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1903."



La Vérité Connue.

In the Collection of William Vivian, Esq.

By Jules Dalou.

The Rutland Monuments in Bottesford Church.—II.*

BY LADY VICTORIA MANNERS.

CLOSE to the monument of the first Earl, and in a line with it, is the tomb of his son Henry, the second Earl of Rutland, and his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmorland (p. 291). Unfortunately, there are no entries in the household accounts relating to this very fine example of monumental sculpture, so we are ignorant of the name of the maker. That the whole, or, at any rate, a portion of it, was made at Bottesford, or by someone acquainted with the church, is probable, for the design upon the richly carved baluster legs supporting the canopy is the same as some of the detail on the beautiful Norman font, and was in all likelihood copied from it.

Unlike the other figures in the series, the recumbent effigies of the Earl and his wife hold each a small book in their hands, folded over their breasts. The Earl was an extreme Protestant, and on the accession of Mary was for a short time imprisoned. Are these books Bibles, symbolical of the Reformed faith? This monument is more Italian in character than the preceding ones, having a canopy over the figures, on which are kneeling effigies of their children, and above that an elevation for escutcheons, originally gorgeously blazoned and still showing traces of pristine glory (p. 289). On the south face are quarterly, 1, and 4, Manners with augmentation; 2, Roos, Espec, Toden, and Albini, 2 chevrons, and Badlesmere, 3, Holland, Tiptoft, Vaux, and Powis: this shield is encircled with the motto of the Garter, and surmounted by an Earl's coronet, helmet, wreath, and peacock. On the north face quarterly, 1, and 4, Neville, 2 Holland: 3 Fretty, in a canton, a galley, Helmet wreathed and crested with bull's head. (Eller's "Belvoir Castle.")

The Earl is in plate armour, with a collar and George hanging down almost to his waistband, a Garter round the knee; a dagger on the right side, and a sword on the left; a unicorn couchant at his feet. His head rests on a tilting helmet crested by a peacock. The Countess is habited in robes lined with ermine; her coroneted head reposes on a scroll. Upon the flat canopy is the figure of the eldest son in complete armour of plate, the visor of his helmet is up, and he is kneeling before a *prie-dieu*. By his side, richly dressed, is his sister Elizabeth, afterwards married to Sir William Courtenay, while at the east end is kneeling another

son, John, Rector of Helmsley. His dress is interesting as showing the ecclesiastical costume of that day. The inscription round the ledge of the tomb is as follows:—

"Heare lieth Henry Manners, Earle of Rutland, and Margaret his wief, daughter to Randulphe, Earle of Westmoreland, which Earle of Rutland died beig Lord Presidet of her Majetie's counsayle in the Northe, the sevententhe daye of September 1563."



(8) Monument to the 2nd Earl of Rutland.

Detail of Armorial Escutcheon.

* Continued from p. 274.



(9) Monument to the 2nd Earl of Rutland.

Baluster Leg supporting the Canopy.

The entries relating to the making of the tombs of Edward, the third Earl, who died April, 1587, and his brother John (1588) are very copious and full of interest. The monuments were executed in London by a Mr. Garret Johnson and sent by sea to Boston, from whence they were conveyed in fifteen carts to Bottesford, a distance of thirty miles. When we read of such accidents occurring on the route as the breaking of the axle-tree of the cart containing the effigies, it seems a miracle to the modern mind that they ever reached their destination at all. The following accounts are so curious and throw so much light on the art payments of the Elizabethan age, that I quote them fully:—

"Paid the xvj October An'o 1591 to Mr. Garret Johnson Tolme maker the some of one hundreth poundes of lawful English monye in full paiement of Towe hunderith poundes for the makinge of towe tolmes and

settinge the same vp at Bottesford for the towe lat Erles Lord Edward and Lo: John." C.

"Paid the tome maker of Burton sup' trent

"Paid the xxxth of may A'o 1590 to the Tom' maker of Burton vpon Trent for his charges from thence to Belvoire and Backe againe to give his advice for the plasinge of both the Erles tommes at Bottesford by her la: pp. (ladyship's) com'andment . . . xs.

"Paid the same day to Henry Kinder of Newarke upon trenth for his pains also there the same tyme to vewe the plasinge of the said tom'es in Reward also, by her La: pp Com'andement . . . iijs.

"The charges of the Conveinge of the towe tom'es from London to Boston and so to Bottesforde and the charges of the settinge vp of the same in the Chancell there

"Paid the xjth of September An'o 1591 to Mr. Norrysse the M'r of the Shipe for the Conveinge of the said towe tommes ffrom London to Boston by co'position maid by Mr. Thom's Screvene—xijli, and to his men in Reward ffyve shillinge . . . xijli. vs.

"It'm paid for the hier of a horse for one of the workemen aboute the same tom'es from Boston to Bottesford to gyve knowledge that the same tom'es were com'ed to Boston . . . ijs.

"Paid for levers and Roulls and for a pece of wood to vnd'r Stour the Carte w'ch brake the axel-trie and Stayed by the waye at heather . . . viijd."

From the following extracts we gather that the workman of that date was as thirsty a mortal as his descendant of to-day—

"Paid at Boston for drinke after the hade lodene vjd (after they had loaded ?)

"Paid to one of Welbie for watchinge the saide carte vjd, and for drinke for them w'ch watched w'th him iiijd, and for drinke the next day when they went for the pyckture iiijd. xiiijd.

"Paid the xth of September an'o 1591 at nottingham for ffoure hunderith of Breake (Bricks) vjs, and given to Will'm Warrine of northampton to drinke for ffetchinge the same—vjd. vjs. vjd.

"Paid for towe new Skutles for the laborars at the same worke to Beare Breeke and stoane and other Stoffe to the workemen—iiijd.

"Paid for towe poundes Rocell (resin) vjd, and one pond wax—xd. to maikie Symone w'th (cement)—xvjd.

"Paid to the same nycholas northe for iij days worke in felling a nashe (ash) tree and makinge tressels and ffetinge of the same to forgettinge vp the iij great pycktures (effigies) and for vndersettinge the wall where the Erle Edward pickture lyethe and his honors Tome Standith and dyvers workes about the same at viiij the day to meat and wages—ijs, viiij.

"Paid the xviijth of Octobre an'o 1591 to Richard Coward of Bottesford laborar for Se'vinge the said Tome makers and Roughe masonn with lyme sande and stounes and other necessaire things about the same workes for xxv days at iiij the day to meat and wages—viijs. iiij.

The next entry is rather amusing, and shows that "commandeering" was not unknown to the ardent followers of the chase at Belvoir, though their nefarious designs were frustrated by the wily and prudent Mr. Johnson, who had come down with his son to Bottesford to superintend the putting up of the monuments, etc.:—

"Paid at Bottesford for the graise of Mr. Garrat Johnson the Tollme maker his horse and his Sonnes wylste my Lorde and my Lady stayed at Belvoire because he wold not have them at Belvoire for feare of steinge



(10) *Monument to the 2nd Earl of Rutland (1543-1563).*



(11) *Monument to the 3rd Earl of Rutland.*

Figure of his only child, Elizabeth, Baroness Roos.

(stealing) away and beinge Reddene w'th some hunters for x days and tene nyghtes at iiijd. a peice the daye and nyghte vjs. viij. and for one peck of pees viij. vijs. viij.

"Paid the xvijth of Octobre an'o 1591 to Robart howghe of Bottesforde Baker for towe weekes Bord of Mr. Gare Johnsonne Toulme maker vidz. from the xijth of Septembre an'o 1591 vnto the xxvijth of the same at ijs. iiij. the weeke—vjs. viij.

"Paid the same day for the same Robart howghe for v weekes borde of Mr. Garret his sonne and his towe men, vidz. from the said xijth of Septembre 1591 vnto the xvijth of Octobre at ijs. iiij. a piece for weeke—1s."

There appears to be little doubt that the Mr. Gare Johnson mentioned in these accounts was the sculptor Gerard Janssen, native of Amsterdam, who settled in England as a "tombe maker" during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was father of the Gerard Janssen who executed the well-known and much criticised Shakespeare monument in the chancel of the church at Stratford-on-Avon. Little or nothing appears to be known regarding the father's life or work except that he lived in Southwark, close to St. Saviour's Church, and within a few minutes' walk

of the Globe Theatre, and that he died there shortly before the Stratford monument was erected.

In an indenture relating to the making of the 5th Earl's monument (1611), the tomb-maker, "Nicholas Johnson," is described as living "in the parish of St. Saviour's in ye Borough of Southwarke in ye Countie of Surrey." It seems probable that this "Nicholas," of whom apparently nothing whatever is known, may have been another son of the Amsterdam tomb-maker, and was no doubt the son who assisted his father at Bottesford in 1591. (See a preceding extract):—

"1592. Charges of Inreichainge the towe tov'mes in Bottesforthe Church.

"Paid the xxiiijth of february 1591 (1591-2) to John Mathewe of Nottingham Painter in pte (in part) for Inrichinge the ij tombes of the Earles deceased and of their Counteyseies and their Children lyinge in Bottesforthe church, vjli. vjs. viij.

"Paid the iiijth of April 1592 to John Mathewe of Nottingham in full payments of twentye poundes for Inrichinge the towe tombes in Bottesforthe, xiiijli. xiijs. iiij.

There are also entries relating to the making of iron "grattes" for the monuments, but these, unfortunately, have vanished long ago:—

"Imprest the xv May 1592 to my servant Richard Collingshawe to bestowe in bease at Newarke and for inrichinge of the tomes at Bottesford, cliij ti xixs."

The altar tomb of the 3rd Earl and his wife is against the wall of the south side of the chancel. It is the first of the series in which the figures repose upon a rolled up mat instead of the plain stone. The Earl is in an ermine mantle over his plate armour, the Garter is on the left leg, and his feet repose upon an animal resembling a bull. His Countess (Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Holcroft) is in an ermine cloak; her head rests upon embroidered cushions; at her feet is the beautiful kneeling figure of their daughter (Elizabeth) Baroness Roos (see p. 292). This poor child, according to the custom of her day, was married at the age of twelve to Sir William Cecil, grandson and heir apparent to the great Lord Burleigh, and died at the age of sixteen in 1591. A portion of her monument is still to be seen in Westminster Abbey in the Chapel of St. Nicholas. It is described in Dart's "Westminster Abbey" as "a Monument seemingly very antient, by the white spongy stone whereof it is made, on which is the image of a lady veild, and leaning on her left arm." She is represented in Court dress with a large Elizabethan ruff, somewhat similar to the Bottesford monument. The escutcheon on the tomb contains the following quarterings:—"Rutland, Roos, Espec, Trusbut, Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, Bellomonte, Berkley, Lisle, Fitzgerald, Holland, Earl of Kent, Tiptoft, Charlton Lord Powis, Badlesmere, Vaux, Albini and Toden, and in a lozenge, quarterly, 1 and 4 argent, a cross and bordure engrailed sable, Holcroft: 2 argent, a squirrel sejant and cracking a nut: 3, argent, an eagle sable, standing on a child in swadling clothes, gules."

The inscription on two tablets at the back of the recess runs thus:—

"The Right honorable and noble Lord Edward Erle of Rutlande, Lord Rosse, of Hamelac, Trusbote and Belvoyre, lieth here buried.

"In the yeare 1569 he was sent into the north parts

In the time of those civill troubles;
There made Lieutenante to Thomas Erle of Sussex
(Then Lord Generall of Her Ma'ties Armie)
And also Colonnell of the foatmen, and one of the



(12) Monument to the 4th Earl of Rutland (1563-1587).

By Gareth Johnson.



(13) *Monument to the 4th Earl of Rutland (1563-1587).*

Counsell in that service, he being then but 20 years
of age, and Warde to Her Ma'tie.

He travailed into Fraunce 1570.

He was made Livetenant of the County of Lincolne 1582.

He was made Knight of the Garter 1584.

On the 5th day of July 1586, as Chief Commissioner for
Her Majestie he concluded into the Scottishe

King's commissioners at Barwicke upon Tweede

A league of Amitye between the two realmes.

On the 14th of April following being Good Friday 1587,

He departed this life near Puddle Wharfe in London,

Fro whence his corpse was hither brought,

And buried the 15th day of May next followinge,

He left yssue by his honourable wief

Isabel Holcroft, daughter to Sir Thomas Holcroft

Knight, one daughter named Elizabeth then of the
age of eleven yeares and almost four monythes,

To Willia Cicell, esquier, eldest sonne

to Sir Thomas Cicell, Knight,

Eldest Sonne to the Lord Burghley,

Then and now Lord High treasurer of Englande ;

By whom she left yssue one sonne, named William,

And died at London in April 1591."

A miniature of the Countess by Nicholas Hilliard is
at Belvoir; on it is the inscription "Anno Dni 1572.
Aetatis Suxæ 20." She is wearing a small jewelled cap,

a white ruff, and on her breast a miniature probably of
her husband.

Opposite this monument, on the north side of the
chancel, is the tomb of John, fourth Earl, who succeeded
his brother in 1587 (p. 293). Both monuments are alike
in design, etc., but a row of kneeling children below
the effigies of Earl John and his wife gives the latter
work an additional interest and beauty (pp. 293-294).

Some remains of Mr. John Matthewe's "inricheinge"
of 1592 still appear in the gilding of the armour of the
figures and in traces of paint. Two heraldic animals at
the feet of the effigies, in particular, once painted
bright red, show but little sign of the centuries that
have rolled by since their decoration.

The Earl is represented with a coronet on his head,
and in plate armour, "his feet rest on a bull's head
erased, sable, ducally gorged, armed and chained or."
(Eller's "Belvoir Castle.") Beside him lies his wife
(she was Elizabeth Charleton, daughter of Francis
Charleton) in an ermine mantle, ruff, and jewelled cap.
Her feet are on a "lion's head coupéd, Gules, on a
wreath, Gules and sable"; her head reposes on em-
broided pillows. Between them kneels a daughter
(most probably the eldest, Bridget), who became a
lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth, and drew down
upon herself her august mistress's ire by a clandestine
marriage with Mr. Tyrrwhitt of Kettleby, both husband

and wife being imprisoned for a short time after their marriage by the Queen's orders. Luckily, however, their married life, so stormily begun, was a happy one, Mr. Tyrerwhitt proving himself a kind and affectionate husband. He erected a monument to his wife's memory in the church of Bigby in Lincolnshire, upon which, in the fashion of the day, her beauty is compared to Venus, etc. At the feet of the Earl and Countess is the figure of their eldest son, Roger, afterwards fifth Earl. He is in plate armour and bare-headed. On the front of the monument are the kneeling effigies of his brothers, Francis and George (successively Earls of Rutland), and Oliver, who was afterwards knighted by James I. at Belvoir in 1603. Sir Oliver became an ardent Roman Catholic, and in consequence was obliged to live much abroad. Just below the figure of Roger is a tiny effigy of a child, probably that of Edward, a son who died in infancy. Between the circular-headed tablets are arms, within a lozenge, Charlton quartering Zouch. Above the entablature, in the centre, an escutcheon with quarterings, coronet, helmet, cap of dignity, and crest; and similar escutcheons and coronets at each end.

The inscription is on two tablets, and runs as follows:—

"The right honourable and Noble Lord John Erle of Rutlande, Lord Rosse of Hamelac Trusbote, and Belvoyre, lieth here buried. He succeeded his brother Edward in the Eriedome and Baronnies, and therein lived until Satterday the 24 day of February then nexte followinge, in the same yeare, 1587, on which day he deceased at Nottingham, from whence his corps was hither brought and buried on the 2nd day of April following 1588. He was made Lieutenante of Nottingham 1587. He had yssue by his most honourable and vertuous lady Elizabeth

Charleton, daughter of Francis
Charleton Esq., five sonnes to witte,
Edward who died at the age of —

Roger now Erle of Rutland Lord Rosse of
Hamelac, Trusbote and Belvoyre, Fraunces
George and Oliver; and 4 daughters, Bridget,
Elizabeth, Mary, (deade in her infancy) and
Fraunces borne after her Father's death."

On two pillars supporting the canopy:—

"These two tom	By that most
-bes for Edward	honorable
and John Erles	and vertuous
of Rutland	Countes Eli-
were founded	zabeth, wife
and erected	to Erle John."
in October	

1591

Hanging above this monument, and adding very much to its picturesque effect, are two "funeral" helmets. These, together with the spurs, gauntlets, shields and swords, formed part of what were termed "Achievements," and were carried by heralds at the obsequies of distinguished people. After the funeral these trophies, with the standards, banners, etc., were hung over the monuments of the deceased. In very early days the helmets were those which had actually been worn by the knight, but later they were generally supplied by the undertakers. Neither of the Bottesford helmets could have ever been worn in the state it is in, as both are made up from portions only of real ones. Unfortunately it is not known for whom the helmets were intended—

"The Knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;—
His soul is with the saints, I trust."

VICTORIA MANNERS.

(To be continued.)

The St. Anna Cartoon of Leonardo da Vinci.

THE earliest important version of the subject to be discussed is a drawing in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, one of the greatest art treasures of the British nation (p. 297). Further, there are certain paintings in oil resembling it in many respects. One in Paris, two in Milan, one in the Brera, one in the Poldi-Pezzoli Gallery. These are the works here dealt with, and for convenience' sake the paintings are numbered 1, 2, and 3. There is also a fourth in the Leuchtenberg collection at Munich. This one I have neither been able to see nor obtain a photograph of, which latter circumstance may possibly suggest, as do the text-books also, that its value is not very great. It is possible that there are others besides these.

The purpose of this article is principally to establish the position of the Brera picture, to which, I believe, critical attention has not been sufficiently directed, and in consequence to consider the genuineness of the well-known work at Paris.

First, as to the preliminary stages which must precede any picture executed in oils. A drawing which conformed to the Louvre picture is mentioned as at one time in the possession of a family named Plattenberg in Westphalia. It had been once in France, but

came back to Italy into the hands of Aurelio Luini, son of Bernardino. Whether this is the London cartoon or not it is impossible to decide with certainty. Further, about the date in question (early in 1501) a letter was written to Isabella d'Este, speaking of a cartoon lately executed by Leonardo, in terms which minutely and accurately describe in all respects, save colour, the two pictures with which we are chiefly concerned. The writer states that since Leonardo's return to Florence the latter had done nothing else.

There is also a drawing on the same subject in the Accademia of Venice, but obviously slighter and on a smaller scale. Again, in a well-written article in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, it is said that several sketches on the subject exist in private collections in Paris. So much for preliminaries. Let us stop there for a moment.

It is known from the early biographers that a picture was commissioned by the Brotherhood of the Servites, and that a cartoon was executed and exhibited to enthusiastic gatherings. This must needs have been the one referred to in the foregoing letter; but I do not think the statement of the writer conclusive on the question of whether it was the first of its subject. The

question is well discussed in a little work on Leonardo, by Dr. Georg Gronau, recently published, with whose views on this point I am in full sympathy. He considers the Venetian drawing as quite an early work, the London cartoon as an intermediate attempt, and the final version to be the one seen by the writer above referred to, and now unfortunately missing.

To come to the paintings. The only direct evidence we have is on the subject of the cartoon; but there was undoubtedly a general impression about the time that a picture had been actually executed on the subject by the master himself. A contemporary sonnet (1525) refers to a "painting by Leonardo da Vinci of St. Anna holding Mary in her arms, who is trying to prevent her son getting on the back of a lamb."

No. 1 is said to have been painted some time between 1507 and 1512—some time, that is, after the execution of the cartoon, and after Leonardo had definitely taken up his residence in Milan. It was at Casale when that town was taken by Richelieu. He carried it to Paris, and on his death it passed into the collection of the King. Thence in due time to the Louvre.

As to No. 2, I have the following note, kindly supplied me by the authorities of the Brera:—"The St. Anna, Madonna, with the child and a sheep, No. 278, formerly 97 (the gallery has been recently re-arranged), is now attributed to Bernardino Lanini, 1511 (?)—1582, and is a copy, with some variation in the figures and an altered background, of the picture known as the St. Anna of the Louvre. It came from the suppressed college of S. Alessandro in Milan."

In attacking the genuineness of the Paris picture, assuredly a writer is not breaking new ground. The question has been hotly disputed, and of the older authorities, I counted six votes in favour and four against, among the latter being Waagen. Again, as to the relative merits of the same work and the London cartoon, one writer declares:—"Afterwards we know that he modified the composition, and produced the oil-painting of the Louvre; but he never surpassed the charm of the original design or the exquisite purity and loveliness of the Virgin's face. We may feel that for once even Leonardo must have been satisfied."

The French writer, on the other hand, says that "when the whole of Florence had admired the Cartoon of the Servites,* Leonardo discovered feebleness in it, and grew tired of it," and finds in the work "a certain indecision in the attitudes, and some monotony in the lines."

To come to the works themselves. The cartoon contains four figures (p. 297). The whole thing strikes us at once as being neither a study nor a set copy, but drawn most decidedly for pictorial effect. The hands and feet are somewhat sketchily done, and the draperies with a free rapid touch, but the pose of the bodies is most careful, and the heads of the principal figures are wrought out with the utmost elaboration, the whole gaze of the spectator being attracted to them.

Examination convinces us that the pictures were not executed from this cartoon. In none of them are there more than three human figures, a lamb being substituted for the St. John. Then, in the older child playing with the animal, a physical motive is introduced in place of a spiritual one, and the upward-pointing finger of St. Anna is accordingly left out as unsuitable. Really, the one connecting link between them is the difficult arrangement of one woman sitting on another's knee.

* He assumes here that the Florentine cartoon is that at present in London—a supposition that, I think, cannot be maintained.

In the pictures 1 and 2 the colouring is similar. In both cases the Virgin's outer cloak is of a delicate blue. In No. 1 this is unfinished. In the same the under dress is of a delicate rose red, of some fine material which falls into small flowing folds. St. Anna's face is really beautiful, and of the well-known Leonardesque type. But that of the Virgin is rather coarse and hard, and the shadows on the neck somewhat flat and straight across, both of which points are improved on in No. 2. In neither one is the Virgin's right foot particularly well drawn—in No. 2 it bulges awkwardly on the big-toe joint, in No. 1 it is too straight along the upper line—and the length of the toes seems exaggerated, which here is also the case in both St. Anna's feet, the right one of which is of a quite unnatural length. No. 1 is in general a fine piece of work, the difficult figures seem grouped easily, the draperies are good, the colouring harmonious. It is only when closely examined that a tendency to slur over difficulties is seen. St. Anna's right hand is not shown, of which more presently. The whole is sufficiently attractive; more so at a first than a second view—exactly the reverse of what we are accustomed to in the case of Leonardo's most characteristic work. No. 3 is introduced here chiefly for purposes of comparison; clearly, from the omission of St. Anna, this cannot be the original work. It is attractive in some ways, but the touch is mostly hard and heavy. The Virgin's face is an improvement on that of No. 1; but the child is worse. The lines are uncertain, the shadows run all together as if the painter did not know where one ended and another began. Great as may be the difficulty of a full-grown woman seated on another's lap, the subject does not seem improved by the omission of St. Anna.

No. 2 strikes us at once as being different in character from either of these. In the first place, the lines are sharper and clearer all through. Everywhere they are left firm to tell their own story, not being allowed to be obscured or detracted from when the shadows are laid in. I do not mean only that they are more firmly drawn, but that they are allowed rather to obtrude themselves; to take a large share in the representation of the figures, as they do, for instance, in the Doni Madonna of the Uffizi. But the lines are not only firmer and more obvious, they are more graceful and more true. Take St. Anna's right foot, for instance, and compare it by measurement in the two examples in which it appears. In No. 2 it is justified; in No. 1 it is far too long. Another crucial difference is St. Anna's right hand, already alluded to, the fingers of which are shown in No. 2, but left out in No. 1. Hands are a great test of a painter's power, and were especially loved of Leonardo. Here we have just the fingers appearing from behind a cloak, yet showing exactly the gesture and position of the arm.

Then take the figures one by one. The child in No. 2 is a perfect study in subtilty of line. The curves of the shoulder, the dimples of the arm, are faithfully and lovingly given. Look at the way the three last fingers of the right hand are doubled up against the leg, and compare this with either of the other examples; No. 3 is specially bad. But it is in the head that the differences show most. Here, on the whole, No. 3 is the worst, but either that or No. 1 is coarse as compared with the second picture. Look at the curves of the upturned face, the mouth, the poise of the whole head and the subtilty of shadow. The outlines of the two, No. 3 especially, give the beginning of that exaggerated type of child face which makes us loathe the sculpture of the full-blown Renaissance.



The Virgin, St. Anna, the Infant Christ and St. John.

By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy

By Leonardo da Vinci.

and the Committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

(1) *The Virgin, St. Anna and the Infant Christ.**Attributed to Leonardo da Vinci.**The Louvre.*

As to the Virgin's figure, the position varies a little in all three. Undoubtedly, in No. 1 the head and shoulders are least pleasingly given. A coarse, heavy type of face appears, the shadows are flat and heavy, and we miss altogether the graceful attitude in No. 2, the turn of the head, slightly thrown up so as to face the spectator a little, the gaze being none the less bent on the child.

There is another point, on which I lay great stress—the position of the legs. The difference between the first two pictures is clear. I have taken pains to test this, so far as is possible to me, and feel satisfied that the left leg in No. 1 is out of drawing, is too long—that is to say, from the hip to the knee.

The third picture is useful on this point, because here the position and length to the knee of the left leg corresponds very well with that of the second example. If these two pictures had been copied from No. 1, or from a cartoon exactly resembling it, it is rather improbable that both copyists would have made the same mistake.

The clearness which distinguishes the second picture all through is particularly noticeable in this figure. The position of every part of it is evident and true. As to gracefulness and life, there is no comparison. The woman is alive. You feel that the attitude is momentary; that the muscles are at tension; that the graceful body and lithe neck will recover themselves in a moment with a natural spring. And this reality is given, not by what we know as realism—too often only a juggling with light—but by a perfect knowledge of anatomy displayed by a student of living people with a firm and fearless hand. The other two Virgins are dead things beside her; the more we look, the more we feel it.

We now come to St. Anna, perhaps the most interesting figure of all. In the cartoon she and the Virgin are hardly distinguishable in point of age, both mature women, who still have their youth about them, of that rich and glowing beauty which was so peculiarly Leonardo's creation. In No. 1 the difference in age is not very apparent, and still the head of St. Anna is strongly marked with Leonardo's type. In No. 2 the case is quite different, and the only word to describe the whole head is masterly. The keen, wise, old face, the hollows in the cheeks, the strength and

fineness of the mouth, which has not lost its shape or character in spite of the teeth which we see to be missing by the incurling of the lip, the firmness of the lines, the delicacy and modelling of the shadows, the way age is written on every part without the employment of one disagreeable detail—all are perfectly fascinating; and when once the spectator has had his eyes attracted to this face, he will find it difficult to look at it enough.

In No. 1 the drawing in places is almost slovenly: if there was ever a perfect draughtsman it was Leonardo, and if there is one word to name his work it is care. Again, from what we know of his draperies, he was fonder of heavy stuffs, such as Mona Lisa is wearing, and did not use those flimsy and fluttering draperies so sweet in the hand and dear to the heart of Andrea del Sarto. The head of St. Anna is the most beautiful part of this picture, and might quite pass for his work if the rest of the piece corresponded. I confess to me the strongest suggestion of his own hand lies in the unfinished robe of the Virgin.

Now turn to No. 2: the merits that it has are consistent. The fine lines—rather too prominent, perhaps, some will think—show the same decision and accuracy all through. The difficult attitudes of the group are mastered with ease, and not one line is out of place. The shading is subtle all through—here the painter has sought subtlety rather than force: in no case has he tried to hide difficulties or changes of surface by weight of shadow. This is very apparent in St. Anna's face and the Virgin's neck, on which latter the utmost delicacy is shown, contrasting marvelously with the lump of almost even black shadow thrown across it in No. 1.

Whatever merits in other ways the picture (2) has, in colouring it is crude and unsatisfactory. The eye is absorbed in great masses of green and red, with hardly any gradation. The Virgin's dress is red stuff with a dull surface, and a hard, ugly red to boot. St. Anna's cloak is green with a shiny surface, and the curtain above a darker green with no surface at all; it is quite impossible to feel that there is any art in the choice of colours. They are painted with smoothness and finish, but they might have been chosen by a child. There is no attempt at gradation or half-tones. The man might have been colouring a map.

I give here four definite points which show, to my mind, that the Paris picture can never have been the original of the series, and by almost inevitable consequence is not a genuine Leonardo.

Firstly, St. Anna's right hand. Is it possible that this was inserted in the Milanese picture by a copyist? The inference is all the other way. Copyists do not experiment on their copies with difficult details of this sort. On the other hand, it is very easy to believe that the copyist might wish to leave it out, and I think a scrutiny will reveal a somewhat clumsy alteration of the draperies to fill in the space where the hand should have been. Secondly, St. Anna's right foot. Which is the correct length, having regard to the proportions of the figure? Note in this respect that it is the tendency of a less skilful painter to lengthen, to straggle, parts whose details he does not perfectly grasp. Thirdly, the head.



(2) *The Virgin, St. Anna and the Infant Christ.*

Attributed to Bernardino Lanini.

The Brera Gallery, Milan.

Even apart from its power, was a copyist likely to insert one of this character, when he had the more conventional type of No. 1 before him? And did he not, rather—despairing, as well he might, of realising one of the finest representations of serene old age known to us—fall back on the old type, which possibly he had by him at the moment in the shape of the London cartoon? Lastly, there is the drawing of the Virgin's right leg. On this point, too, a close inspection will, I believe, carry conviction with it. The remark made above as to the tendency towards lengthening applies here as well.

But granted that the Paris picture is not the original,

(3) *The Virgin and the Infant Christ.**Attributed to Cesare da Sesti.**The Poldi-Pezzoli Museum, Milan.*

and that the Brera was not copied from it, this latter may yet be not original.

We come, therefore, to ask on what grounds we may attribute a picture from internal evidence; and then by what characteristics we expect to recognise Leonardo's work. As to the first question, what are we to look for in Leonardo's case? "That it is unfinished," might be the answer hastily given; and that answer does, I believe, lead us to one almost crucial test. Why was Leonardo's work so often unfinished? Partly, no doubt, owing to temperament, but also in a large part because of his love and elaboration of the process which preceded the laying on of colour. He was, above all things, great in his knowledge of the body, in pose, form, gestures. These he represented with a care which none, and a knowledge which few, have equalled. Every gradation of surface is shown by a modelling up in monochrome, until the limb or trunk will begin to stand out as if in low relief. It is possible that Leonardo had no great love for colour. None of his admitted works suggest it, and no other master left such a large proportion of uncoloured work, unless it be Mantegna,

to whom the study of form was also a ruling passion.

Secondly, if in a less degree, we associate with him the masterly portrayal of old faces. The traditional Leonardesque type is really comparatively rare. It is his, no doubt; but we have become over-impressed with his use of it, by gazing at the works of his scholars and imitators, before criticism taught us to distinguish between them and him. Throughout his drawings and in his paintings far the finer heads on the whole are those of old people. What a gallery of old men there are in the Cenacolo alone!—the three magi in the 'Adoration' of the Uffizi far surpass the Virgin in interest. Then the St. Jerome of the Vatican; and in his sketches numberless instances.

I do not pretend that it is extremely beautiful at a first glance; there is something about the way it is finished and the colouring which seems to justify the bare title "Scuola Leonardesca." But look into it, especially look into the faces. See not only how much, but how, knowledge of face and form is given. Evidence in art is most difficult to produce, for by axiom it implies something that everyone is not able to see. But here, at all events, I think we have evidence; and the real question is, does it amount to proof?

One would, perhaps, hardly dare to say so if it stood by itself; but as a matter of fact a picture is hardly ever attributed on internal evidence absolutely unsupported. Here we know that there is or was a painting or drawing by Leonardo on these very lines. We know that at the time popular belief said that there was also

a painting. We know that it is a matter of the strongest possible inference that any contemporary copy was executed in North Italy by a North Italian painter. You have your choice, then. Look well into the drawing and modelling, and decide whether they are the work of Leonardo or any Lombard or Piedmontese painter between, say, 1500 and 1530.

As to the colouring, I can admit, nay court, a doubt. The picture is attributed, as I have said, to Bernardino Lanini, a well-known Lombard painter of the cinquecento. He is a good workman enough, but his colouring is hard and dry and his faces disagreeable. A fair example of his work is No. 700 in the National Gallery. He is, it seems to me, utterly incapable, even with a copy before him, of the distinction shown by the Brera work; but it does seem possible that he laid the colours on to a monochrome of Leonardo's—left, say, in the state of the Vatican St. Jerome; and this supposition would account both for the crudeness of the colouring and its curious unimportance, notwithstanding, in comparison with the design of the work.

ADDISON MCLEOD.

The Presidents of the Royal Scottish Academy.*

III.—SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON, P.R.S.A., R.A.

SIR JOHN WATSON GORDON was born in Edinburgh in 1788. His father was a son of Watson of Overmains, Berwickshire. On the mother's side, Sir John was related to Principal Robertson, and so claimed kin to Sir Walter Scott. His father wished his son John to study for the Royal Engineers, but the young boy felt otherwise, and attended the drawing classes of the Board of Manufactures. He would be accustomed to visiting his uncle's studio (George Watson, 1767-1837, who was President of the Associated Artists), and becoming familiar with the modus, he made such good progress in art, that he was permitted to continue his studies, which he did under Graham. Fancy pictures claimed his attention for some time, some of which have, on the sale of the property and house at Catherine Bank, been thrown on the market, and they do not enhance his fame. He soon, however, found his *métier*, and for the rest of his life he devoted himself entirely to portraiture. He, in 1826, assumed the additional name of Gordon, presumably to differentiate his works from those by artists of the same name.

He was an early member of the R.S.A., was for a time Treasurer, and, in 1841, was elected A.R.A., and 1851, R.A., and on the demise of Sir W. Allan was elected P.R.S.A., was knighted and made Limner

for Scotland. He died at Catherine Bank, Newhaven Road, 1st June, 1864. His studio was at 123, George Street, Edinburgh, where he painted most of the distinguished

men of his day. It was in this studio where Gordon painted the portrait of David Cox, the great water-colourist, who posted all the way from Birmingham for the purpose of sitting to Gordon. This was in August, 1855. In Cox's life, it is stated by his son that "David Cox had to sit five times, and was delighted at his first interview with Sir John, who received him with the words, 'Welcome to Scotland, Maister Cox.'"

This portrait is in the Corporation gallery, Birmingham. The diploma work by Sir John is titled 'Grandfather's Lesson.' Perhaps his finest or most characteristic portrait is that of the 'Provost of Peterhead.' The last exhibited canvas was an unfinished likeness of 'John Pender.' Watson Gordon was tall and stately, his manner, though seemingly repellent, entirely disappeared when in conversation. His brother, H. Watson, bequeathed a sum of money to found the Chair of Fine Art in the Edin-

burgh University, to be called the Watson Gordon Professorship. It would appear that the beneficial outcome, artistically speaking, of this endowment has not yet been very great.

G. A.



Sir John Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A., R.A.

From a painting by himself.

* Continued from page 56.

The following notes have been arranged by the artist's grand nephew, partly from family papers, and the sketches have been reproduced from the originals in the author's collection.

John Watson's father, Captain Watson, R.N., was a painter of considerable merit, and had he not been so devoted to his profession, would no doubt have made his mark as an artist. The writer had in his possession for many years a water-colour painting by Captain Watson, 'The Wreck of the Mastiff.' The *Mastiff*, a gun brig, and his first command, was unfortunately lost on the Cockle Sands, January 19th, 1800, when Captain Watson was tried by court-martial and honourably acquitted.

John Watson showed such remarkable capacity for painting that his father was persuaded to allow him to adopt art as his profession, more especially as he was strongly backed up by his uncle, George Watson. He was also greatly encouraged by Sir Henry Raeburn, who was an intimate friend of the family.

Between the studios of his uncle and Raeburn young Watson at first thought he had all the assistance necessary to a young artist. Later, however, he studied for four years under John Graham at the Board of



Sketch for a picture of Lady Gray.

By Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.

Manufactures' Academy, where Wilkie, and Ailan (his predecessor as President of the Royal Scottish Academy) were also pupils. Unlike Allan, he showed no inclination for foreign study. Indeed, with the exception of a few short visits to Paris, he never left Britain, consequently his art was more purely native than that of his contemporaries. On the death of Sir Henry Raeburn in 1823, Watson succeeded to most of his practice, and settled down in Edinburgh. As there were at that time no less than four Watsons, portrait-painters in Edinburgh, one of them having the same Christian name as himself, John Watson in 1826 assumed the name of Gordon, by which he is best known.

John Watson Gordon was one of the earliest and most strenuous supporters of the Scottish Academy. Indeed, the Academy in its young days owed its prosperity mainly to his exertions, and he was for some years its Treasurer. In July, 1832, he resigned his position as Treasurer in consequence of a difficulty with regard to some pictures, to the purchase of which he objected. At the same time he resigned his membership of

the Academy, but a deputation from the Council persuaded him to withdraw this latter resignation.

In his earlier days his two greatest patrons were John, Earl Gray, and the Earl of Mansfield. He was also encouraged and assisted by Sir William Allan. His brother artists had a very high opinion of his talents, and as early as 1827,

Francis Grant, afterwards President of the Royal Academy, on being asked by the Editor of *Blackwood* to write an article on the best British portrait-painter of the day, unhesitatingly chose Watson Gordon as the subject of the article. In a letter to Watson Gordon he asked him to send him a few anecdotes about the perverseness and peculiarities of his sitters, instancing the Earl of Moray, "who insisted on having his portrait taken with his hat on the top of a snow-clad mountain in the distance." Grant was a most amusing letter writer. On one occasion he lent Watson Gordon an old



Sketch.

By Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.



Sketch for a picture, never painted, of Sir Walter Scott.

By Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.



Study for a fancy picture, "The Young Artist."

By Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.

picture which he much valued to copy. The next day he repented having done so, and sent a letter off post haste, stating that he had changed his mind. He asked Gordon to excuse the keenness of a connoisseur, and reminded him of the book collector who bought an edition of a scarce book and then

burnt all the volumes but one in order to make the work more rare.

As an instance of the care Watson Gordon took to get the actual colouring, we may mention his picture (long in the possession of my father), the 'Shipwrecked Sailor.' It represents a young sailor clinging to some rocks, and the most striking feature was his skin showing through his wet and clinging shirt. In order to get the proper effect, Gordon made his brother, stripped to his shirt, cling to some packing cases, to represent the rocks, while at intervals his servant poured buckets of water over the model's back.

In 1841 Watson Gordon was elected an A.R.A., and on the death of Sir William Allan he succeeded that distinguished artist as President of the Royal Scottish Academy, being at the same time honoured by Her Majesty with the appointment of Queen's Limner for Scotland, and receiving the dignity of Knighthood. In honour of the occasion, and to mark their appreciation of his efforts in the cause of Art, Sir John Watson Gordon was entertained at a banquet in the Waterloo Rooms, Edinburgh, by the *Elite* in Art, Science, and Literature in the Northern Metropolis. In 1851 the Royal Academy of London elected

him an Academician. In 1855 he was awarded a gold medal at the Exposition Universelle of Paris for two portraits, which were highly praised by that accomplished critic, Théophile Gautier, in his review of the Exposition. Later, in 1862, he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

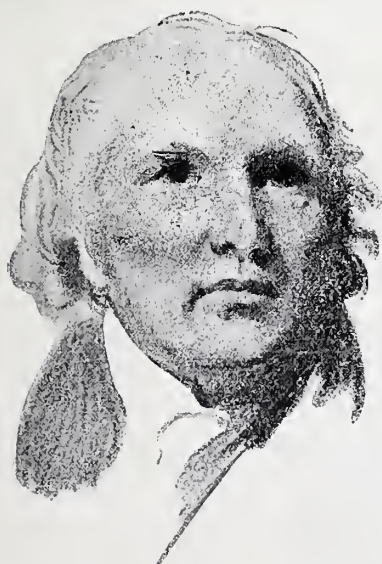
Sir John was a persistent worker and painted a large number of portraits; in fact, nearly every man



Sketch of part of an historical picture, 'The Crusaders.'

By Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.

of note in his own country, and not a few in England, including His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, sat to him. Until within a few weeks of his death Sir John preserved his firmness of hand and correctness of eye, and his works in the Scottish Academy of 1864, the year of his death, showed no trace of failing vigour. In fact, the last picture he finished, that of Sir David Brewster, was by many considered to be one of his best



Captain Watson, R.N.

A Water-Colour Study by Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.



Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.

By Sir J. Watson Gordon, P.R.S.A.

efforts. His last work was a portrait of his father, which was found unfinished in the studio after his death. It is now my most valued possession. Sir John never married, and always said that he was wedded to his art. He was very kind-hearted and was always ready with advice and encouragement to young artists. By his dependants he was worshipped, and when he died he was sincerely mourned by the whole of Edinburgh, his stay-at-home habits and his fondness for his country making him very popular with all Scotchmen.

Though he studied more or less under Raeburn, he was no copyist; indeed, no two styles could be more dissimilar. As Sir John grew older his technique altered somewhat, his later portraits being mostly clear and grey, showing little or no positive colour, the flesh

itself being very grey. In rendering acute and observant character he was most successful, and there is a look of mobility of feature, in repose it is true, but suggesting that the eye could twinkle and the lips relax. As an example of his last style, his head of Sir John Lefevre will hold its own in any school.

Watson Gordon was as national in his art as it is possible for any portrait-painter to be—that is to say, he was most successful in transferring to the canvas those lineaments of character which are supposed to be the national feature of the Scotch. The shrewd, cautious, calculating countenance of the Caledonian has never been so happily rendered.

R. D. WATSON.

‘Under the Old Oak.’

PAINTED BY CHARLES JACQUE (BORN 1813: DIED MAY 7TH, 1894).

“Away the vicious pleasures of the town;
Let empty, partial fortune on me frown;
But grant, ye powers, that it may be my lot
To live in peace from noisy towns remote.”

THOMSON'S ideal, expressed in his words “On a Country Life,” could not be more happily illustrated than with the picture by Jacque reproduced in the accompanying plate. ‘Under the Old Oak,’ or, as it has been called, ‘Moutons sous gros chêne,’ reflects the beauties of a retreat far away from the strife of humanity, where the free view is not sullied by signs of advertisement, where the first and abiding impression is not of commercial activity, and where the bark of the trees is still unscathed by tourists. If the foremost tree could address its neighbour it would be, equally with Wordsworth's Oak, in a voice sedate with age; yet neither its age nor its girth qualifies it as a show tree. There is probably no Boscobel incident in its history, no Merry Wives have plotted to mock a Falstaff beneath its branches, and it is almost safe to

prophecy that it will never be of a size to allow visitors to pass through a door in its trunk and thence to ascend by steps, as in a recorded example, to a turret among its foliage. But though this Old Oak is not a mammoth among its species, its attractions are none the less obvious. With its accessories it has inspired a reposeful composition. It is in such surroundings that the

sentimentalist rejoices and the true landscape painter produces masterpieces. In depicting this and other such sequestered scenes Jacque fulfilled the best intentions of the Barbizon School, those earnest students whose interpretations of Nature embody the poetry of pictorial art, and whose achievements remain as one of the most delightful chapters in history.

The farm scene on this page is by the same artist, but in its subject we are brought nearer civilisation. By their healthy appearance it will be observed that these are the country cousins of those domestic birds with which the townsman is often disagreeably acquainted.



Poultry.

By Charles Jacque.



Painted by Charles Jacque.

Under the Old Oak.
By permission of Messrs William Marchant & Co.



(1.) *First State, from an Impression in the British Museum.*



(2.) *Second State, from an Impression in the Collection of Earl Bathurst.*

A Much-altered Engraved Copper Plate.

PORTRAITS OF CHARLES I. AND OLIVER CROMWELL, BY PIERRE LOMBART AFTER VAN DYCK'S PAINTING OF CHARLES I.

THE extraordinary changes to which the copper-plate of the line engraving, after the equestrian portrait of Charles I., was subjected at the hands of Pierre Lombart in the seventeenth century are probably without parallel. They clearly prove that engravers of that period were masters of the technique of their art, and would have had little or even nothing to learn from those of the present time who have been able to reap the benefit of nearly three centuries of subsequent experience. To remove any engraved lines from a plate, and to knock it up ready for fresh ones, requires a considerable amount of skill in order to do it successfully, but when this is done again and again, as in the case of this plate, more than usual ability is required.

Pierre Lombart was born in Paris in 1612. He was a Huguenot, and came to England some years before the Revolution. He settled for a time in London, where he gained a livelihood by engraving frontispieces to books and portraits. Horace Walpole, in his "Catalogue of Engravers Born or Resided in England," gives a list of twenty-three of the latter, including Anne Hyde, then Duchess of York, Doctor Donne, and other well-

known personages of the time. His twelve half-length portraits after Van Dyck, known as 'The Countesses,' are amongst his most esteemed works.

Lombart does not appear to have remained in London long after the accession of Charles II., as an engraving of Antoine Grammont was executed by him in 1663 at Paris, where he died in 1682.

The exact date when the portrait of King Charles I. was first engraved by Lombart and the subsequent history of the plate are not known: consequently the following account is scarcely more than a matter of conjecture; but after careful examination of the various impressions, the order given to the different states is probably correct.

The engraving was executed after Van Dyck's equestrian portrait of Charles I., which was at that time in St. James's Palace. This portrait, representing the King mounted on a white horse, under an archway, with Monsieur St. Antoine, the Master of the Horse, at the side holding his Majesty's helmet, was painted about 1633. It was sold shortly after the commencement of the Commonwealth, but came again into Royal possession on the accession of Charles II., and



(3.) *Third State, from an Impression in the British Museum.*



(4.) *Fourth State, from an Impression in His Majesty the King's Collection at Windsor.*

for a long period was at Kensington Palace; it now hangs in Windsor Castle.

Lombart, in copying this painting, took many liberties with it; he omitted the archway, in the background he represented some bodies of cavalry engaged in combat, and he placed a castle on a hill in the distance; moreover, he transformed Monsieur St. Antoine, an elderly man, wrongly described by many writers as the Duke d'Espernon, into an effeminate youth. That possibly Monsieur St. Antoine was dead at the time the engraving was made has been suggested as a reason for the last alteration.

Whether the portrait of Charles I. was ever completed in this early state of the plate is not known, as no impression of it appears to be in existence. The first known state, of which there is an impression in the British Museum, is that with a blank space where the head should be (No. 1). That this was not the original state, but there had once been some engraved lines, afterwards removed, is evident from a minute inspection of the print. There is no lettering, and the oval space left for the Royal Arms is blank. It can only be conjectured that Lombart was in the course of completing the plate when the unhappy monarch was executed, and he hastily removed the image of the King, if it was ever there; but it is difficult to understand why Lombart should have made the following differences in the dress if the head of Charles I. was originally engraved on the plate. In Van Dyck's portrait the King wears a large lace collar with points, almost covering his shoulders; this in the engraving is changed

into a square Puritan one; and in the painting the "George" of the Order of the Garter hangs from the sash, which is across his left shoulder, instead of the sash having a bow with flying ends, as shown in the print.

With the turn of events the next state shows Oliver Cromwell's head inserted, and a fulsome Latin inscription, with the coat-of-arms of the Protector added at the bottom of the plate (No. 2). An impression of this state, belonging to Earl Bathurst, was recently lent to the Exhibition of British Engraving and Etching, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.

The third state shows a remarkable change (No. 3); the head has again disappeared, and in the blank space an outline portrait has been inserted. It is said to be that of Louis XIV.; but this can hardly be possible, for it may be surmised that this alteration was made during the time of the Commonwealth, or shortly afterwards; and at that period Louis XIV., born in 1638, was only a youth, whereas the outline represents the portrait of a full-grown man. Several other changes have also been made—for instance, the lace collar has been taken out, and the armour on the right shoulder completed; the breeches of the youth have been tightened at the knee and the frills and ribbons taken off. The coat-of-arms and inscription have also disappeared.

The fourth state (No. 4) shows Cromwell's head re-inserted, and the lace collar again placed over the armour, but the sash which was over the left shoulder has been removed and tied round the waist. The Latin inscription and the coat-of-arms appear once more at the bottom of the plate, but a mistake



(5.) Fifth State, from an Impression in His Majesty the King's Collection at Windsor.



(6.) Sixth and last State, from an Impression in the British Museum.

has been made in engraving "efficiem" instead of "effigiem."

The fifth state (No. 5), presumably executed after the end of the Commonwealth, shows at last the head of King Charles I., copied from Van Dyck's painting. Various alterations have been made in the dresses. The lace collar on the King is enlarged and made with points, and the "lesser George" hangs by a chain from his Majesty's neck. The frills and ribbons have again been added to the youth's breeches, although these are not widened as in the early states; his hair has been made more abundant and a slight moustache added to his upper lip. The royal arms and the inscription "Carolus I. Dei Gratia, Magnæ Britanniae, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex," are inserted.

Impressions of these two (fourth and fifth) states were at the Exhibition of British Engraving and Etching, having been graciously lent by his Majesty the King from the Royal Collection at Windsor.

In the sixth and final state of the plate (No. 6) the head of Cromwell has once more been inserted, as an older man, however, this time, and the only other differences in this engraving from the previous state are that the medallion has been removed and the collar has taken its Puritan form again; the same Latin inscription as before is added, with the same mistake in the spelling of the word "effigiem," and also Cromwell's coat-of-arms, but with a slight alteration in the last quartering, a chevron, charged with a mullet, taking the place of

a lion rampant. These were the arms on the private seal of Cromwell, which he used between the years 1645 and 1648. The other coat-of-arms, which appears on the previous states (second and fourth) of the engraving, was the official signet during the Commonwealth. On this last state it will be noticed that the painter's name is spelt "Van Dick," whilst on the two previous states it is "Wandec" and "Wandyck" respectively; also the engraver's name is changed from Lombart to Lombard.

Thus from this one plate six different states were produced—three with the head of Cromwell, one with a sketch supposed to be of Louis XIV., one blank, and only one, and that a late state, of King Charles I., whom, it may be presumed, it was originally intended to portray.

Horace Walpole, in his list of Lombart's works, gives the following entry: "Charles I. on horseback, from Vandyck. Lombart afterwards erased the face and inserted that of Cromwell, and then with the Vicar of Bray's graver restored the King's," but this is scarcely correct. The original copper plate, which measures 22 inches by 14 inches, is still in existence with Cromwell's head as shown in the illustration No. 6. It is in an excellent condition, in spite of all the vicissitudes it has undergone. The plate was purchased at Edinburgh nearly thirty years ago by the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., and is now the property of his son, Captain Archibald Stirling, of Keir.

H. M. CUNDALL.



Porcelain jar with cloisonné enamels, highly conventional, a striking contrast to companion illustration.



Black-ground jar, height xoin. Highly pictorial, showing the fullest development of the art.

Cloisonné Enamel.

THERE is a charm about cloisonné enamel which does not attach itself to old china, miniatures, or ivories, and the countless other objects which come under the collector's notice. The average individual who would recognise this kind of enamel work if he saw it, generally assigns it to China or Japan; but the Byzantines were the original enamel workers, the first enamels being contemporary with, if not anterior to, the famous mosaics of St. Mark's at Venice. One of these enamels, and a splendid one it is, is to be seen at the Geological Museum in Jermyn Street. It is eleventh century work, on a gold backing, as most of the early enamels were. The museum specimen represents St. Paul, with a blue nimbus, and the name in Greek characters inscribed on the gold; this is probably from the gold altar-piece at St. Mark's, which must rank as the most marvellous example of Byzantine enamel work. In other European countries the art of cloisonné enamel has also been practised, and we find in the museums pieces of Russian and French work.

But when the art was taken up in China, and, ultimately, in Japan, it seems to have found its proper home.

Certainly the Japanese are the only people who are still masters of the art, and it is perhaps the only instance of a continual practice of an art through some several centuries without showing any signs of decadence. The pieces of cloisonné that are produced to-day by the Japanese, though not possessing the charm and value to the collector of the old pieces, still have a beauty and skill of workmanship that have never been equalled—it is the highest form of mosaic work carried to perfection.

But, as a collector, the pieces produced before the present era are those that the writer thinks most of. Undoubtedly the Chinese pieces are the oldest and the most beautiful as regards colour and the mastery of the enamels. In the application of the frame, as it were, of the enamel, to pots, vases, and other shaped utensils, the Japanese have struck out a quite distinct path from anything the Byzantines did, and have brought the art to a standard which is most emphatically their own. Some of the designs on vases, such as flowers, leaves, and butterflies, show a most remarkable study of nature, and often truer perspective than can be found in the coloured prints and drawings of



Some Early Chinese cloisonné enamels.

the Japanese. No people ever had a better aptitude for colours and their arrangement, and the same effect is produced in the delightful Chinese and Japanese lanterns as in the cloisonné vases manufactured by them. The most remarkable things to be noted in the designs are the wonderful shades of green in the foliage on plates and vases, and the delightful tints that are given to the blossoms; indeed, some of the blossoms are represented quite as effectively as they might be in water-colour.

The old pieces possess most charm, and there is really no difficulty in distinguishing between modern pieces and genuine old work. There is little chance of being deceived by imitations, old cloisonné being a thing that no one can possibly imitate. How different is it the case with china, where one has often to take the word of some connoisseur, or even a doubtful dealer!

Some of the oldest work in China dates back five hundred years or more, and we get later work of value to the collector, dating from the beginning of this century. It is only of recent years that the Japanese have been producing quantities of most wonderful pieces, really more wonderful than the old work. These have been pouring into Europe, and they give more interest to the earlier ones, making them appear older than they really are. Certainly the Japanese have mastered cloisonné as perhaps no other art has been mastered before.

Concerning our museums, it is rather strange that we are somewhat badly off in the matter of enamels. We have at the British Museum a few specimens of Celestial work in the Asiatic Saloon, but very scattered and difficult to find. At South Kensington there are perhaps more; the Prince Consort Gallery contains some most valuable specimens of early European cloisonné work. In the Geological Museum there is the fine Byzantine enamel mentioned at the outset, in certainly a rather inappropriate home. It is a most valuable piece of work, and should have more notice given to it than at present it can hope to receive.

Mention must be made of the galleries at the so-called "Indian" section at South

Kensington—a quarter of the museum little known and nearly always empty. In the Chinese Room are four cases of magnificent cloisonné enamels—candlesticks, altar pieces, tables for sacred books, stirrups, vases, bottles and plates,—a beautiful collection. And at the entrance to the room are two huge copper cauldrons, from the Summer Palace at Peking, covered with enamel of great antiquity, but of most lovely design and colouring nevertheless.

There is one case devoted to Japanese enamels, with a curious incrustated teapot formerly belonging to Lord Leighton. Reference must also be made to two very fine incense burners at Hertford House. These stand about five feet high, and the whole surface, including many parts not visible without reflectors, are covered with splendid cloisonné work; the whole is profuse with designs, geometric, floral, and "arabesque." These represent very much more than many a collection of smaller objects.

The British Museum does not devote much attention to the subject, but what examples are to be found in the Asiatic Saloon are choice, especially a collection of Japanese sword guards, covered with cloisonné enamel.

The Bowes Museum, at Liverpool, was undoubtedly the most valuable collection ever brought together, and the catalogue of Japanese enamels formed a useful compilation. Unfortunately, the museum was never permanently acquired for Liverpool, and last year the whole of the contents was dispersed by auction.

But nowhere is there such a thing as a "Cloisonné



Pair of Chinese belt attachments. (The sash passes through the top portions, the two rings carrying the sword.)

Room"—a room which would prove one of the most beautiful and interesting that a museum could have. There are enough specimens scattered about the various national museums to form a valuable collection, and the enamels would receive more attention were they to be grouped together—whether at South Kensington or at Bloomsbury. More attention seems really to be paid to the *champlevé* enamels of Limoges and other European towns, an outcome, no doubt, of cloisonné, that cannot compare with the latter for delicacy of touch, beauty of colour, and charm of design.

The Japanese, besides covering metal vases with the enamels, have applied them to porcelain with some charming effects, in some cases covering the whole surface of the ware with cloisonné, and in others leaving a field of porcelain. In this last case it is a mystery how the vase could have been built up. On p. 308 is a cylinder of china 10 inches in height, which is just *inlaid* with the *cloisons* and enamels, more than half the surface being plain china, which possesses a beautiful mellow tone. Altogether, it is a piece to prize, and it is of very early workmanship. The actual date does not affect the charm of the object, for whether the latter were a thousand or a hundred years old would make no difference to its beauty and fascination.

Some of the oldest specimens are to be found in sword handles, with probably later brass fittings. Sometimes the enamels are beautifully clear—almost translucent.

In rare cases there is absolutely no background to the framework of enamels, and the design, usually in translucent enamels, stands out like a stained-glass window. For some reason or other this variety is known as "*de plique à jour*." A small covered cup in the South Kensington Museum exhibits this class of cloisonné, it having been purchased for £400. There is a specimen at the Jermyn Street Museum as well. These are not Celestial.

A general definition of the word "cloisonné" is often given as "enamel on copper," but the metal basis of the enamel has nothing to do with it. The earliest work was on gold, which accounts for the very few remaining specimens, the gold having been broken up for its value. The only reason for retaining the French word is that it is prettier than ours, but "partitioned enamel" would convey exactly the same meaning, and perhaps more to the average individual.

A few years ago a M. Christophle, of Paris, was able to produce some examples of cloisonné work which were exhibited at one of the International Exhibitions. But these were only produced at an enormous expense—like the carbon diamonds. To-day Japan is the one nation possessing the requisite skill and *patience* for the work.

The actual enamel paste that is used for the modern cloisonné is, of course, not to be compared with the old enamels, which will always give to the old work a value the modern cannot possibly possess at any future time, however beautiful in design and finish.



A selection of Porcelain vessels covered with cloisonné enamels.

Gainsborough and the Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham.

IT may be a matter of regret that we know so little of the studio history of many great painters. Lately, some artists have taken care that this want should not exist, as far as they were concerned—perhaps a wise precaution. How interesting, for instance, it would have been could we have had a record of the experiences of Gainsborough when painting the portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Graham, acknowledged as one of the finest of his works. The painter made two essays before the great picture was achieved. There is one incident while the work was in progress which can be vouched for. My friend Mr. J. H. Cranstoun, of Perth, when in the Art Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, 1857, met Dr. Malcolm, also from Perth, who asked to be taken to see the Gainsboroughs. While looking at Mrs. Graham's portrait Dr. Malcolm said, "I'll tell you a story of that feather in her hand, which story I had from the late Lord Lynedoch himself. When Mrs. Graham was standing to Gainsborough the feather fell out of her headdress; she stooped down and picked it up and held it in her hand, meaning to replace it when the artist was done with the bit he was working at. Without letting her know, the feather was painted in as it now is on the canvas." This picture was painted about 1778, and at that time Gainsborough was in the plenitude of his powers and commanding full patronage; his prices had been doubled—at that time £150 or £200 was a large price. The record of recent sales of pictures like this are well known and afford food for reflection. It may be well to quote here the description of this picture by the late Tom Taylor, when it was noticed by him in the 1857 Exhibition in Manchester. "When was ever the daintiest and most delicate charm of womanhood more sweetly put into form than in that lovely girl—we beg her pardon, she is Mrs. Graham—that lovely young woman? Of the hundreds of thousands who will walk through this gallery before the exhibition closes its doors, not one, we feel the most satisfactory conviction, will leave it without having stood before this portrait and done loyal homage to its bewitching loveliness." Sir Walter Armstrong says that "at this time (1778) Gainsborough's painting seemed to be done more with his will than with his hand." The subject of the picture, the Hon. Mary Cathcart, the second daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, was born in 1757, and must have been well educated, as she, at the age of seventeen, was considered a good linguist. She was married, when only seventeen, to Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, and at the same time her sister Jane

became the wife of the Duke of Athole. Her father, writing to Graham, of Fintry, a few days after the ceremony, remarks "that Jane has married to please herself, John, Duke of Athole, a peer of the realm. Mary has married Thomas Graham, of Balgowan, the man of her heart, and a peer among princes." Graham was well educated and of fine presence. His tutor was the famous Ossian Macpherson.

The life of the married couple was supremely happy; both seemed to enjoy country life, as well as visits to London and the hunting counties, Graham being a great sportsman.

In the year 1787, when Burns was on his northern tour, he had an introductory letter to the Duke of Athole, and was well received by the Duchess; she and her two



*The Hon. Mrs. Graham.
By T. Gainsborough, R.A.*

sisters, Mrs. Graham and Miss Cathcart, entertained the poet, who, in a letter to his brother, says: "At Blair of Athole I had the honour of spending nearly two days with his Grace and family." In a letter to Prof. Walker, sending him a copy of his lines on Bruar Water, the poet mentions the family party "as the little angel band. I declare I prayed for them very sincerely to-day at the Fall of Foyers. I shall never forget the fine family piece I saw at Blair. The amiable, the truly noble Duchess, with her smiling little seraph in her lap, at the head of the table, the lovely olive plants, as the Hebrew bard finely says, round the happy mother. The beautiful Mrs. Graham, the lovely, sweet Miss Cathcart, I wish I had the powers of Guido to do them justice. My Lord Duke's kind hospitality, Mr. Graham of Fintry's charms of conversation, Sir W. Murray's friendship. In short, the recollection of all that polite, agreeable company raises an honest glow in my bosom."

After seventeen years of happy married life Mrs. Graham's health gave way—symptoms of decline appearing; she was taken to the South of France in the hope of restoring her strength. Some time was spent at Nice, and, on advice, a sea trip was undertaken; but, alas! it proved of no avail. She died, as Graham in one of his letters says, without a groan, on board ship, off the coast of Hyères, June, 1797. The great man's spirit was broken, and in great grief he brought the body of his beloved and beautiful home to Scotland,

and had some considerable difficulty in accomplishing this. The coffin was brought through France, and interruptions from the Customs were heartrending. At Toulouse it was actually broken open by a mob, and a new lead coffin had to be prepared. Ultimately the remains were interred in the vault in the burying-ground of the Parish Church of Methven. The disconsolate widower caused the two portraits by Gainsborough—the Kit-Cat (which was evidently a preliminary before beginning the full length) and the larger work—to be enclosed, and for nearly fifty years remained in darkness, and were only taken out after the death of the grand old man at the ripe age of ninety-five. To distract his grief Graham volunteered as a soldier, and had a most remarkably distinguished career. To enumerate the engagements he was present at is enough to show the dangers he courted in his grief, and yet escaped all harm—Qu beron, Minorca, Cuidad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Toboso, St. Sebastian, etc. After the death of the gallant Graham, the pictures became the property of Robert Graham of Redgorton, who bequeathed the larger work to the National Gallery of Scotland, a magnificent gift to the nation.

This portrait has been photographed and engraved in all manner of styles, perhaps the best being a wonderful example of wood-engraving by T. Cole, of America.

GEO. AIKMAN.

The National Competition, South Kensington.

CONSIDERING how large a circle is represented by the Art Schools of the nation, the annual exhibition of works deemed worthy of prizes is one of the most important events of the year, and by no means to be disregarded by those who have hopes for the future of Art.

In the selection of examiners for the current year a generous impartiality has been shown by the Board, and that work undertaken in ignorance of the true principles of Art will not find favour with them may here be taken for granted. It is certain that every prize work has one at least of those qualities which, taken together, constitute excellence; and more than that is not to be expected of students so young as many of these must be. The examiners' comments on particular pieces will surely be taken to heart, not only by those who are praised, but by others no less devoted to Art who are encouraged to do better by being told what their weakness is.

There was reason for saying "*one* of those qualities," for even examiners are not infallible, and one cannot help feeling sometimes that the recognition of that one by an examiner has led to works better in other respects being passed over. To take but one instance—the work of a student entirely unknown to the writer: Miss Elsie Neve's 'Designs with figures,' No. 524, in which we have first of all the expression of her own life, then that of the creatures she loves, and finally a set of designs which show how entirely at home she is amongst the many conventions of Art. But these delightful drawings



Designs for Jewellery.

By Edith M. Linnell (Gold Medal).

The School of Art, Birmingham.



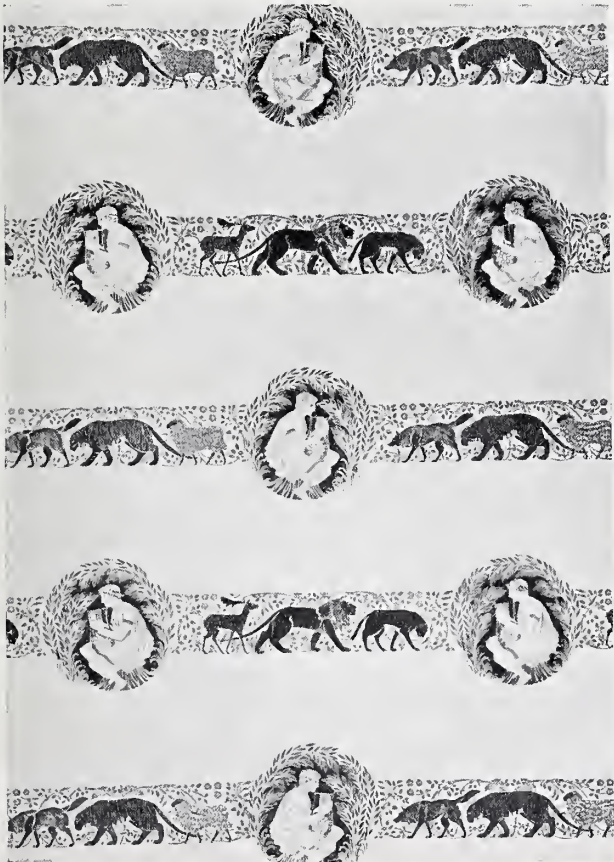
Design for a Decorative Landscape Panel: "The Hundred of Wirral."

By Ethel Stewart (Bronze Medal).

The School of Art, Mount Street, Liverpool.

of hers have been submitted, I notice, as 'designs for colour prints' (a subdivision of the whole section), and possibly the examiner may think she has something to learn of that Art, but the talent she has is at any rate

rare, and as genius in Art implies extraordinary adaptability, I should think it would take her "no time at all" to learn all that is wanted here. The foregoing is not for her only, but for the encouragement of others who seem



Design for Printed Muslin.

By Sarah C. V. Jarvis (Gold Medal).

The Polytechnic, Battersea.



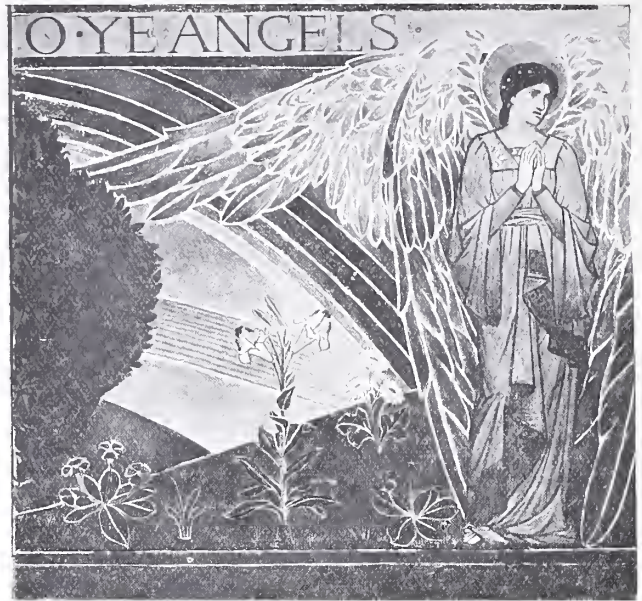
Design for Printed Silk.

By George W. Mason (Silver Medal).

The School of Art, Bradford.

to have put the wrong labels on works which, if rightly described, would have had all the praise they deserve.

To turn to another matter. It has been noticed, moreover, that excessively faulty drawing of human figures seems to be reckoned amongst the established conventions of the applied arts. The consequence is that we see prizes awarded for designs which may be perfect in other respects, but are marred by this glaring defect. What was life given us for if it is to be lost in Art? There is at least one student who will appreciate what was said last—Mr. Gilbert Rogers, winner of prizes in silver and bronze for paintings and drawings of the natural man, and studies of parts of him. It may be his fate later on to have to turn this talent to account as designer or sculptor of quasi-architectural work; but his knowledge so early acquired of the figure as seen by the Greeks, or by the naked eye, as we say, with eyes for the grandest types, will be of the utmost value to him. There seems to be no one more certain of winning a high place in his sphere than the author of these remarkable drawings, and one of the highest pleasures a writer can have is watching the progress of students who already promise so much.



Section of Design for a Frieze.

By Arthur Paul (Silver Medal).

The School of Art, Birmingham.

It would be impossible to have illustrations of half the praiseworthy works exhibited, or to be certain that those were the best. Most of those accompanying this note are of prize work highly esteemed for some reason,



Portion of Design for a Sundial.

By Violet E. Brunton (Bronze Medal).

The School of Art, Mount Street, Liverpool.



Chalk-drawing of a Head from Life.

By Dorothy Burney (Book Prize).

The School of Art, Clapham.



Design for an Embroidered Panel for an Overmantel.

By Lily Day (Bronze Medal).

The Technical Institute, Norwich.



Oil Painting, from the Nude.

By Gilbert Rogers.

The School of Art, Mount Street, Liverpool.



Design for a Colour Print.

By Winifred L. Stamp (Book-Prize).

The Polytechnic, Regent Street.

but in most of the departments there seem to be others as good, and the final selection must have been very difficult. The designs by Miss Neve, already referred to, one would like to see again; also Miss Ethel M. Poppleton's, for which a silver medal has been awarded (No. 44, designs for silver and mother-of-pearl pendant and buttons), and Mr. Henry Drummond's design for a 'damask table-cloth,' No. 31. Miss Jessie M. Browton's design for a 'printed hanging,' No. 638, has only received a book prize, but nevertheless is as good, if not better than No. 1, which has the gold medal for work of the same class. No. 142, by Mr. J. D. Revel, a modelled design for a 'frieze,' supported by owls most wisely sedate in their bearing, is a true architectural work, and as good as anything here; but the end of this article will resemble the tail of a kite if I endeavour to list all the things which have given the greatest pleasure.

ERNEST RADFORD.

Up to the time of going to press the Mulready Prize has not been awarded. The previous recipients are:—

- 1884. C. J. Adams (Leicester School).
- 1892. Laura Margaret Fisher (Clapham School).
- 1893. William J. Smith (Leicester School).
- 1896. A. A. Dixon (Holloway School), and W. N. M. Orpen (Dublin Metropolitan School of Art).

The following Students obtain the Owen Jones Prize this year:—

James W. Blackburn (Huddersfield), Edwin Moss (Macclesfield), Tom H. Bailey (Macclesfield), Abram Goodman (Leeds), Louis C. Collier (Nottingham), John Brown (Glasgow).



Design for an Embroidered Chasuble.

*By Lizzie Perry (Bronze Medal),
The School of Art, Cork.*



Design for Printed Muslin.

*By Emilie Gardiner (Bronze Medal),
The Polytechnic, Battersea.*



Design for a Woven Hanging.

*By Edwin Moss (Bronze Medal),
The School of Art, Macclesfield.*

Passing Events.

IT is quite probable that during the coming winter a Whistler Exhibition will be arranged; at any rate, there is no lack of eagerness on the part of lovers of art. It would be impracticable, of course, to obtain on loan the portrait of 'My Mother' from the Luxembourg, but the Glasgow Corporation parted temporarily with the 'Thomas Carlyle' in order that it might be shown at the Guildhall two or three summers ago, and no doubt a representative collection, including 'The Piano,' could be brought together. As Mr. Whistler was the International Society's first President, we may look with some confidence to the International rather than to the Academy to further this interesting project.

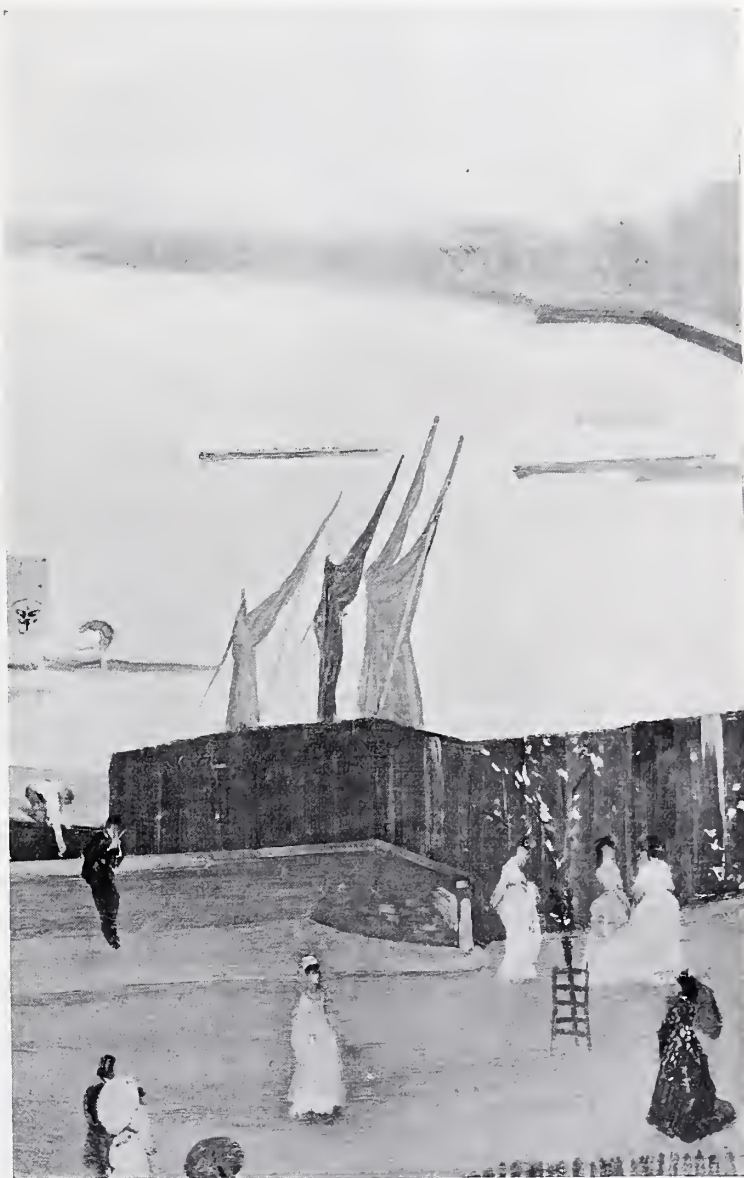
MR. E. A. ABBEY is engaged upon two works, each of them of more than ordinary interest. In the first place, there is, of course, his Coronation picture, which, if it be finished in time, as there is reason to hope, promises to be an outstanding attraction at the 1904 Academy. It was doubtless in considerable part because of the thought and labour involved in it that Mr. Abbey was unrepresented at the recent summer exhibition at Burlington House, save by a picture executed several years ago. In order that the commemorative canvas may be not only decorative, but a faithfully pictorial celebration of a greatly significant fact, many notable folk have given sittings to the artist. Secondly, Mr. Abbey has for long had in progress a panel for the ambulatory of the Royal Exchange. The subject is the award of Lord Mayor Bittlesdon in the dispute as to the precedence between the Merchant Taylors' and the Skinners' Companies. It will occupy the space on the south wall of the Exchange immediately to the east of Mr. Goetz's 'Crown offered to Richard III. at Baynard's Castle.'

PROPOS exhibitions of works by deceased artists, there is likelihood that one will shortly be arranged comprising examples by Mr. J. W. T. Mannel, who died in the autumn of 1900. More than once pictures by him added to the variety of the exhibitions of the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, of which he was one of the "forward" members. It is intended that the collection shall include black-and-white drawings, sketches in colour, as well as pictures.

LAST autumn Mr. William Michael Rossetti gave a half promise which many hope will be fulfilled. Some years ago he began to collect, and from time to time continued to bring together, *dicta* by British artists on the subject of work by

their fellow artists, and also relating to general questions of art. Few if any are better fitted than is Mr. Rossetti to bring to the surface a selection of the treasures in this kind, buried now in a thousand remote places. The volume would be sure of a cordial welcome.

ONE of several ludicrous mistakes in an article purporting to deal with "The Homes of Famous Artists," printed not long ago in an illustrated journal, had reference to Mr. Sargent's house and studio in Tite Street. "As will be seen from the photograph, it is a very imposing dwelling." Thus ran part of the descriptive text. Unfortunately, however, a photograph



Chelsea.

By J. McNeill Whistler.

By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.



Portico of Doge's Palace, Venice.

By Francesco Guardi.

By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell.

had been taken of the entire block of flats and studios on whose first-floor the talented portraitist lives and works. Perhaps inaccuracy was the primary aim of the article in question. In any case, readers were told that Sir Edward Poynter lives at 76, Fulham Road, "notorious for its beautifully furnished studio." The President's house is, of course, and has for many years been, at Albert Gate; and it would appear that Mr. Luke Fildes has a passion for "engraved brass plates."

MR. BERNHARD BERENSON, one of the leaders of the Morellian school of Art criticism, has from time to time made many sensational attributions or withheld his sanction from ascriptions of important works to celebrated artists. It was not to be expected that his recently published "Drawings of Florentine Painters"—which, leaving text out of account, is immensely valuable to students as the only catalogue *raisonné* yet attempted of such drawings in various European collections—would lack its sensations. One of the chief of these is the taking away from Michelangelo and the giving to Sebastiano del Piombo of the exquisite *Pietà* in the British Museum, reproduced in *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1901, p. 287. Mr. Berenson admits that "the motive is treated with an intelligence that Michelangelo himself could scarcely have surpassed," that "the grouping is so clear and yet so compact, that it admirably exemplifies Michelangelo's ideal of the greatest action with the least change of position taking place in the smallest space that will yet leave everything lucid and perspicuous," that "the Christ would be difficult

to surpass as a motive," that "the figures which support the fainting Virgin are altogether praiseworthy," that "there is over the whole an air of noble solemn pathos not without tenderness."

YET, after having considered various details, Mr. Berenson contends that "there is not a square inch of this Warwick '*Pietà*' which could not be demonstrated to be Sebastiano's." The arguments are deemed to be anything but conclusive by several connoisseurs, and there is little likelihood of the lovely *Pietà*, bought at the Earl of Warwick's sale in 1896 for £1,400, being officially catalogued as other than a Michelangelo.

THE adventures of the Lombart engraving, chronicled on pp. 305-7, recall the inscription on Norden's 'View of London Bridge,' which implies vicissitudes of fortune to another engraving:—"To the Right Honourable John Gore, Lord Mayor of the Citie of London. (1624). Right Honourable. I am bolde under your worthy name to re-publish the moderne modelle of the most famous Monument (for a Bridge) in the world. I described it in the time of Queene Elizabeth, but the Plate having been neare these 20 years imbezeled and detained by a Person, till late unknowne, and now brought to light, in your most happy and honourable Mayoralty, I thought it my Duty to present it first unto your Honourable view. Resting in all humbleness, Your Honours to be commanded, John Norden."

SOME startling statements are made by a writer in the *Cornhill* on "Prospects in the Professions." Wisely, he points out that in art there is no certainty even of a bare subsistence, such as is ensured in other professions. He has no faith in the British Public "which is fickleness itself"; as for provincial galleries, they "are practically full . . . and the Colonies have had to curtail their budgets and their votes." He would have us believe that the young painter's sole chance of recognition is to show at the Royal Academy, and on the whole his "opinion is distinctly adverse to anybody taking up Art as a profession." Later he loses entirely his sense of proportion and of fact. Who, for instance, can assent to the proposition that "at the present time the exhibitions are absolutely bare of subject pictures, although the publishers are prepared to spend thousands upon them"? Or, again, with craftsmen such as Messrs. D. Y. Cameron, Joseph Pennell, William Strang, to say nothing of veterans like Sir Seymour Haden and Professor Legros in mind, how can the writer assert that "there is at present an absolute lack of British engravers and etchers"? By suggestion he approves of the landscapist who sold all his pictures at a one-man show because he had spent a day in "hunting through the poets for felicitous quotations." Whistler well knew that it was unwise in general to convey more of poetry—and it is much for those who apprehend—than in such a word as nocturne. An actual quotation is frequently quite out of place.

GRINLING GIBBONS, to whom is ascribed the set of decorative carvings in wood from a house in Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, recently acquired for five hundred and fifty guineas by the Victoria and Albert Museum, was for long supposed to have been born in what is now Craven Street, Strand. Among the Ashmolean MSS., however, is a letter from his sister, which proves conclusively that he was born at Rotterdam on

April 4th, 1648. It was in a lonely house at Deptford, while at work on a carving after Tintoretto's great 'Crucifixion' of San Rocco, that Gibbons was discovered by John Evelyn, and the diarist brought him to the notice of the King and of many notable folk, including Sir Christopher Wren. Several of Wren's City churches, notably St. Paul's Cathedral, contain work done by Gibbons, and many mansions of the period rank his carvings among their chief treasures.

AT noon on September 2nd occurred the downfall of The Black Prince, the plaster model of the equestrian statue which has been conspicuous for so many months in the quadrangle of Burlington House. On the following day Mr. Brock superintended the erection of the finished work in the City Square at Leeds.

THE Earl of Derby has been the recipient of a token in connection with the honorary freedom of the Borough of Preston, conferred as a mark of appreciation of his lordship's services as Guild Mayor during the festival of 1902. The elegant Triptych was designed by Miss Florence H. Steele, and some idea of its form may be obtained from the small reproduction on this page. By the same artist is a Chain of Office for the Mayoress, a fitting companion to the Mayoral Badge executed some years ago by Mr. Gilbert.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours has revived, in modified form, an ancient practice. Over the entrance in Pall Mall East there now swings a copper sign, bearing in raised letters the Royal Arms, the title of the Society, and the date of its foundation. Mr. Maxwell Ayrton is responsible for the design. A stone's throw away, just round the corner in Suffolk Street, during Mr. Whistler's brief presidency of the British Artists, there hung the famous signboard with the golden lion and the butterfly, details of which were "coldly chronicled" in the *Athenæum*, 1889.

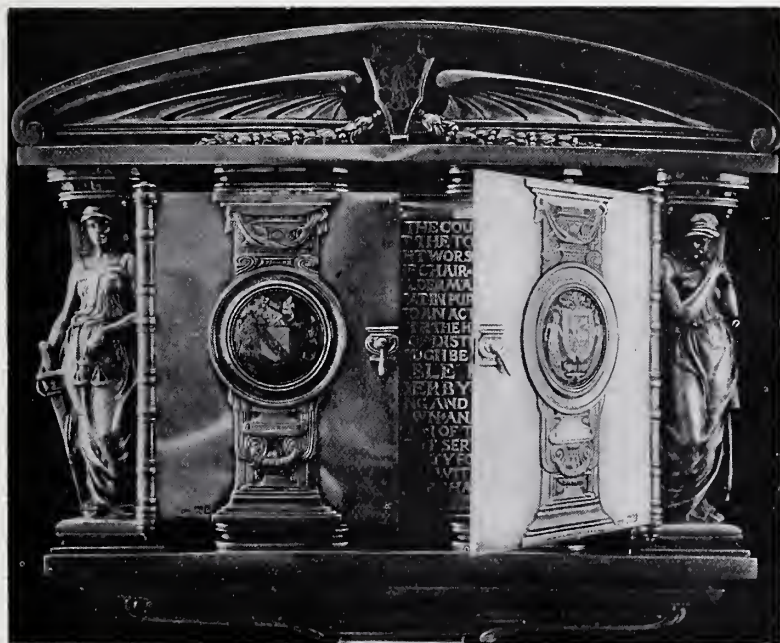


Entrance to an Arcade, Venice.

By Francesco Guardi.

By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell.

AN artist of rare fancy and ability passed away on September 5th. Phil May, born at Leeds in 1864, created during his short life a recognised position in the annals of art which will be undoubtedly confirmed by posterity. His studies of guttersnipes and loafers are his masterpieces. Shortly before the death of Cruikshank an exhibition of his works was opened in the Westminster Royal Aquarium. It would be of much artistic interest if the life-work of Phil May could be collected and shown likewise.



Silver Triptych.

By Florence H. Steele.

MR. FREDERICK SANDYS, one of those who, impassioned for beauty, cause us to look back at the sixties as a time of peculiarly fine achievement in black and white, exhibits little if at all nowadays. Like Rossetti, he does not seek publicity of the kind. Many will doubtless have noted with interest, however, that Miss Winifred Sandys, daughter of the distinguished artist, contributed a miniature to this year's New Gallery show. The art of miniature is at once facile and exigent, in proportion as its needs are apprehended by the executant. In drawings and pictures by her father, Miss Winifred Sandys has examples whence much may be learned;



Mrs. Herbert Furber.
By Winifred Sandys.

for instance, the sometimes-doubted practicability of uniting scrupulously faithful finish of detail to a scheme wisely subordinated in its various parts. Old-time miniaturists have demonstrated the possibility of being other than trivial. Miss Sandys is to be congratulated on several of her endeavours, one of which is a miniature after Mr. Frederick Sandys' drawing of Lord Tennyson. We reproduce 'Mrs. Herbert Furber,' wherein the lace is made to tell so decoratively against the bust of the sitter, a miniature which, after being at the New Gallery, now forms part of the autumn exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

THE International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, of which Mr. Whistler was President, and in whose doings he took a keen interest, has been invited by the leading American Academies and Art Institutions to organise exhibitions in the United States. Beginning next month, shows will be held in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, in the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, in the Cincinnati Art Gallery, in the Chicago Institute of Fine Arts, and the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts. British members of the International Society, by the way, scored many successes at the recently closed exhibition at Buda Pesth. Among those who won gold medals or works by whom were purchased for the Hungarian National Gallery or for private collections, we may name Messrs. Austen Brown, D. Y. Cameron, Oliver Hall, Joseph Pennell, C. H. Shannon, G. Sauter, Grosvenor Thomas, E. A. Walton, and Alfred Withers.

Recent Publications.

A noteworthy book on perspective, "*Nature's Laws and the Making of Pictures*," has been written by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A. (Edward Arnold). Reproductions of the painter's own sketches are the chief illustrations to the work, but some examples of the

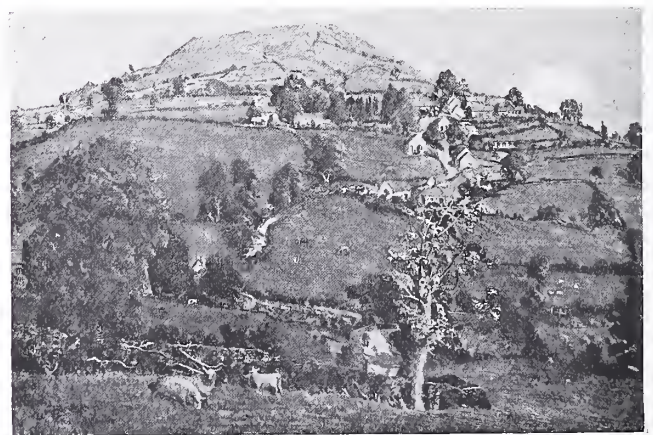
Old Masters are included. Less than a complicated treatise and more than an elementary guide, instruction is given in an agreeable form. Mr. Wyllie's profound study of his subject makes this a book to possess.

Two books have been published recently on "*Botticelli*," by A. Streeter (Bell) and Richard Davey (Newnes). The former is in the Great Masters Series, and as a compilation it is a valuable work. The author is more inclined to quote the opinions of experts than to advance any personal opinions. The frontispiece is a photogravure after the Chigi Madonna shown in London about two years ago and now in America. Mr. Davey contributes but a few pages of text to his volume, allowing his selection of pictures to speak for themselves. The printing in this case is not good.

Another volume in the Great Masters Series is on "*Tintoretto*" by J. B. Stoughton Holborn (Bell), an abridgment of a larger work contemplated and partially completed. Over one third of the text consists of a list of works. The recent history of the Nine Muses is not recorded, although the book is dated March, 1903.

Messrs. Newnes have issued in their series of thin paper classics "*The Works of Charles Lamb*," with a frontispiece by E. J. Sullivan. It is a delightful little volume. From the same office come reprints, both pocket editions, of "*Dante's Divine Comedy*," by Leigh Hunt, and "*The Cavalier in Exile*," being the lives of the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle.

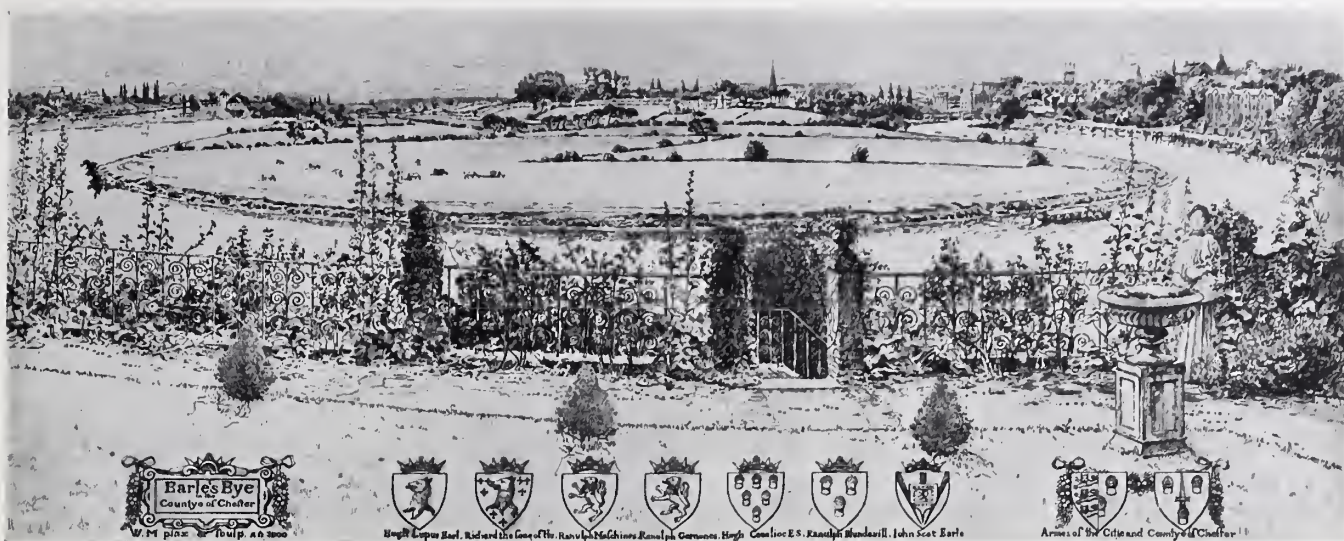
MR. FRANCIS W. RECKITT'S long-distance view of Hawnby, a village of North Yorkshire, has been etched by Mr. W. Monk, R.E. As will be seen from our small illustration, there is a tendency to proclaim merely topographical facts, yet it is a picturesque composition worthy of comparison with the similar landscape effects contrived by Knyff and Kip in collaboration. The etched surface measures 18 by 12 inches. Signed proofs, three guineas, and ordinary impressions, one guinea, may be obtained from The Studios, 9, Sheriff Road, W. Hampstead.



Hawnby, a Village of North Yorks.

By Francis W. Reckitt.

From the Etching by W. Monk, R.E.



"Earle's Eye, in the County of Chester."

From an Etching by William Monk, R.E.

William Monk—Painter-Etcher.

IT is interesting to notice how many artists who are skilled alike in painting and etching give preference to the latter. The reason is not far to seek. An etcher who is master of his medium has at his command a facile means of expressing beauty of line, and light and shade, of giving suggestion of colour, a feeling of atmosphere and a general delicacy of tone. One cannot better realise the truth of this statement than by studying the work of Mr. William Monk. As a painter his work, both in oils and water-colours, shows strong individuality and a fine sense of colour, but it is in his etchings that Mr. Monk's art finds its best expression, and it is on them that his claim to recognition is at present chiefly based.

By the recent death of Whistler we have lost one of the greatest etchers of the past century; indeed, many of his admirers will claim that he excelled in this particular branch of art even more than in his painting. Be that as it may, it can fairly be stated that he gave to the art of etching in his time a fillip which it badly needed, and he created a school which has produced work of the highest artistic merit. Mr. Monk has always been his staunch admirer, and, though quite individual in his work, shows Whistler's influence in the arrangement of two or three of his more purely landscape plates.

Mr. Monk is a freeman of the City of Chester, where he was born in 1863. Even in his earliest school days he showed a fondness for drawing, and especially letter-

ing. After leaving school he joined the Local School of Art (under Walter Craister, and afterwards W. G. Schröder), where some of the more advanced students formed a Life Class, as at that time there was no Life model at the school. The success which attended the class encouraged the students to form the Chester Art Club; from the time of his connection with this club Mr. Monk decided to follow Art as a profession, and he took a studio in Eastgate Row North.

In 1887 Mr. Monk visited Antwerp, where he studied under Verlat and Van Havermaet at the Academy. The old streets and buildings had a great fascination for



The "Bull and Bush," Hampstead.

From a Water-colour Drawing by William Monk, R.E.

him, and he found congenial subjects both in the city and on the Scheldt. It was here that he made his first experiments in etching, attempting three plates with moderate success. While in Antwerp he was unfortunate in losing all his early work through a fire at his studio. On leaving Antwerp he visited Bruges, Rouen, and other picturesque towns, returning to Chester after two years' absence with many sketches and studies made on his tour.

He re-commenced work in Chester in a beautifully-situated studio at Barrelwell Boughton, commanding one of the finest views in Cheshire. Mr. Monk thinks that this view has had a great influence on his work. Here he began to seriously study etching, and he executed a plate of the 'Cloisters, Chester Cathedral.' This was so satisfactory that a local publisher, on seeing a proof, offered to publish a set of plates of Chester if Mr. Monk would undertake them. The result was a set of seven plates called 'Picturesque and Little-known Bits of Chester Cathedral,' and Mr. Monk himself printed the whole edition of fifty sets. So successful was the series, that all the proofs were sold on publication. In 1891 a small Exhibition of Mr. Monk's work was held at Chester, and the following year saw another admirable series of six plates, 'Notable Chester Houses'; and again all the proofs were sold immediately they were issued.

Though much encouraged by the result of his work at Chester, Mr. Monk realised that Art in a provincial town is somewhat limited, and he visited London in order to make some studies of Westminster. He produced four excellent plates, 'The Confessor's Shrine,'



Cottages at North End.

From the "Hampstead Etchings" Series.

By William Monk, R.E.



Hampstead Etchings

SEVEN ORIGINAL PLATES DRAWN ETCHED & PUBLISHED BY W. MONK, R.E.

The Firs, Spaniards, Jack Straw's Castle, Cottages at North End, The Ride, Hampstead Heath, London from Hampstead, The Loft of Mutton Pond, The Spaniards Inn, The Ride, Hampstead Heath.

LONDON at 36 FELLOWS ROAD SWISS COTTAGE N.W.

"The Firs," near the Spaniards.

By William Monk, R.E.

'Chaucer's Tomb,' 'Poets' Corner,' and 'Emanuel Hospital.' These were etched at Chester and published in London. His visit to the Metropolis confirmed Mr. Monk's views with regard to the provinces, and in 1892 he left Chester and took one of the Old Hogarth Studios in London.

For the next two or three years Mr. Monk was busy painting and etching, and in 1894 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, while in 1899 he became a Fellow of the same Society. He is now not only one of its most prominent members, but is accepted both here and on the Continent as being in the front rank of British Etchers.

He joined the Artists' Society (better known as the "Langham") as a subscriber, but soon afterwards was made a member, and was President in 1896. Some of Mr. Monk's most interesting work has been done at the Langham. Many of his "two hour" sketches are vigorously treated and rich in colour.

In 1897 Mr. Monk took over the old-established Berry Art School with Mr. E. C. Clifford, R.I. (the present honorary secretary of the Langham), but finding, as so many other artists have done, that to be a successful art teacher left him little time for his own work, he disposed of his share in the school three years later.

Since Mr. Monk came to London he has had but little leisure. In 1894 he started work for the *Builder*, and has contributed yearly to that paper. In these large wash drawings the artist shows his power of producing a broad and effective drawing, which at the



The Latin Chapel, Christchurch, Oxford.

From an Etching by William Monk, R.E., for the Oxford Almanack, 1903.

By permission of the Delegates of the University Press, Oxford.

same time contains minute and correct details of architecture. Amongst the more important drawings made for the *Builder* are 'The Crypt of St. John's, Clerkenwell,' 'St. George's Hall, Liverpool,' 'Church of Sacré Cœur, Montmartre, Paris,' three views of Edinburgh (including a fine representation of the famous view from Calton Hill), 'Blenheim,' 'Victoria Tower from the Roof of the Houses of Parliament,' 'Somerset House,' and 'Richmond Bridge.' These have generally been published in the special New Year numbers as double-page illustrations. A drawing of this class, of which Mr. Monk is justly proud, is the perspective he made from the fine plans and elevations of Mr. James Miller, F.R.I.B.A., the successful competitor for the Glasgow Exhibition Buildings. We reproduce here the first sketch for the drawing (p. 324).

One of the largest and most important plates which Mr. Monk has executed shows the outside of St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria. The vastness

of the subject was such as would try to the utmost the skill of any etcher; but Mr. Monk, working against time, overcame all difficulties and produced



Moreton Old Hall, Cheshire.

From a Water-colour Drawing by William Monk, R.E.



Glasgow Exhibition, 1901. First sketch for competition perspective from Mr. Miller's designs.

By permission of James Miller, Esq., F.R.I.B.A.

By William Monk, R.E.

a plate broad and dignified in effect and true in detail. Another interesting plate is a view of 'Earle's Eye in the county of Chester' (p. 321). "Eye" is a local name for "Eyot," an island. The

arms at the foot of the plate were those of the seven governing Earls of the county. Henry III. took the Earldom with all its powers; since then it has been held by the Crown, and the title is always vested in the reigning Monarch's eldest son. In this etching we see Mr. Monk at his best, and we cannot fail to notice the fine feeling for line and decorative effect of the whole plate.

When residing at Hampstead Mr. Monk published a charming set of seven etchings of the neighbourhood, two of which are reproduced on page 322. They were 'The Firs near the Spaniards,' 'Jack Straw's Castle,' 'Cottages at North End,' 'London from Hampstead,' 'The Leg of Mutton Pond,' 'The Old Spaniards Inn,' and 'The Ride, Hampstead Heath.' The scenes depicted are familiar to most Londoners, and the one of "Jack Straw's Castle" has a special interest owing to the fact that the famous inn was rebuilt shortly after the plate was etched. A small reproduction of this plate appeared in *THE ART JOURNAL* for 1900 (p. 319).

Three years ago Mr. Monk received a commission from the Delegates of the University Press to etch a large plate for the Oxford Almanack, a publication which first appeared in 1674, and which numbers amongst its list of contributors such illustrious names as Turner, De Wint, Faithorne, the Rookers, and George Vertue.

Mr. Monk chose Trinity Gate as his subject, and the plate was so successful that he was asked to execute one for the 1903 Almanack (p. 323), and he has just completed another for 1904. Mr. Monk has etched several other plates of Oxford, one of which, 'Oriel College and St. Mary's Church,' accompanies this article.

Since coming to London Mr. Monk has produced upwards of fifty plates. He has also tried some interesting experiments in printing etchings in colour, and has been more than satisfied with the result. In making these experiments he has the advantage of having a press at his studio, where he himself prints his working and finished proofs.



*Pitch Kettles.
From an Etching by William Monk, R.E.*



A Book Plate.

By William Monk, R.E.

Mr. Monk has exhibited regularly in the Black and White Room at the Royal Academy for some years, and on a few occasions his drawings have been seen in the Water-colour Room. He showed two examples of his etching at the last Exhibition of the International Society in London and the International Black and White Exhibition, held at Rome last year, contained a group of eight of his etchings (some in colour). That

his work was appreciated is proved by the fact that eight out of these ten exhibits were sold. The town of Mainz has acquired several of Mr. Monk's etchings for the Public Museum; in fact, his work has a ready sale in Germany, where it is becoming well known. Examples of his work have also been purchased for the National Library at South Kensington.

It is to the credit of the present generation that the art of etching was never better understood or appreciated in England than it is now, and the work of an etcher of Mr. Monk's undoubted merit is not likely to go unrecognised. A few years ago a writer in this Journal stated that Mr. Monk was entitled to rank with the first half-dozen painter-etchers in Great Britain, and his recent efforts fully confirm this opinion. His work contains all the varied qualifications for the successful delineation of architecture—faithful reproduction of line, appreciation of colour as well as of form, and the power of seeing and depicting that which to the



The Church of St. Hubert, The Ardennes, Belgium.

From a Water-colour Drawing by William Monk, R.E.

ordinary observer is not perceptible. Born in a city which boasts of many fine old buildings, Mr. Monk's inborn love of architecture was nurtured under specially favourable conditions, and further fostered by his early visits to some of the most picturesque Continental



The Funeral Procession of Queen Victoria Passing the Marble Arch.

From an Etching by William Monk, R.E.

cities. Since then, by dint of hard work and careful study, he has developed this side of his art, and though still a young man, has already proved that as an etcher of architecture he has few equals amongst living artists.

We must not omit to notice Mr. Monk's work as a landscapist. We have already referred to the Hampstead etchings, which included four landscapes of fine quality, one of which, 'The Firs,' we reproduce. The composition of this plate is very decorative, and the distant view of Harrow beyond the trees is treated with much skill.

Mr. Monk is now living at Amersham, a charming little town in Buckinghamshire. His old house, built in the style of the Early English Renaissance, with its panelled walls, its old oak staircase, its quaint windows and carved chimney-pieces, is a veritable *paradiso* for an artist. Amidst these delightful surroundings Mr. Monk produces his plates and pictures, and in his studio may be seen many proofs of his versatility and industry as an artist.

E. G. HALTON.

Oriel College and St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY WILLIAM MONK, R.E.

MR. T. G. JACKSON, R.A., in his History of St. Mary's Church, alludes to the record by Wood that many centuries ago "the Scholars of what was shortly to be known as Oriel College were required by statute on every Sunday and great festival to attend all the offices of the Church of St. Mary, to sit in the choir robed in surplices, and to take part in the procession if there were one. Oriel does not seem to have had a chapel of its own till 1373, when the College obtained a licence from the Bishop of Lincoln to perform service in a chapel built, or to be built, within their own precincts." The view of the buildings shown in the accompanying plate is similar to one published in 1770, reproduced for comparison. The older representation contains to the left a view of part of Canterbury College, taken down in 1773 to make room for the Gateway to Christ's College. Skelton's volumes include several illustrations of Oriel College, such as a drawing made in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Loggan's View done in the Reign of Charles II., Vertue's Bird's-eye View, and the

Chapel and Hall by Turner. The Church of St. Mary the Virgin is the third of that name erected in Oxford. "Over the portal," wrote Wood, "is a capital Statue of the Virgin, her Infant, Christ, in her arms, holding a small Crucifix: which much attracts the observation of the Curious and Foreigners." The steeple is of older construction than the other parts of the fabric. About ten years ago, during Long Vacation, the tower was scaffolded, and the work of restoration was commenced under the able guidance of Mr. Jackson, most of the statues being replaced by Mr. G. Frampton, R.A. Ruskin, in a note concerning destructions by warfare, wrote: "You talk of the scythe of Time, and the tooth of Time; I tell you Time is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who smite like the scythe." Although Oxford has had its disturbances, Time has been the principal destroyer; but however little of original work there may be, the associations of its noble edifices will always dignify the ancient city.



By permission of the Delegates of the
University Press, Oxford.

West Front of Oriel College.

By E. and M. Rooker, for the Almanack of 1770.

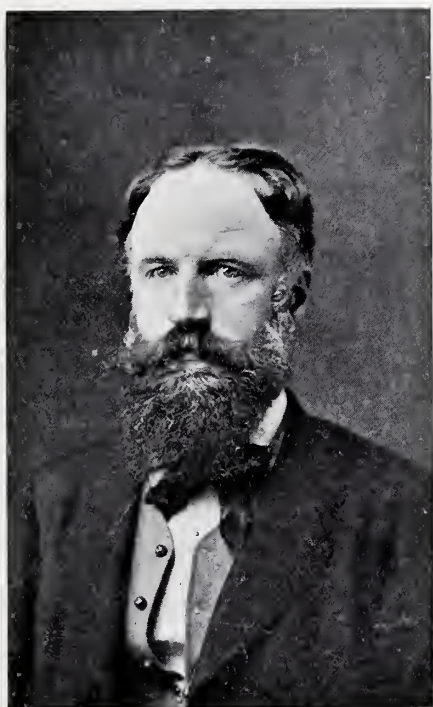


An Original Etching by W. Monk, R.C.

Balliol College and St. Mary's Church, Oxford.

The Counsel of Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

THIS distinguished writer appeals to some of us in many degrees and many ways. To myself and certain friends in the early eighties he appealed on the question of Continental technique first of all, and as we came to know his writings in their variety, we came to see that he, personally unknown, was doing us the greatest of services—he was enlarging our mental horizon. No doubt there is many a solitary student who at the present hour is experiencing the same sensation, having “The Intellectual Life” in his hand. Hamerton gave an easy, intimate description of the great modern French Masters, which was delicious to young men who were getting out of the Ruskin and Symonds stage of artistry, who wanted to get a little further away from transcendentalism and theological



P. G. Hamerton at the age of forty-eight.

sentiment and a little nearer to the *atelier*, the broad brushes, the actuality of alert craftsmanship. Hamerton told us of these things and of others, he made us see more easily and boldly, he introduced us to new names, different ideals, fresh thoughts. His criticism, so sane and cool, had all the interest of conversation with a familiar friend, and was stimulative to production.

The Oxford Union Society had a good selection of his works: the “Life” of Turner, which puts one in touch with that craftsman’s methods so persuasively and simply; “Thoughts on Art,” which has much of the same fine style and width of interests as Matthew Arnold’s “Essays in Criticism”; and a fine copy of the magnificent “Graphic Arts,” which may be considered as Hamerton’s *magnum opus*. Also the first edition of



*At Pré-Charmoy, Autun. Old Bakehouse in front of the Terrace.
From an etching by P. G. Hamerton.*

“Etching and Etchers,” and all the volumes of the Portfolio. Thus to one who desired enlargement of his artistic sympathies the Oxford Union contained a little cosmos. This is rather typical of Oxford, that her inquiring child should be able to satisfy his curiosity to any reasonable extent without going out of the sound of Great Tom, and for this alone will *Alma Mater* be always a tender memory even to the most rebellious of her sons. She may have her faults, but she has always been able to tell him something that he wished to know.

So Hamerton’s artistic cosmopolitanism was sufficiently represented at Oxford, and had its effect upon a certain number of young men. They learned to care for good etchings to some extent; they heard of names to which the art critic of that day did not often allude. It was on an occasion of their seeking more light in the latter particular that Hamerton sent a most interesting letter to one of them.

Autograph hunters are numerous as are quills upon the porcupine, but one may suppose that the sympathetic and studious admirer is not quite so common. The young man’s letter contained a number of questions, based on many readings of his favourite author, but in no way imperatively requiring answer. Certain allusions to



*At Pré-Charmoy, Autun. Beehives in Hamerton’s Garden.
From an etching by P. G. Hamerton.*



View showing the additions to Innistrunich Cottage. The original portion is to the left.

Eugene Fromentin had stimulated his curiosity, especially as just then a few of Fromentin's Arab pictures were on view in England, and an article on Fromentin had appeared in the *Century Magazine*.

Here was what seemed to be a most interesting mental realm, to be had for the asking. So the young man asked, and this is what he received:—

“Autun, France, January 26th, 1889.

“Dear Sir,—Your letter has duly reached me, and I have to thank you for so kindly telling me that I had been of some use to you.

“I began, as you may be aware, with the intention of being artist rather than author, but was led into authorship by circumstances. However, I have known enough of the efforts and trials of a young artist to have a complete sympathy with them. There is just one point in my own experience that may be worth telling. I remember that I was excessively anxious about the quality of my work, even in sketches and studies, and that at a time when I could make studies of great value to me afterwards. Looking back to that time, I now perceive clearly that there was no necessity whatever for this extreme anxiety about quality. I ought to have worked away, and made as extensive a collection of studies as I possibly could. Then, in course of time, a sufficient manual skill would have come merely through labour and practice. Another of my mistakes, due to the theories current at the time, was to attach a sort of sanctity to Detail as a necessary part of Veracity. In those days many of us made a moral affair of Art. There is a strong moral element in our English nature, and it is excellent in its proper place; but in Art it is out of place. Detail is not more sacred than Mass, and the representation of things exactly as they are is not more moral than idealisation and composition. As an artist you are under no obligation save one, which is, to produce the best art you can; and to effect that you have nothing to do but work away cheerfully and keep your mind in sympathy with good art by constant reference to it. You require, of course, a considerable knowledge of nature, but if you love nature too much or too exclusively, you will pass from the artistic to the scientific condition of mind, a transition which will deprive your works of all charm.

“It may seem a very obvious kind of advice to give,

but the fact is that an artist should *be an artist*, and this is monstrously difficult in an age like ours, which is full of scientific influences. Mr. Ruskin fell himself under scientific influences, which led him to value topography which artists like Cox, Turner, Corot, and others avoided.

“Fromentin, though a good painter, was a great master of French prose. You cannot do better than read him. You should read ‘*Les Maitres d’Autrefois*.’ My edition was published by Plon et Cie., 10, Rue Garanciere, Paris, in 1876, but I believe there have been other editions since then.

“With best thanks for your letter and cordial good wishes for your success—I am sincerely yours,

P. G. HAMERTON.”

This letter might be straight from the pages of “*The Intellectual Life*,” and has all its author's quality of luminous common-sense, combined with that intimate touch which gives his work the personal influence of pleasant conversation. At the time of its writing, the remarks about the scientific condition of mind were peculiarly applicable. Since then, a school of criticism has arisen which writes of æsthetic matters from the craftsman's point of view, in the broadly appreciative spirit of the author of “*The Graphic Arts*.” The most eminent name on its list is that of Gleeson White. There are others also, but as they are alive, and are likely to develop considerably, any mention of individual names might seem to be dictated by personal preference. One may say, however, that one seems to perceive in many of them the following of the excellent pattern set by Hamerton, as to clarity of style and sanity of appreciation.

Of course there are limits to the most open-minded mortal; there are developments which the most mobile intellect cannot catch up with, after a certain quantity of worldly wear. Macaulay could not get up an appreciation for Ruskin, Ruskin failed to appreciate Fred Walker. Hamerton appreciates Whistler in etching, but really I much doubt whether he ever could have quite felt the excellence of Whistler in paint. He has tried to be just, but nowhere has he said words which hit one's own feeling about such masterpieces as the ‘*Nocturne in Valparaiso*’ (I mean the picture which was hissed by the old gentlemen when put up at

Christie's) or the 'Rosa Corder.' Similarly, some of us, whom Ruskin might have called goslings in criticism, feel very strongly the beauty of Whistler's early and middle period, but we cannot care equally for Claude Monet or the Vibristes. We allow that they are sincere; we allow that they are craftsmen; but they give us none of the pleasure which we have experienced in other excellent work. There are only two possibilities for us: 1. That the artist is a humbug. 2. That we ourselves have for the time being come to the limit of our appreciative capacity.

And our modernity consists in the fact that we take the latter view by preference, which is essentially the way of Hamerton. I do not say that View the First has passed away as a standard of criticism for a genius on trial—I think it never will pass away. More than that, I think it will generally be the popular method of classing an innovator. But it was not Hamerton's way. What he could not understand he at any rate did not denounce. A little while ago Mr. Clement Scott spoke up in the *Daily Telegraph* as to dramatic criticism, and



Loch Awe, from Cladich. The position of Innistrynich Cottage is to the right centre.

proclaimed that we were all too cautious and mealy-mouthed in these days. He heaved a sigh of regret for the past, and for the hard-hitter "with his back against the wall."

From this it would seem that the old idea of Criticism is based on that of Homeric conflict. If a critic does not smack somebody, and get a return smack, his criticism is feeble and unmasculine. I think that Mr. Scott need not despair. If for the moment there is a lull of the warlike spirit, it is only because it has been absorbed by the greater Spirit of the Empire for these days, when national history is locking the ranks of its events for some great final rushes. We shall presently again become at leisure to squabble on lesser matters. The critic of the Hamerton school, however, should never have anything of that tendency. If ever Hamerton has shown any of it, the less Hamerton he. I can recall no instance. He always makes for right judgment as opposed to personal preference, in so far as he is able. He is the International jurist in Art, as opposed to the patriotic specialist, yet he carries his understanding of national personality very far. No one has written better of the inner life of France, and he understood his own people better than most men. He was of the same order of mind as Sainte Beuve and Taine, he was less opinionated than Matthew Arnold.



Innistrynich Cottage on Loch Awe.

From a photograph taken by P. G. Hamerton in 1858.

Criticism, to have any abiding influence for improvement, should always have some men of this stamp to formulate its judgments. It is persuasive, and persuasion tends to make men productive. The destructive criticism can then come in and do the work of pruning and clearance, which, for all its importance, is but secondary. A thing must grow up into something before it can be corrected; if nothing is done, nothing can be undone.

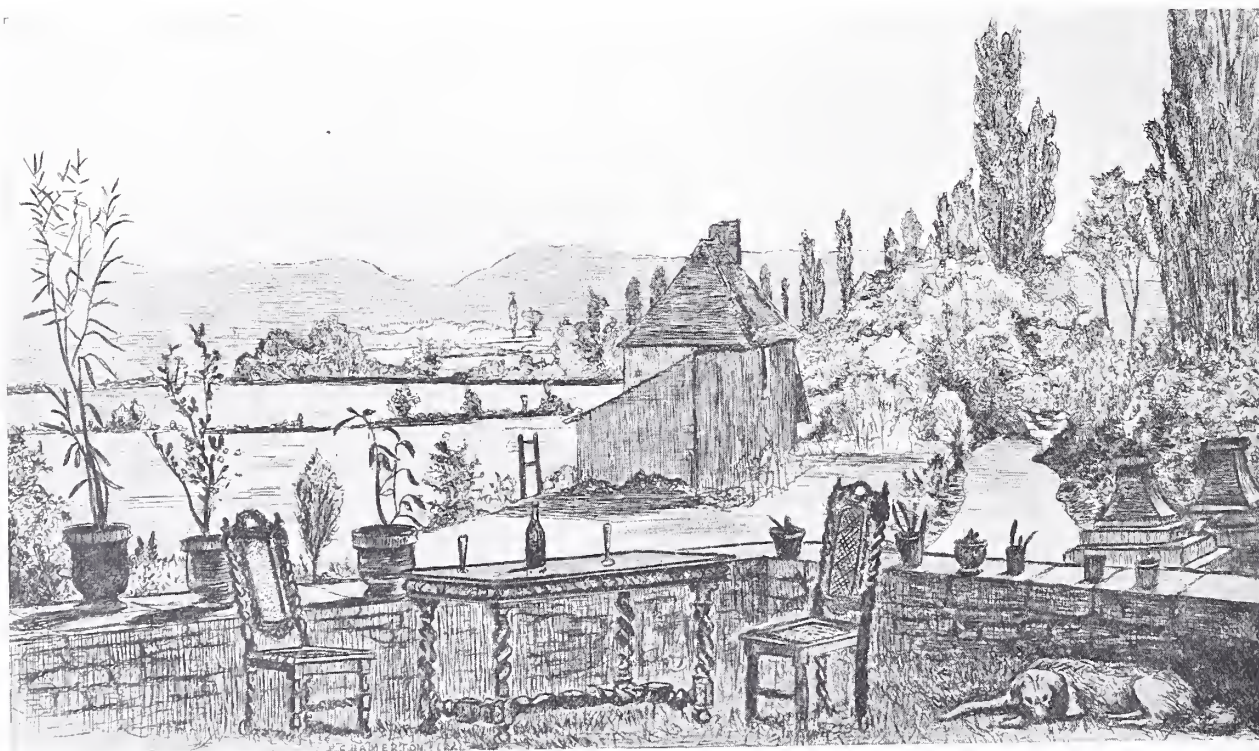
It will always be Hamerton's honourable position in a world of destructive war that he helps men to go on working away cheerfully by his sane constructive advice. It is not for him to act the destroyer's part; his business is to carry out the dictum of Ecclesiastes, that curious saying in the mouth of an Oriental, yet so often repeated that it was evidently the one conviction which had survived a bitter critical search into the vanity of vanities: "*There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink and make his soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.*" To preach delight in harmless production, this is Hamerton's business. Excepting that he carefully refrains from sermonising, or from anything which might tend to evolve the prig, he does it thoroughly.

He was a Northern Englishman of a type now very rare. He belonged to one of the oldest and best-descended families in the English untitled aristocracy, and passed his boyhood in surroundings which he loved passionately, notably Hollins, a fine old hall of a kind

once numerous in Lancashire. His childhood was passed with his aunts in another old gabled mansion near Towneley Park, and he tells us in his Autobiography that Burnley was a rather exclusive and aristocratic place in those days. Another branch of the family lived at Hellifield, in a castellated peel, built by Lawrence Hamerton in 1440. These influences account for the romantic love of architecture which exhales from his writings, and perhaps one may say, too, that his genial frankness is rather racial, the generosity of a race of cavaliers. Riding and rowing were his natural enthusiasms, moreover, and he detested London as a place to live in.

His portrait (p. 327) shows us a face of mental distinction, delicate rather than strong, rather nervous also. Folk of all sorts and conditions have testified that he had a genius for friendship. His cottage at Innistrynich, Loch Awe (p. 329), where he wrote "*A Painter's Camp*," has been considerably enlarged by its purchaser, Mr. Muir, as may be seen (p. 328). His French house at Autun, Pré-Charmoy, will long be remembered in association with some very distinguished names, apart from his delightful book "*Round my House*." Among other works done there may be mentioned contributions to *THE ART JOURNAL* in 1866; several articles, illustrated by the author, appeared under the title of "*Liber Memorials*," and one under "*Etching*."

LEWIS LUSK.



The Terrace at Pré-Charmoy, Autun.

From an etching by P. G. Hamerton.

The Royal Academy in the Nineteenth Century.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED. A. EATON, SECRETARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

DURING the ten years' presidency of Sir Thomas Lawrence eleven Academicians were elected, and five Associates who never reached the higher rank. Of the Academicians eight were painters, one a sculptor, and two architects. Three of the eight painters are still names to conjure with—Leslie, Etty, and Constable, the last-named especially so, though, perhaps, his fame now is as much above his deserts as in his lifetime it was below them. The sculptor and the architects met all the requirements of an age which was not too exacting in art matters. Of five of the eleven R.A.'s we will now proceed to give some account.

EDWARD HODGES BAILY, R.A.

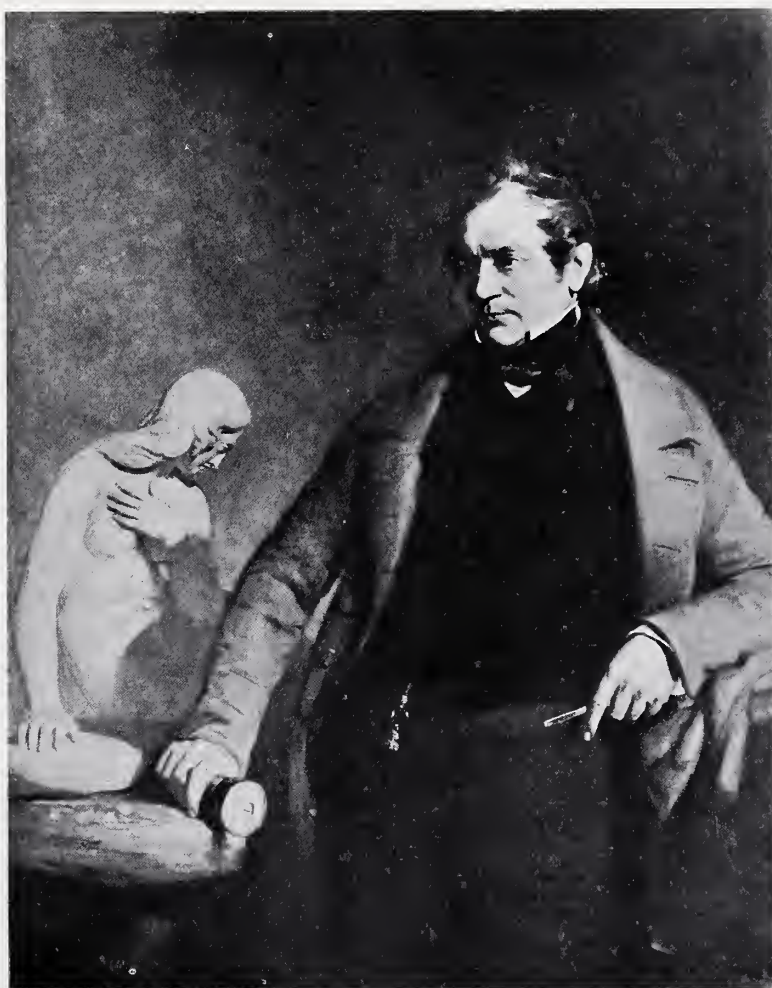
Born 1788; Student 1809; A.R.A. 1817; R.A. 1821; Died 1867.

Edward Hodges Baily was born on the 10th of March at Bristol, 1788. His father was a carver of figure-heads for ships, and quite at the top of the profession in that now almost obsolete branch of art. The son was at first placed in a merchant's counting-house, but his natural taste for art induced him to abandon this uncongenial occupation, and he soon achieved considerable local fame as a modeller of portraits in wax. An introduction to Flaxman having been obtained for him, he went to London, where, as assistant to that sculptor and as a student at the Royal Academy, he made very rapid progress in his art. Entering the school in 1809, he gained a silver medal in the same year, and the gold medal for sculpture in 1811. In

1817, at the early age of twenty-five, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in the following year produced his celebrated 'Eve at the Fountain,' a figure which obtained great popularity, combining as it did the simplicity of Flaxman with the smooth prettiness of Canova.

Like his master, Flaxman, Baily did a quantity of work for the silversmiths, but his fame chiefly rests on his monumental and imaginative works, of which he executed a very large number. Among the chief of these may be mentioned the colossal statue of Nelson, on the monument in Trafalgar Square, the statues of Charles James Fox and of Lord Mansfield at Westminster, and of Earl St. Vincent, Sir Astley Cooper and others in St. Paul's, 'Eve listening to the Voice,' and 'The Graces Seated.' He also executed the bas-reliefs on the Marble Arch which then stood in front of Buckingham Palace.

Baily's talents soon gained him a wide reputation, and in 1821 he was elected an Academician at the early age of thirty-three, but though for many years he was in the front rank of his profession he never succeeded in attaining affluence; indeed, so extravagant and careless was he that already, in 1837, he was obliged to apply to the Royal Academy for assistance. As work failed him his necessities became more urgent, and in 1858 he was placed on the pension list, besides being granted on two occasions a charitable donation. He was the first to avail himself of the law passed in 1862, establishing a class of Honorary Retired Academicians. Baily seems occasionally to



Portrait of E. Hodges Baily, R.A.

By G. Mogford.

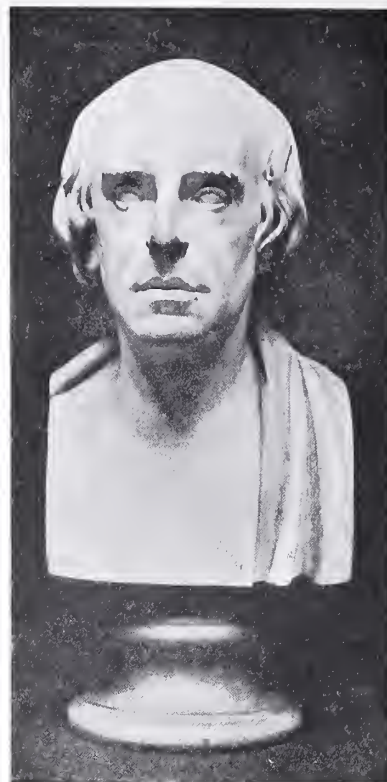
* Continued from page 5, 1903, and page 144, 1902.

have been a somewhat troublesome member of the Academy, especially with regard to the placing of his works in the Exhibitions. On one or two occasions he requested to be present at the arrangement of the sculpture, though not a member of the arrangement committee; and once he went so far as to alter the position of his works and then to complain to the council that they had been put back in their original place, a cool proceeding which drew down upon him a well-merited rebuke from that body. His death took place in 1867.

RICHARD COOK, R.A.

Born 1784; Student 1800; A.R.A. 1816; R.A. 1822; Died 1857.

The obstacles which riches present to those desirous of entering the Kingdom of Heaven are often likewise found in the paths which lead to the Kingdom of Art. Whether it was his opulence or his apathy that choked the talents of Richard Cook we are unable to determine, but that he possessed a correct eye and considerable taste, some beautiful drawings which he made from Michael Angelo's frescos in the Sistine Chapel bear witness. Born in London in 1784, he entered the Academy schools in 1800, and began exhibiting in 1808 landscapes of a poetic class, the subjects of many of which were taken from Scott's poems. In 1817 he exhibited a picture entitled 'Ceres Disconsolate for the Loss of Proserpine' (p. 334). Classical subjects suggestive of Lemprière were much in vogue at the time, and it was for pictures of this class that Cook obtained the full honours of the Academy in 1822. Having attained these he seems to have had no further



Bust of John Flaxman.

By E. Hodges Baily, R.A.

ambition, for from thence to the time of his death he ceased to exhibit. Very little is known of his private life, save that he was rich and hospitable. He died in 1857.

WILLIAM DANIELL, R.A.

*Born 1769; Student 1799; A.R.A. 1807
R.A. 1822; Died 1837.*

William Daniell was the nephew of Thomas Daniell, the Academician. At the age of fourteen he went with his uncle to India, assisting him materially in his work on *Oriental Scenery*, which was published in 1808 in five volumes. The plates in these volumes engraved by young Daniell are greatly superior to those in the sixth volume, which are the work of James Wales. On his return he began exhibiting Indian views at the Academy, and entered the schools in 1799. Between 1801 and 1814, William Daniell published 'A Picturesque Voyage to India,' and many other works, and in the last named year he commenced a work on his own country, called 'A Voyage Round Great Britain,' two or three months each summer for many years being spent in making drawings and notes. The book was completed in 1825. Meantime he had been elected an Associate in 1807 and an Academician in 1822.

Daniell, in 1832, painted a panorama of Lucknow, and also, in conjunction with a Mr. Parris, one of Madras.

Though the subjects of the pictures by the Daniells were novel and interesting at the time they were executed, they possessed



*By permission of the Council of the
Athenæum Club.*

Eve.

By E. Hodges Baily, R.A.



View on the Coast of Scotland.

By W. Daniell, R.A.



Landscape and Cattle.

By R. R. Reinagle, R.A.

little artistic excellence, and the election of the uncle and nephew to the rank of full membership will always remain one of the enigmas of the early years of the Institution. William Daniell died in 1837.

RICHARD RAMSAY REINAGLE, R.A.

Born 1775; A.R.A. 1814; R.A. 1823; Died 1862.

Richard Reinagle, the son of P. Reinagle, R.A., was a painter of landscapes and animals of considerable ability; he also distinguished himself in the execution of panoramas. In his early life he studied in Rome and afterwards in Holland. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1798, but it was not till 1814 that he was elected an Associate, the full honours following in 1823. Though all his life he had been regarded as a man of integrity and honour, in his old age, probably through stress of poverty, he was tempted to commit an act for which he had to forfeit his membership. He purchased of a dealer a picture by an artist named Yarnold, which after a little touching up he exhibited in 1848 as his own. The attention of the Academy was called to the fraud, and a committee of

seven members was appointed to investigate the matter. Reinagle refused to attend their meetings, and for a long time persisted in denying the truth of the accusation. The evidence in proof of it was, however, too strong, and the committee at the end of a long report recommended that Mr. Reinagle, to save the necessity of further proceedings, should be requested to voluntarily resign his diploma, which he did. He was not, however, deprived of his pension, and continued to receive pecuniary assistance from the Academy till his death, which took place in 1862. The present of plate—some tea-spoons—which, in accordance with custom he had presented on his election, was in 1850 ordered to be sealed up and no more used.

SIR JEFFRY WYATVILLE, R.A.

Born 1766; A.R.A. 1823; R.A. 1826; Died 1840.

This architect, the son of Joseph Wyatt and nephew of Samuel Wyatt and James Wyatt, R.A., was born at Burton-on-Trent on the 3rd of August, 1766. As a boy he was anxious to go to sea, and had a providential escape from being drowned in the ill-fated *Royal George*, which ship he was to have joined, but arrived at Portsmouth too late. He eventually entered his uncle Samuel's office as architectural pupil, and later on served with his uncle James; but not finding much employment as an architect, he formed a sort of partnership with a builder named Armstrong, who was engaged in large Government and other contracts. This led to his being employed in the enlargement and alteration of many country mansions, so that he gradually acquired a considerable reputation, and was elected an Associate in 1823, and an Academician three years later. The chief work of his life, however, began in 1824, when he was appointed architect of the additions and improvements intended to be made at Windsor Castle. The first stone of the new buildings was laid on August 12th, 1824, and Wyatt in honour of the occasion assumed the name of Wyatville, to distinguish him from other architects of the name of Wyatt. This piece of vanity and affectation provoked the following squib:—

"Let George, whose restlessness leaves nothing quiet,
Change if he will the good old name of Wyatt;
But let us hope that their united skill
Will not make Windsor Castle—Wyatville."

In 1828 he was knighted and given apartments in the Wykeham Tower in the Castle. The completion of the works, which cost £700,000, occupied him till his death; but he also, during the last twenty years of his life, made extensive additions to Chatsworth, and added a new front to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. He died February 10th, 1840, and is buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



Ceres disconsolate for the loss of Proserpine.

By Richard Cook, R.A.



Design for a mansion for the 1st Earl of Yarborough.

By Sir Jeffry Wyattville, R.A.

Sir Jeffry Wyattville was an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and it is recorded in the Report of that body for 1839 that he presented to the library a terra-cotta figure of Inigo Jones by

Rysbeck, a bust of James Wyatt by Rossi, and an architectural allegory by Angelica Kauffman, R.A., from the collection of Cosway, the last-mentioned subject being now hung in the Council Room of the Institute.

The Rutland Monuments in Bottesford Church.—III.*

BY LADY VICTORIA MANNERS.

ON the north side of the chancel is the exceptionally interesting monument of Roger, fifth Earl, and his wife Elizabeth, only child and heiress of Sir Philip Sydney (pp. 336-7). This rash young man was implicated in the Earl of Essex's insurrection in 1601, and imprisoned in the Tower. Owing to his youth, however, "he was released upon a fine of thirty thousand pounds, afterwards reduced to a third of that amount." (Maxwell-Lyte's "Introduction to Belvoir MSS."). Roger died in his thirty-sixth year, his Countess surviving him little more than two months.

The indenture relating to this monument is interesting; the "touchstone" mentioned is a kind of very hard black granite, the "Rance" a fine red stone.

"This indenture made the twentyeth daie of Maye anno D'ni 1611 and in the yeres of the reigne of our Sov'aigne Lord by the Grace of God King of England Scotland fraunce and Ireland Defender of the ffaith, etc. . . . Betweene William

Saxton of London gent of the one part And Nicholas Johnson of the parish of St. Saviours in the Borough of Southwarke in ye Countie of Surrey Tomb maker of the other parte. . . . Thatt the saide Nicholas Johnson his executors admynstrators or assignes or some of them shull and will att or hfore the twentyth daie of Maie next comyng w'ch shalbe in the yere of our lord god one thowsande six hundred and nyneteene well cleanlye substantsiallye and workmanlye doe, make, sett vp, and fullye fynyshe in the parish church of Botsforth in the Countye of Leicester in such place in the North side of the Chappell there as the said William Saxton shall appoynte and sett forth the one Monument or Tombe for the right honourable Roger late Erle of Rutland and the Countesse his late wife in such manner fashion and forme and of such stuffe according to the plott thereof as is already drawn sett forth and shewen by the saide Nicholas Johnson to the saide William Saxon w'ch plott is now in the Custodie and Keepinge of the saide William Saxon and is subscribed under the handes of the saide William Saxon and Nicholas Johnson And it is the trew entent and meanyng of both the saide parties to theis p'sents that all such Cullours as are to be culloured black in the said plot to be of Touchstone in the saide Tombe And that all the white cullours therein to be of Allah'aster. And that all the Redd Cullours therein to be of Rance. And all the yellowe cullours to be gylded w'ch rich golde, The height of w'ch said Tombe is to be sixteene foote of Assize from the bottom to the Topp, and in breadth tenne foot of Assize from outside to outside. The fower Ranspellasters to conteyne in height each of them Two foote and six ynches, The two faire tables of Touch stone for inscripc'ons to conteigne two foote square a piece, the Ranspellaster betwixt them to conteyne in length two foote and a halffe and in bredth six ynches Upon the ledges to make the portraiture of the said Countesse of Rutland in full proporc'on as she was living in Rohes of

* Continued from p. 235.



(14) Monument to Roger, 5th Earl of Rutland (1587-1612).

By Nicholas Johnson.

The small effigy between the column and the window is supposed to represent Robert de Toden. A larger reproduction is shown on page 270.

w'ch Armes to conteyne in heighth two foote and sixe ynces and in bredth two foote to be inclosed w'th two pellasters of touch, to conteyne in heighth two foote and a halffe. On each side of the same to make two scutchins wherein shalbe engraven such Arms as shalbe deliv'd to the said Nicholas Johnson, on the topp of the same to make one Cornish w'th a pettystall of Rance w'th a deatheshed and an hower glasse as is expressed in the said Plott All that which is shewed redd in the said Plott to be of Rance fairlie wrought and polished, all which is black in the said Plott to be of touchstone and likewise fairly wrought and polished And that which is yellow to be gylded with fyne riche golde, and that which is white to be of Allablaster Except the two lower steps to be of ffreestone, In considerac'on of w'ch said tombe to be made fynished, erected and sett vp in manner and forme aforesaid the said William Saxton will well and trulie paye or cause to be payde unto the saide Nicholas Johnson his executors adm'strators or assigns the full some of one hundred at ffyfte poundes of lawfull English money in manner and forme following That is to saye, ffyfte poundes therof at thens-calling and delivery of theis p'sents unto the saide Nicholas Johnson well and trulie paid whereof the saide Nicholas Johnson doth hereby acknowledge him fullye selfe satisfied and the other hundred poundes residew to be paid within thirtye daies after the saide Tombe shall be fullie fynished and sett vp Provided alwaies and it is covenanted conditented and fullie agreed vpon by and betwene the said parties by theis p'sents that when the said Tombe is deliv'd at Boston in the Countie of Lyncoln at the costs and charges of the said Nicholas Johnson That then the said Tombe shalbe from thence carried to Botsforth aforesaid at the proper costes and charges of the said William Saxton his executors admy'nistrators or assigns. In witnes whereof the parties firste above named to theis p'sent Indentures thei Seales either to other interchangeably have put yeven the daye and yere first above written.

"NICHOLAS JOHNSON."

The portraiture of 'Labour' and 'Rest' are quaintly represented by Amorini, standing upon columns. On the left a cupid in an attitude suggestive of digging; on the right a cupid asleep, his foot resting upon a skull. On the right of the tomb, above the effigies, the letters E. S. (Elizabeth Sydney) are placed, amidst

the lovely "Roses & flowers & gyldinge w'ch cannot be expressed"; while on the extreme left are the letters R. R. (Roger Rutland).

As we turn away to leave this beautiful monument, Matthew Arnold's lines on the tomb of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, in the church at Brou, occur to us, and seem singularly appropriate to this short-lived couple :—

"So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair!
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
On the carved western front a flood of light
Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Martyrs brave,
In the vast western window of the nave;

Honour according to her degree, above that to make the portraiture of the late Erie of Rutland in robes of Honour vnder an Arch vpon fower Pettystalls of Rance w'ch Arch shall conteyne in depth two foote and a balffe to be inryched w'th Roses and flowers and gyldinge w'ch cannot be expressed. Within that Arch one compartment that shalbe carved with frutages to enclose one Table of Touch stone for inscrip'ion w'ch table shall conteyne in bredth two foote and in length two foote and a halffe wherein shalbe ingraven such inscrip'ion as shalbe delivered by the said William Saxton to the above named Nichola' Johnson, The two Sprandrells to be of Touchstone, on each side of the said arch to make two culloms of touchstone to conteyne each of them in height w'th their capitall and base five foote, on the two vter culloms to make the portraiture of Labor, the other of Rest, Above the said Culloms to make the Architrath freeze and Cornishe, the freeze to be inlaid w'th Touchstone and the Cornish to plansheere and to be inriched w'th roses and flowers, above the cornish to make one course of moulding to be one foot highe and seven foote in length to be inlaide with Rance, On each side of the same to make one Piramydes of Rance to conteyne in length w'th his base and ball three foote, Vpon the topp of the said Molding to make one Armes of the Right honourable the Erie of Rutland w'th a Helme, Crest and Supporters



(15) Monument to the 5th Earl of Rutland. His wife, Elizabeth.

And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
A chequer-work of glowing sapphire tints,
And amethyst, and ruby—then unclose
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
And rise upon your cold white marble beds;
And, looking down on the warm rosy tints,
Which chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
Say:—*'What is this? We are in bliss—forgiven;
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!'*"

Last, but certainly not least of this series of Jacobean monuments, is the noble and imposing tomb of Francis, sixth Earl of Rutland, his two wives, and their children. This memorial (illustrations 16, 17, 18) was actually erected by the Earl in his own lifetime. It is remarkable both for the effigies of his children (two of whom were supposed to have died by "wicked practice and sorcery"), and for the two unicorns without horns above the entablature of the lower arcade. The Earl lies on a marble sarcophagus between his wives; his coroneted head rests on embroidered pillows, the feet rest against a peacock in pride, and he is clad in an ermine mantle with the insignia of the Order of the Garter; the head is doubtless a portrait, and is finely executed. The ladies wear the ruffs, stomachers, etc., of the period. On the right side of the tomb is the interesting figure of the Earl's daughter, Catherine, afterwards wife of George Villiers, 1st Duke of Buckingham. Her life, with its many vicissitudes of splendour and sorrow, her runaway marriage with Villiers, and her undying affection for him, read like some romance. She is here represented kneeling, with her hands clasped in

prayer; she wears an ermine mantle and her ducal coronet (p. 338). Not less interesting are the figures of her step-brothers. Each child holds a skull, symbolical of their early death from witchcraft. Such was the cruel superstition of the age, that *five years after the death of the children*, three poor women, a certain Joan Flower and her two daughters, living in the neighbourhood of Belvoir, were apprehended and imprisoned, and upon a (so-called) confession the daughters were executed at Lincoln in March, 1618. "But Joan Flower, the mother, before her conviction (as they say) called for bread and butter, and wished it might never go through her if she were guilty of that whereupon she was examined; so mumbling it in her mouth, never spake more words after; but fell down and died as she was carried to Lincoln gaol, with a horrible excruciation of soul and body, and was buried at Ancaster." ("The wonderful discovery of the witchcrafts of Margaret and Phillip Flower, etc., printed at London by G. Eld, Y. Barnes, etc., 1619.") A gruesome tale indeed.

Unfortunately, up to the present date, no record has been discovered of the sculptor of this fine and ornate Renaissance tomb. Its general form, with the small canopy, pillars, etc., is the same as that of the preceding ones, but it is very much more massive in construction and elaborate in decoration. The unicorns, admirably modelled, are a striking feature of this tomb, and add greatly to the picturesque effect of the decoration.



(16) Monument to the 6th Earl of Rutland.

Figures of his children, Henry Lord Ros and Francis Lord Ros.

The inscription runs as follows:—

“The Right Hon’ble and
Noble Lord Francis Earle
of Rutland, Lord Roos of Hamlak,
Tresbut, and Belvoir, of the most noble
Order of the Garter, knight, lyeth here
interred. At 18 yeares of age he
went to travaile in the year 1598

in France, Lorayne and divers states of Italy.
He was honorably received by the Princes themselves,
and nobly entertained in their courts.

In his returne through Germany he had like
Honour done him by Ferdinand Archduke of Austria
at his court in Gratz: by the Emperor Mathias and
His court in Vienna: by Count Swartzembourg,
Lieutenant of Lavarin in Hungary; by Count
Rossembourg at Prague in Boheme; by the Marquis
of Brandenburg, the Dukes of Saxony, and other
Germaine Princes in the Court at Berlin. In 1604 he
was made Knight of the Bath, and married the Lady
Francis Bevill, one of the daughters and coheirs of
The Hon’ble Knight Sir Henry Knyvett, by whom he had

Issue one only daughter, the most virtuous and
Thrice noble Princesse Katherine, now Dutchess of
Bucking. In 1608 he married the Lady Cecilia
Hungerf’rd, daughter to the hon’ble knight
Sir John Tufton, by whom he had two sonnes,
Both which dyed in their infancy by wicked
Practice and Sorcerye. In 1612 he was made Lord
Lieutenant of Lincolnsh’re and after Justice in Eyre
off all the King’s Forests and Chases in the North of
Trent. In 1616 he was made Knight of the most

Noble Order of the Garter. In the year 1616 he
was one of the Lords who attended King James by
His Maj’s speciall appointm’t, in his journey into
Scotland. In 1623 he was by the same King James
made Admirall of a Navye of His Maj’s great
Shippes and Pynaces, to returne
Prince Charles, now our Dread Sovera’gne Lord King
of Engl’d, out of Spayne, which he happily performed.”

The monument to Earl Francis is the last of the
Jacobean tombs. The memorials of his two successors,
the 7th and 8th Earls, in the pseudo-classical style,
are in painful contrast to the dignity and simplicity
of the earlier portrait-effigies. There is, however, an
interest attaching to the semi-pagan and theatrical
productions. They are the work of the sculptor,
Gabriel Cibber, whose fine ‘Melancholy’ and ‘Raving
Madness,’ once over the entrance gate of Bethlehem
Hospital, were alluded to by Pope in the “Dunciad” :—

“Where o’er the gates, by his famed father’s hand,
Great Cibber’s brazen, brainless brothers stand.”



(17) Monument to the 6th Earl of Rutland.

*Figure of Lady Katharine Mannors. She married George Villiers,
1st Duke of Buckingham, and secondly Randal (McDonnell) 1st Mar-
quess of Antrim.*



(18) MONUMENT TO FRANCIS, 6th EARL OF RUTLAND (1612-1632).

For details of figures see page 338.

The following letter from Cibber to the Earl's secretary is interesting:—

Mr Harbert,

yesterday I receued a letter from Lin Regis that my marble was arived thear, from whence I doe intend to gett it caried up the riuier to wansor, for that hath more water than that at stamford, and bring it by land to thither, I shall goe in Ester wick to Lin, and when I haue soe taken care, how to send the marble I will then com to Belvoire to doe the models of my Lords father and mother and Lord George wich are the 3 designd, in the Monuments, as I take it, in the mean time I promised my sone Colly to see bevoir castle in the hollydays, but I can not com my self I will send M. Nighel to bring him ower pray take notis of him, and desire Mr hendrick to make hast and com a way to stamford and send mee my things of wich there is nothing com as yett, I left him a direction when to send it and where hee is to com himself when the frame is done pray present it to my Lady, I am sory I was not by when Mr ansell the joyner was at Beluoire, for to make Cedar seates for grooms and footman as well as in the quire is werry redicall (very ridiculous). I would haue sent yu a Runlett of Wine but considering it is hott wether and spring time, it may doe better against the winter my services to Mr Powel and the rest, som boddy spoek to mee as if y^e Lady Rutland has askt wether y^e Chimney piece was redie I had sent for, but I know of. none only the two window seils in the dining room, wich will bee time enogh when the Room is nue wanscotted as Ansell tells mee hee is to doe, if any thing els presents itself, in wich I serue My Lord pray lett mee know and y^a will ad to thoes obligations I haue alredie soe plentifull receued.

whoe am y^r seruant

C. GABRIEL CIBBER.

Exton 7th April

1682.

P.S.—I haue two rare stones for two glauiators bigger then the liffe, which I have begone at Ketton, of wich my Lord shall haue the refusall, or els must goe 20 miles of, the carrier hath carried som things to London wich I should haue had at stamford, pray desire Mr Smith to speak to him, that hee would haue fellows about him that can read a direction

Vale

(addressed)

These

for Mr Herbert Secretary to the
Right Hon^{ble} y^e Earle of
Rutland at

Belvoir Castle

leave this att

Grantham

post p^d. 2^d.

The son "Colly" mentioned above (afterwards the famous playwright and Poet Laureate) was then at school at Grantham, a distance of some eight miles from Belvoir. Let us hope the boy enjoyed his holiday, and that sufficient "notis" was taken of him.

A sepulchral brass on the north side of the chancel is so beautiful and interesting that a short description of it here may not be out of place (p. 339).

It represents Henry de Codyngton, who was instituted Rector of Bottesford in 1361 and died in 1404. He is represented under a fine triple canopy, with the Virgin and Infant Christ in the centre pediment. The cope is richly embroidered with saints and their emblems. The touching Christian symbolism of that



Brass to Henry de Codyngton, Rector of Bottesford (1361).

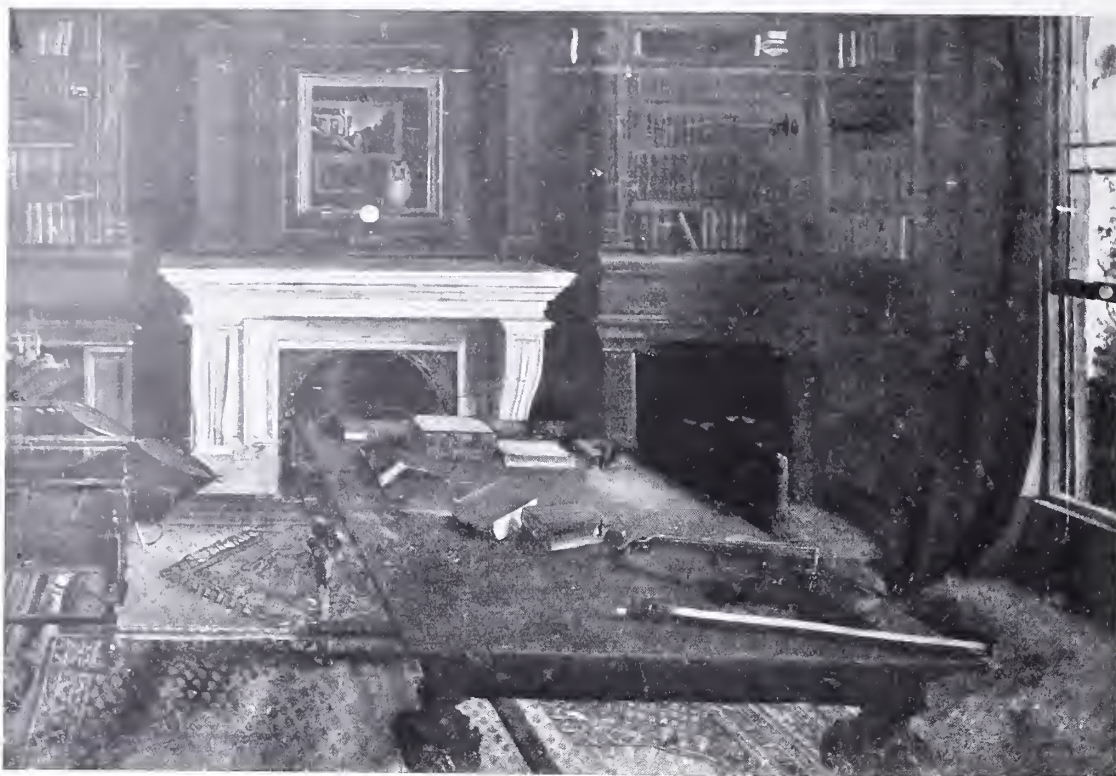
age of devotion and faith finds full expression in the morse (cope brooch), on which is a "Majesta" or representation of Christ on the cross in the arms of God the Father. At the four corners of the brass are the Evangelistic emblems. These, unfortunately, are much defaced and broken, and one has vanished altogether. The inscription round the edge runs as follows:—

"Henricus de Codyngton,

Quondam rector istius ecclesia, et prebendarius alt'uis prebendat' de Ortoun et Crophill in ecclesia collegiata beata Maria de Suthwell, qui obiit octavo die Septembris Anno M^cCCCC quarto."

In conclusion, I must point out that these three articles do not pretend to give an exhaustive description of each monument. My chief endeavour has been to find out the names of the forgotten sculptors, and to discover, when possible, the records of their work, and also to draw attention to a series of monuments which exhibit within the confines of a remote parish church the beginning, development and, alas! the decadence of the art of memorial sculpture.

VICTORIA MANNERS.



Alfred Stevens' Library-Dining-room at 9, Eton Villas, Haverstock Hill, showing the violin used by the artist when a child.

From an oil-painting in the possession of Mr. John Morris-Moore.

Notes on Alfred Stevens.

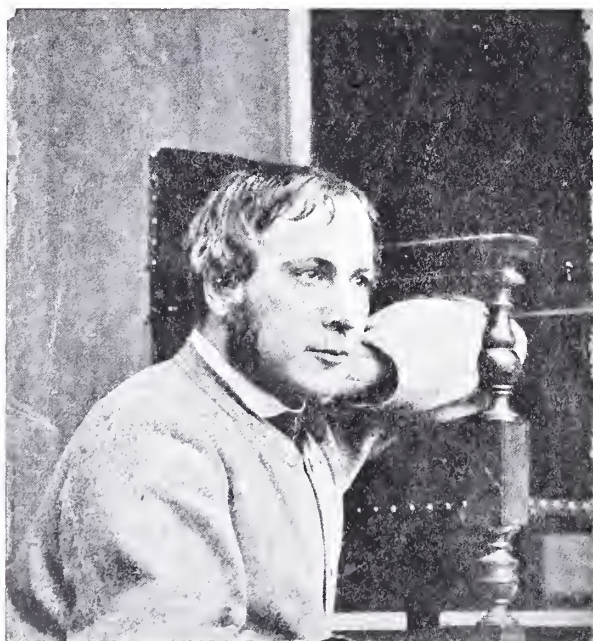
PAINTER, sculptor, architect, engineer, musician, and poet—all these, like many of his Renaissance prototypes, was Alfred Stevens. Born in 1818, his aptitude for artistic design was early visible, even in attempts to copy the quaint conceptions of his father, who was a sign-painter. Proud of the little town in Dorsetshire that gave him birth, he often quoted the lines immortalising it in the "Faerie Queene":—

"And there came Stoure with terrible aspect,
Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
That doth his course through *Blanford*
plains direct,
And washeth Winbourne meades in
season drye."

Among the designs that first attracted the future artist were the ornamented title-pages of sundry old books of his father's, and this fact will be recognised as connected with more than one of his own creations, notably the "Diploma of Merit" for

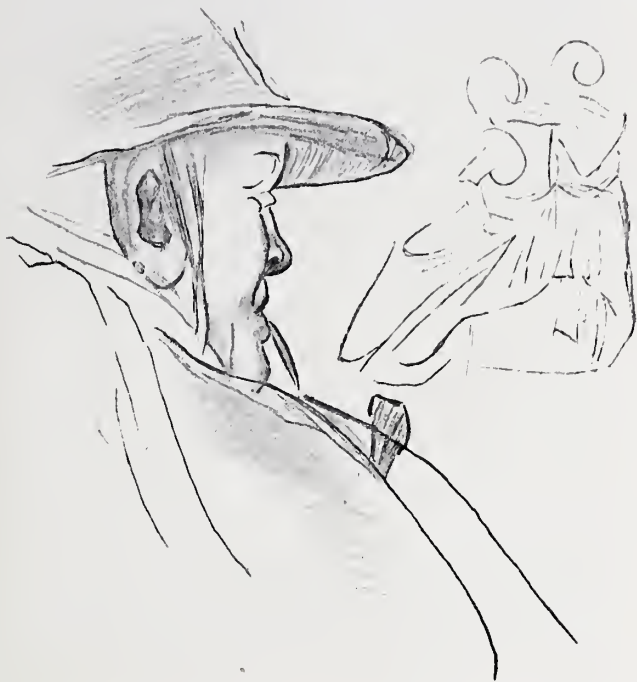
South Kensington. He next progressed to portrait sketching, and thence to portrait painting. Nor did he discard the sister art of music: the violin, for which he had a good ear, being his favourite instrument, until the art wherein he was to attain celebrity absorbed all other pursuits. Meanwhile his talent had secured him a patron in the Rev. Samuel Best, titular of the living of Blanford St. Mary's, who furnished him with the means to visit Italy at the age of fourteen.

The youth first journeyed by sea to Naples in 1832, and thence on foot, through the Pontine Marshes, to Rome, more than once settling a humble reckoning with a sketch of "mine host," or of mine host's progeny. Stevens saw little of Rome on his first visit, for having chanced upon a wealthy American, by name Kinloch, who had taken a



Alfred Stevens.

From a photograph taken in 1870 in the artist's studio.



Tuscan peasant smoking. In right-hand corner, two peasant girls.



Group of peasants near Lake of Trasimene.



Sketch from original plaster model (lost or destroyed) representing Joshua, designed by Alfred Stevens for the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.



Tuscan peasant girl with distaff.

The above sketches have been reproduced from Alfred Stevens' Sketch Book (1839-40), in the possession of Mr. J. Morris-Moore.

great fancy to him, he gladly accompanied his new friend as far as the banks of the Arno. But the friendship was doomed to end abruptly. During their journey, performed in summer, Mr. Kinloch imprudently slept with the carriage windows open, and was seized with malarial fever, to which he succumbed shortly after his arrival in Florence, despite the devotion with which his young companion tended him. But Mr. Kinloch's gratitude survived, and Stevens suddenly found he had become heir to a considerable fortune. Yet was there no change in his condition, for having ascertained that there were relatives of the deceased still living, he chivalrously waived all claims to the property, only retaining as keepsakes two old editions of Chaucer and Spenser, in which his name had been inscribed by the donor. To Mr. Kinloch, Stevens ever after referred as "my very good friend, Kinloch."

In Florence, Stevens not only found the realisation of his most ardent dreams of artistic achievement, but formed friendships with students who shared his pursuits. Among these was Morris-Moore, the writer's father, the portrait of whom, painted by Stevens in Rome in 1840, is here for the first time reproduced (p. 344). The painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition, 1901, when it called forth a burst of admiration from our art-loving public.

In Rome, whither Stevens returned after a seven years' sojourn in Florence, he shared a studio with Morris-Moore, and the intimacy thus cemented lasted through life. Sixteen years later, when Morris-Moore's fame as a connoisseur in the highest branches of Art was at its zenith, he it was who introduced his admired friend Alfred Stevens to the sculptor's munificent patron, Mr. Holford, in whose residence, Dorchester House, the decorative work of the artist is seen at its best. "My dear Morris-Moore," wrote Stevens

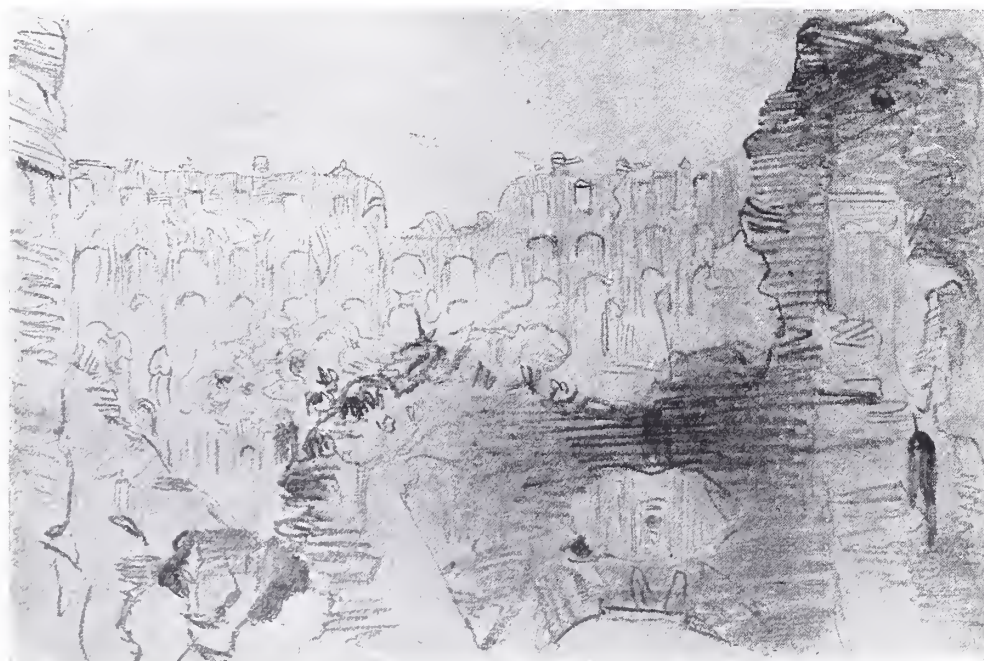


Roman Workman Resting.
From Alfred Stevens' Sketch Book (1839-40).

in 1856, "I am heartily obliged to you for the trouble you have taken on my account with regard to Mr. Holford." And in the same letter, alluding to his friend's denunciation of vandalism at the National Gallery, he adds: "I have seen the report on the N.G. debate in the House on Monday. This seems to have been not unsatisfactory. Everybody abused Eastlake. I cannot help thinking that he will feel compelled to resign."

No wonder relics of Stevens' work have been carefully preserved by friends and admirers, and much interest attaches to the inedited sketches reproduced from the original book in which the artist jotted down his impressions on the road from Florence to Rome—sketches wonderfully akin to those of the best Italian masters.

The life and work of Alfred Stevens has more than once been the theme of graphic descriptions and lectures by lovers of art, among whom it is pleasant to recall the name of the accomplished Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, Mr. Charles Holroyd. So well known is the Odyssey whereof Stevens was the ill-starred hero, after having won the competition for the erection of the cenotaph in St. Paul's to the Duke of Wellington, that we will not repeat its heartrending episodes. Suffice it to say that we marvel not that the artist's persecutor, Mr. Ayrton, First Commissioner for Works, should have shared the fate of Michelangelo's Biagio da Cesena, for the Tuscan spirit of satire was as inherent to Stevens as the Tuscan spirit of art. A critical comparison of Stevens and Buonarroti would indeed be interesting. Even in his writings, albeit a biographer has declared that "he was not given to letters," did Stevens resemble Michelangelo. "Michel-



Rome—Sketch of Coliseum.
From Alfred Stevens' Sketch Book (1839-40).

9 Elm Villas
Monday

Dear Gamble
I have much to write
for Dorchester House
arranged for you
come up as soon as
convenient. in the evening
Yours truly
Alfred Stevens

Facsimile of a note from Alfred Stevens to James Gamble, Esq. (1873).

angelo," writes Vasari, "often told me he would like to have taught anatomy and to have written a book for the guidance of his pupils, in many of whom he was disappointed, but he was diffident of his own power to express in writing what he would have desired to impart, on account of his not being practised in the art of discourse, although in prose in his letters he has shown that he could express his ideas most clearly in few words, for he had always taken great delight in reading our native poets, especially Dante, whom he much admired and imitated in his conceits and fancies, and also Petrarch, taking great pleasure in making madrigals and sonnets with real skill."

Mutatis mutandis, the above might have been written of Alfred Stevens, even to the closing words alluding to the making of poems, for that Stevens could chisel verses the following sonnet, the only one preserved, as in the case of Leonardo da Vinci, furnishes an example:—

Ye modern Bards, who in far-fetch'd conceits,
Words upon words with fruitless labour pile,
Who when ye ape the grim, provoke a smile,
And move to tears when treating comic feats,

Why toil so hard to prove ye are but cheats
In sound and sense, in language and in style;
Why pall upon the sense ye should beguile,
With your unhallow'd and ill-season'd meats?

To court the critic of the passing hour,
That critic doom'd to overrate the fool,
Ye scorn Ionic grace and Doric power!

We who ill-fashion'd Composite detest,
Turn for relief to bards of Dante's school;
To simple lines, the truest, and the best.

That Stevens combined the skill of the engineer with that of the architect is instanced in the admirable construction of the house he designed and erected for himself inside the temporary church (since demolished) which had long served him as a studio. Situate in Eton Road, Haverstock Hill, this handsome building is

known as "Wellington House." It is now a High School for boys under Mr. Septimus Payne, supported by his son, Mr. Sidney Payne, both so loyal to the memory of the master that they would deem it nothing short of sacrilege to mar their artistic surroundings. It was in the house next door that the artist breathed his last on May 1st, 1875.

It is worthy of note that the law of compensation, whereby the darker side of life is ever relieved by a brighter, brought Stevens some solace in the hour of trial, and it is to the eternal honour of Mr. and Mrs. Holford, of Dorchester House, that they strenuously befriended the artist to the last.

It may also be remarked that the only Academy which had the honour to number Alfred Stevens among its members was the Royal Raphael Academy of Urbino. His election took place on the 12th of April, 1873.

No notice of Stevens would be complete without mention of an artist whose whole-hearted devotion to the master may be compared to that of Vasari for Michelangelo. I allude to Mr. James Gamble, of South Kensington fame, to whom I am indebted for additions to my collection of Stevens' autographs. The *facsimiles* of two notes are here given, and one of these, short as it is, bears the stamp of the master's never-failing solicitude for the well-being of those to whom he entrusted work, even when communicating with them upon urgent business. For the completion of the

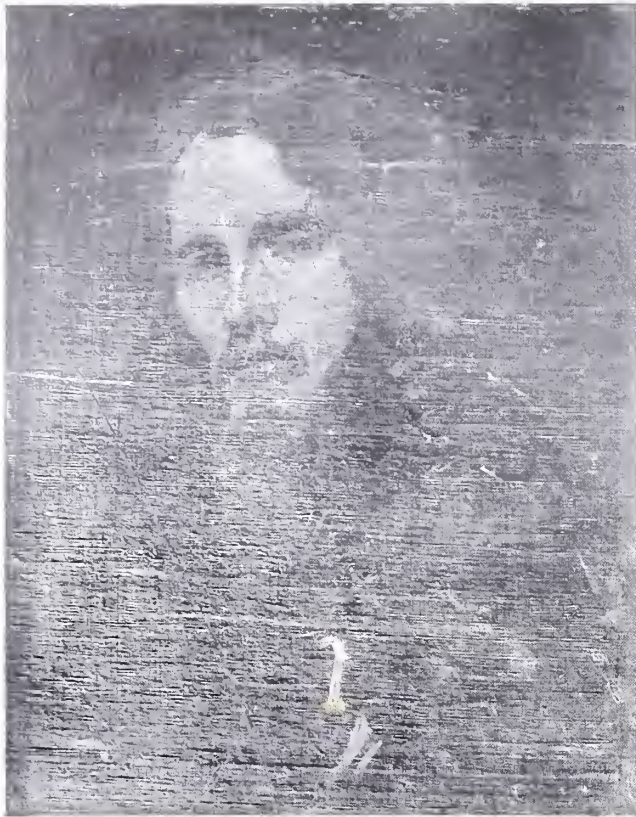
Received Nov 19.

9 Elm Villas
Haverstock Hill
Friday

My dear Gamble

When you come up
to me, choose a fine
day and come to
two o'clock tight fish
dinner and avoid
the night air. This
is I think what Mrs. Gamble
would recommend to whom I
beg to be remembered. Yr truly
Alfred Stevens

Facsimile of a note from Alfred Stevens to James Gamble, Esq.
(Date marked.)



Portrait of J. Morris-Moore, senior.

By Alfred Stevens.

Wellington Monument, Mr. Gamble's name might have come to the front as that of the only man living whose respect for the master would have ensured the strict execution of the original design.

J. MORRIS-MOORE.

The Wellington Monument.

THE Wellington Monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, which is one of the finest, if not the finest, monumental tombs erected in this country, was undoubtedly Stevens' masterpiece. It was unfortunately executed at an unsympathetic period, the Government of the time refusing the additional sum required for its completion, and the dignitaries of the Cathedral appreciating it so little that they caused it to be erected in a side chapel; and with regard to the equestrian figure designed to surmount it, Dean Milman stated he had no objection to the design provided the Duke did not ride into the Cathedral on his own monument. Stevens never overcame his bitter disappointment at the manner in which he was treated, and died at middle life from heart disease, accelerated by worries, which were, however, partly his own making, owing to his lack of business-like capabilities, and his failing at the commencement to realise the cost of such a large undertaking.

The monument remained uncared for and practically out of sight for five-and-twenty years, and it was not until Lord Leighton's enthusiasm and energies roused the public to proper appreciation of it that anything was

done to rectify a national disgrace. Failing to induce the Government to grant any funds, Lord Leighton, by private subscriptions, largely supplemented by himself, raised a sufficient sum to transfer the monument to the more conspicuous position under an arch on the north side of the nave, which it now occupies and for which it was originally intended. This position is shown on the original plans issued to artists intending to submit designs for the monument; and the plan and perspective view filled in by Stevens with his own design still exists in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. It was Lord Leighton's further intention to have a bronze casting of the equestrian statue of the Duke, of which Stevens had left a full size, though incomplete, model, in accordance with the sketch-model, now in the South Kensington Museum. He, however, was not destined to complete his work, as he was taken ill, and was obliged to go abroad. On his return to England he never recovered his health sufficiently to enable him to resume his task. Thus Lord Leighton died without being able to fully realise his project, and his sisters were consequently obliged to return the subscriptions raised for the purpose to the donors. Matters remained as they were until the commencement of the present year, when the public suddenly learnt that a small committee, headed by the Bishop of Stepney, had acquired Stevens' full-size model of the equestrian figure, and had decided a bronze reproduction of it should be placed on the monument; also that Mr. John Tweed, a pupil of the famous French sculptor Rodin, had been commissioned to undertake the necessary work. It then appeared that the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Edward Poynter, had at the same time been approaching the Government for a similar purpose; he had been more successful than Lord Leighton, as his appeal had fallen on sympathetic ears, and a vote had been promised to be placed in the next Estimates, whereupon a long and acrimonious correspondence ensued with regard to the sculptor who should be intrusted with its erection, and under the authority of what body the work should be controlled; but the Bishop of Stepney and his committee remained obdurate, and, with the sanction of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, instructed Mr. Tweed to proceed with the work. A cast of the model was made, and it was temporarily placed in position on the monument during the summer for public inspection. It was at once fully realised in what a rough and unfinished state the model was left by Stevens, so much so that it has been asserted that it could not have been done by Stevens' own hands, but it was simply a rough enlargement from the sketch-model by his assistants: but there is good authority for believing that the existing plaster-cast was moulded from a clay model executed by the master himself.

There can be no doubt that, when seen in position, the massive size of the statue gave a top-heavy appearance to the monument, and that it was too large for the elegant and slender columns which supported it. This defect, we have reason to believe, Mr. Tweed fully realises, and it is his intention to reduce the clumsiness of the model, and to refine it on the lines proposed by Stevens himself, of which, it is understood, sufficient indications exist to enable Mr. Tweed to adhere to the master's intentions, without the necessity of the introduction of any of his own ideas. Until Mr. Tweed has had an opportunity of showing what he proposes to do, and a plaster model of the completed work, before it is cast in bronze, has been placed on the monument for

inspection—which the public have every right to expect—it is only fair that all further criticism should be withheld.

It remains, therefore, only to hope that Mr. Tweed will be able to convert the crude model left by Stevens into a refined statue, in strict accordance with the master's intentions. The controversy which has been raised, however, opens up a much broader question,

as to how far the authorities of the Church should have the power to authorise the alteration of a monument erected out of the public funds in any of their fabrics; or to depute their authority to any self-constituted and private body. Anyhow, in the present instance, it is not too much to expect that a brass tablet, recording what has been actually done, will be fixed on the Wellington monument when it is completed.



From Alfred Stevens' Sketch Book (1839-40).

Landscape near Perugia.

The Life and Work of John MacWhirter, R.A.

BY WILLIAM MACDONALD SINCLAIR, D.D., ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

THE CHRISTMAS ART ANNUAL 1903.

FIFTY years ago a young artist's picture was hung at the Royal Scottish Academy, and the painter, John MacWhirter, began his public career. With exemplary perseverance, with all the joy of an artistic temperament, he studied the moods of Nature and learnt how to record on canvas the impressions of each changing scene. Quitting his native country, he took residence in London, and soon became identified with the Royal Academy, to the annual exhibitions of which body he had already contributed. It has often been our privilege to give reproductions of Mr. MacWhirter's pictures, and to us it has been gratifying to arrange a full appreciation of his work. Through the kind co-operation of the various holders of copyrights we have been enabled to include illustrations of all the artist's famous crea-

tions, and we wish to record our indebtedness to the publishers who have so considerably granted facilities. Reproductions of many other important oil-paintings, with colour drawings and sketches, have been placed at our disposal by the owners, to a total number of over sixty. There are five separately printed plates; two are in colour; another is an etching by Mr. Macbeth, R.A.

Archdeacon Sinclair has contributed to our pages on several occasions, and his own love of landscape is not less than Mr. MacWhirter's. He has been able to express his appreciation of the artist's work with the knowledge of the traveller and the enthusiasm of the cultured observer of Nature. That the Christmas monograph will be welcome to our subscribers, we believe. We commend it to their consideration.



Piedmontese Gallery.

The Fifth International Exhibition of Venice.

THE exhibitions in Venice are held every two or three years, and their object is entirely artistic. No commercial productions figure there, nothing is accepted which does not prove the possession of artistic temperament in the artists. When there is at the head an artistic man such as M. A. Fradeletto, whose activity and spirit for such things is extraordinary, the Internationals of Venice are bound to become the *fines fleurs* of the artists, whether Italians or foreigners.

This is the fifth exhibition, the first having been held in 1885. Since then artists of all countries have been represented, by Franz von Lenbach, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Walter Crane and Mr. Whistler in painting, and in sculpture by M. Rodin, M. C. Meunier, and Van der Stappen.

Decorative art is not omitted. To the International Exhibitions is due the knowledge, in Italy, of the Scottish decorations and illustrations by Mr. C. R. Mackintosh, Miss Jessie King, Margaret Macdonald (now Mackintosh), Mr. F. H. Newbery and Mr. J. H. MacNair. This "Glasgow school" was represented last year at Turin.

The Internationals also have to their credit an exhibition of Dutch etchings, in which figured some exceptional plates by the most talented artists, from the unequalled W. Witsen to Jan Veth, Ph. Zilchen and M. A. J. Bauer. Nor must be forgotten the "one man" exhibitions. It is instructive to see all phases of an artist's work, especially when he has attained real celebrity, and these special exhibitions have formed



Fender in Forged Iron.

By A. Mazucotelli.

one of the great attractions of the Internationals. Thanks to them, Italy has been able to know better one of its landscape painters, Ant. Fontanesi, who was at the head of the reformers, as were Turner and Constable. Without these International Exhibitions at Venice, Italians, and specially native artists, would still be in the dark as to the movement of foreign painting and sculpture. This is no exaggeration, as Italian artists in general do not travel much, financial limitations not permitting them to go to Paris, London, or Munich. The benefit or otherwise of this travelling is, however, a much debated question.

It has been remarked that the foreigners who have honoured the Exhibition have exercised a great influence on certain Italian painters; but that is a first impression. The initiative comes entirely from the town, and is not that of a Society or Institution. The Municipality of Venice is the responsible head, carrying out a



Screen.

Designed by E. Basile.

serious purpose. The competition for a prize for art critics is an original idea.

The Council always seek for novelty; once it was Scottish Decorations and Illustrations, then Dutch Etchings, Portraits by Lenbach, or Landscapes by



Chair in the Southern Gallery.

By E. Basile.



Occasional Table.

Designed by E. Basile.



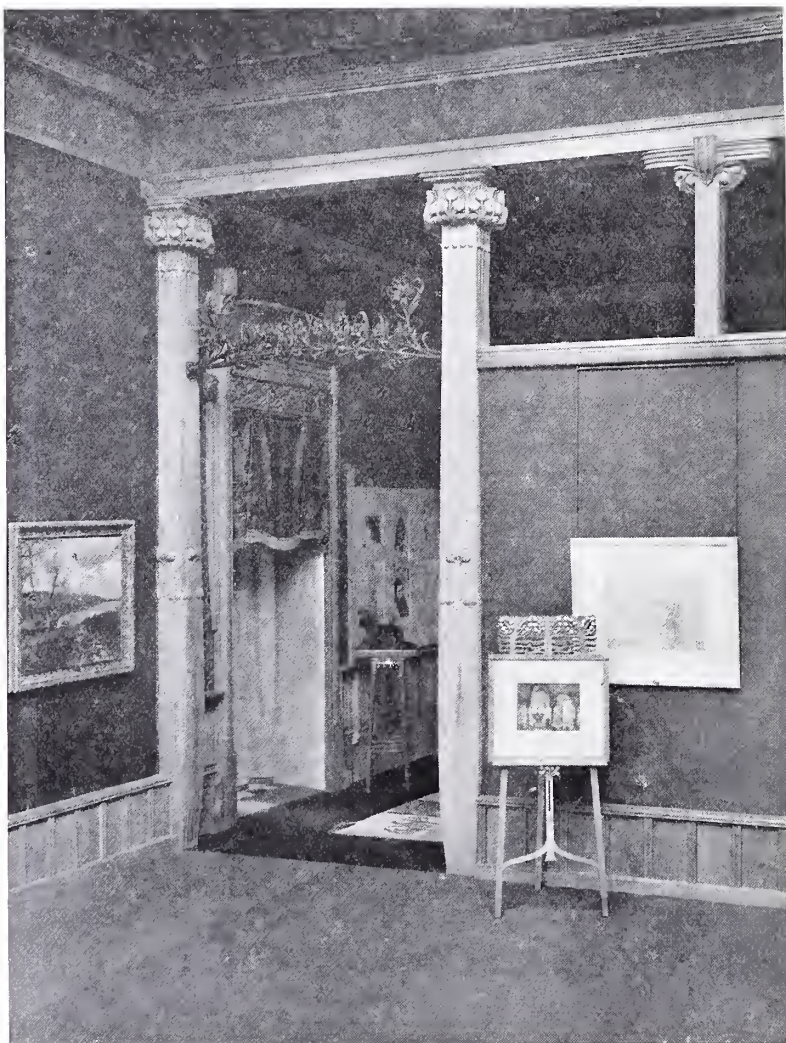
Stained Glass Design.
By G. Beltrami and G. Buffa.

Fontanesi. This year it is a regional exhibition of Paintings, Sculptures, and Industrial Art, to the last of which we shall devote special attention, being the fusion between pure and industrial art. There is a remarkable series of regional exhibitions, where the artistic manifestations of particular localities are displayed in a delicate harmony of details and *ensemble*. The painted decoration, ceramic work, stucco, carving in wood, forged iron, brass, mosaic, chiselled stone and marble, serve as a framework for the pictures and statues. The creation of *milieux vivants*, the natural accordance between the pictures and the rooms containing them, has been the endeavour of Venice. Thus each room which is part of the regional exhibition is almost exactly that of a gallery arranged by an intelligent artist, to give the exhibits a room of which they are worthy, and to make an æsthetic uniformity that an æsthetic person may appreciate.

The task was very delicate, and the difficulty consisted in determining the dividing line between the architect and the decorator, so that neither should be too much or too little in evidence. There were *milieux vivants* at Paris at the time of the last International Exhibition, the Pavilion of the "Maison Moderne" being an extensive example. In recent years the Rubens room at the Louvre was made with an idea of harmonising the celebrated panels of the Master with the architecture

and decoration; at Milan a room has been given to the Sposalizio of Raphael; and at Venice a room has been made where the architecture and decoration take their places with the pictures in order to make a complete whole. Such is also the Giambellino room, decorated in honour of the famous Madonna degli Alberelli, which is accompanied by several pictures from the chief of the Venetian School.

But here, in so far as concerns the Internationals of Venice, even more than the priority of the idea itself, must be noted the initiative given for a modern exhibition of pictures and statues, and the thought of having regional rooms in which the spirit of each particular region could be freely produced. The programme gave artists the greatest and most complete liberty of conception; only the organisers expressed the desire that the search for novelty should not surpass the beaten path fixed by traditions; a disastrous limitation, and somewhat in contradiction with the first premises—that is, complete liberty of conception. Those who hold to tradition with the idea that it is from that starting-point that one should approach



Southern Gallery.

the new art, do not belong to the real modern artistic movement, in which all must be spontaneous and free from all impediment. The limitations of the Venetian programme reveal the timidity of Italians in face of the new art; and if on the one side this is disagreeable, on the other it proves the grandeur of the ancient art with which the city is surrounded.

To the invitations of Venice nearly all the Italian regions responded (Emilia, Latium, Lombardy, Tuscany, Naples, Sicily, Piedmont, Venetia), so that the artistic taste of these various regions has to-day its echo at the fifth International Exhibition, where one notices that the regions which are most attached to tradition, Latium and Venetia, are those which possess the most dazzling ancient sights. Florence, thanks to the several artists in the "Arte Ceramica" who have been enthusiasts in the worship of modern beauty, is the exception. Latium has not abandoned the Renaissance, and Venice, which a little while ago separated itself from the Byzantine style, appears again Byzantine, and this removes it very much from the modern tendencies in which its painters revel. This indicates also that if the accord of the architecture of the rooms with the pictures does not exist here, at least, virtuosity has imposed itself on inspiration.

One cannot certify so much for the Tuscan room, which has too much detail, and is not worth so much as the sobriety of the Piedmontese room and the geniality of the southern rooms (Naples and Sicily), which do great honour to my excellent *confrère* M. E. Basile.

The Lombardy room is remarkable, also near the Emilia room, where M. Quadrelli, a talented sculptor, has worked at the principal entry, representing the "Vivificazione della Materia" in a very energetic relief, which is out of proportion with the remainder, enriched with work in forged iron by M. Mazucotelli,



Entrance to the Lombardy Room.

an Italian artist of renown, and with glasswork by G. Beltrami, G. Buffa and others. Everywhere modern inspiration has helped the artists and decorators to creations which may call for certain reserves (the Venetian and Latium rooms above all), but which belong to an order of ideas which is by no means the pedantic copy of the old masters.

ALFREDO MELANI.

Passing Events.

THE National Art Collections Fund gives promise of meeting a need whose æsthetic importance it would be difficult to exaggerate. The annual grant made to the National Gallery for the purpose of purchasing pictures is ludicrously inadequate; moreover, the unwieldy methods which have to be pursued make prompt and effective action all but impossible. We have but to visit two or three Continental public galleries to realise how rapidly pictures of untold worth to the student and connoisseur are passing out of this country from private collections, dispersed at auction or otherwise. Within three or four days early in the May of 1900, for instance, Rembrandt's exquisite 'Stone Bridge over a Canal'—one of his relatively few landscapes in oil—brought 2,200 gns. at the James Reiss sale, while the companion portraits by Van Dyck of a Genoese Senator and his wife fetched £24,250 as part of

the Peel heirlooms. The landscape is now among the highly prized possessions of the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam; the portraits are admirably seen hung on either side of Rubens' 'St. Cecilia' in the splendidly arranged Berlin Gallery. As long ago as 1867 Ruskin said "there ought to be a great national society instituted for the purchase of pictures." At last a scheme has been formulated whereby our happily already magnificent National Gallery and our collections of modern art shall wisely be augmented, as are the assemblages in Paris and Berlin, respectively by the Société des Amis du Louvre and the Kaiser Friedrich Verein; while a few months ago only a similar association was founded in connection with the Luxembourg. The fund warrants the support of all who regard art as something other than a mere luxury.



Study for 'A Spring Song.'

By George Wilson.

AN unofficial, but probably trustworthy, estimate puts the total sales of the 1903 Academy at about £23,500 for 220 works. This gives an average of over 100 gns. each. That on the whole prices have been raised during the past four decades is indicated by the fact that at the 1861 Academy 126 works made £7,338, or an average of less than £60 each. It appears, by the way, that the maximum of works submitted to the selection committee was reached in 1901, when 14,353 had to be dealt with, against 14,219 in 1902, and 13,653 last spring. Of these 13,653 only 83 are said to have been initially accepted, a number afterwards increased to 1,595 from those first marked "doubtful." It will be of interest to see to what extent the submitted works are diminished when "outsiders" will be allowed to send three works only in place of eight as heretofore.

OF the various provincial autumn exhibitions those at Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham are invariably among the most attractive. Contrary to the experience of Burlington House, a greater number of works than in any previous year were sent to the Walker Art Gallery; and, including all the sections, a total of 1,785 are catalogued, which compares with 1880 at Burlington House. Many of the most noteworthy canvases from the great London shows—Mr. Furze's 'Return from the Ride,' Mr. J. H. F. Bacon's Coronation picture, Sir Harry Johnston's 'Marabout Storks,' to name two or three at random—are in Liverpool, where quite recently executed work is supplemented by Millais' 'Black Brunswicker,' and by Dutch pictures from the hand of James Maris, Anton Mauve, etc., generously lent by Sir John Day, Mr. Alexander Young, and others. Mr. Waterhouse's 'Windflowers' and Mr. Hacker's 'Leaf Drift' were conspicuous at Birmingham.

IN Nottingham, to commemorate the silver anniversary of the foundation of the Art Gallery, endeavour was made to include productions by the British School during the last twenty-five years, 232 works, pictures, and sculptures being catalogued. Many well-known subjects were lent by the artists, or from public and private collections.

APPROPOS art activity in the provinces, the Corporation of Bath has followed up the memorial tablet to Gainsborough by placing a similar tablet on the house which Thomas Barker, better known as Barker of Bath, built for himself at Sion Hill. It was because in 1825 he painted a fresco 30 ft. by 12 ft. representing the 'Inroad of the Turks upon Sio, April, 1822,' that Barker was consulted as to the decorations in the Houses of Parliament. These memorial tablets will serve to keep green the memory of the painters.

TILL the sixties, when the French critic, Th. Thoré, "W. Bürger," redirected attention to his work, the name of Jan Vermeer of Delft stood for almost nothing. Now every artist is familiar with his 'View of Delft'

at the Hague, with 'The Courtesan' of the Dresden Gallery, indeed, with almost each of the very few known examples from his hand. No picture by him reveals more beautifully and to finer purpose the rare quality of his vision than 'The Pearl Necklace' of the Berlin Gallery, which once belonged to Thoré, and was afterwards in the Suermondt collection. Almost unquestionably it is one of the later works of Vermeer, who died in 1675 at the age of forty-two. Messrs. Obach have done eminently well to issue an etching by Carel Daké—well known by virtue of his interpretations of pictures by Van Dyck, Mauve, James Maris—after 'The Pearl Necklace.' Although the relationships in the original between the yellow brocaded jacket, the warm, ivory flesh tones, the lighted plain grey wall, entrancing in its gradations, are difficult adequately to interpret in black-and-white, the etching preserves in wonderful measure the beauty of the picture and is the aptest of aids to memory.

THE third and final of a series of exhibitions of portraits by old masters, arranged by the Cercle Artistique of the Hague, included Frans Hals' 'Admiral de Ruyter,' whereto so much attention was paid at the Guildhall (p. 219). In the Dutch capital, however, Earl Spencer's magnificent work was catalogued simply as a 'Portrait d'Homme,' for the reason, we were informed, that identification was difficult.

FEW private picture collections enjoy, and rightly enjoy, a wider repute than that of Bridgewater House, to which, happily, by the generosity of successive owners, admittance is not denied. We are glad to learn that photographs have been taken direct from some 120 originals by Mr. Walter L. Bourke, one of the Bridgewater trustees, and that from these photogravure reproductions, with text by Mr. Lionel Cust, will soon be issued in a limited edition of 100 copies. The Little Masters, several of the great Italians, Poussin, and others are, of course, admirably represented in the Bridgewater collection.

THE project of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., for establishing in the old-world city of Bruges a school for the study of the fine arts is of much interest. Not only is

Mr. Gilbert one of the greatest of living sculptors, but he is a man who realises the interdependence of the arts, who can communicate to others that enthusiasm for beauty, that passion for fitness, which give to sculptures from his own hand so great a potency. As Mr. Gilbert intends henceforth to carry out most, if not all, of his own work at Bruges, students will benefit by the practice, as well as by the precept, of this distinctive artist.

UNDER special regulations, observed before in similar cases, Mr. Watts' picture of the late Lord Salisbury is now exhibited at the National Portrait Gallery.

AT the Guildhall may be seen Mr. La Thangue's 'Mowing Bracken,' purchased by the Corporation from the Royal Academy Exhibition.

THE original plaster of M. Rodin's celebrated 'Les Bourgeois de Calais' is one of the foremost attractions at the Salon Triennal des Beaux-Arts, Brussels, among whose 1,800 exhibits are, too, three large pictures by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove, and as many by Mr. R. Macaulay Stevenson.

THE School of Art Wood-Carving has been opened after the vacation in the building of the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington. It may be noted that instruction in wood-carving is also given by correspondence.

ERRATUM.—On page 296, right hand column, first paragraph, reference should be made to picture 3 when picture 2 is mentioned.

London Exhibitions.

THERE can be no question as to which of the several exhibitions opened in September or early October calls for initial mention. It is that of "The remaining drawings of the late Phil May," arranged by Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips in the Hogarth Room, just added by them to the Leicester Galleries. This exhibition demonstrates, if, indeed, such demonstration were necessary, that Phil May stands in the forefront of British black-and-white artists, not of to-day only but of any time. With a certitude that cannot be achieved save when prolonged study directs and matures what we call inborn power, he used pen and pencil. His keenness of sight, his sympathy, the command he had over his medium, enabled him out of a chaos of seemingly ugly or vulgar things to shape drawings, vivid and potent as pages from life, charged, too, with a significance and a beauty which originated in the artist himself. If isolated lines of his are somewhat less good than those of Charles Keene, possess less of the magic that surprises us into delight, many of his compositions are as nearly perfect as may be in their kind. There are pen drawings in the present exhibition of extraordinary incisiveness, wherein line and mass are used with utmost economy, style subserving genuine purpose, drawings fine in balance and in symmetry of their own. In pencil, whether swiftly or more deliberately used, Phil May worked inimitably, interpreting, now by means of radiant vacant spaces, now of minute indications of flesh or drapery in light and shadow, the most essential pictorial significances of his theme. His death, at the age of thirty-nine, fills us

with regret. Not soon again can the "guttersnipe," the "slavey," the flower woman, and other unmistakable London types perpetuated by him hope to have so able, so distinctive an interpreter. Unhappily, it has been found necessary to open a "Phil May's Widow Fund," whereto it is hoped many of those to whose enjoyment the artist contributed will like to give.

At the Baillie Gallery, Prince's Terrace, Hereford Road, the autumn season was inaugurated in more than ordinarily interesting fashion by an exhibition of works by George Wilson, born in Banffshire in 1848, and who died in Aberdeenshire in 1890. He seldom exhibited in London or elsewhere, and beyond a limited circle of ardent admirers was little known. Hence the exhibition fitly initiates a "Neglected Artists" series. If Mr. Baillie can subsequently direct attention to others as worthy to be remembered as George Wilson, evidently an artist of lofty ideals and of a certain lyrical intensity, he will still farther earn our gratitude. We reproduce Wilson's study for 'A Spring Song' (p. 350), an unlaboured, scholarly example of an art finely tempered, although by no means always successful.

The two Photographic Exhibitions, respectively, of the Photographic Salon at the Dudley Gallery and of the Royal Photographic Society at the New Gallery, are no whit less instructive to amateur and professional than were their immediate predecessors. Rightly, as we think, the Royal Society continues to give prominence to scientific, technical, and photo-mechanical exhibits, spheres in which photography is and must always be of utmost value. As to "pictorial" photographs, they are not and cannot be pictures in the true sense; but, premising so much, it must be said that many are skilled and effective to a remarkable degree.

FRANK RINDER.



"Awfully Funny."

From "Phil May's Winter Annual."

By Phil May.

By permission of Messrs. Thacker and Co.

*A Fallen Giant.**By J. MacWhirter, R.A.**Purchased for the Art Gallery of Pietermaritzburg.*

A Municipal Art Gallery in Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

A PROJECT is in course of development to obtain a permanent gallery of pictures for Pietermaritzburg. The scheme owes its initiation to Mrs. F. S. Tatham (wife of the Senior Member for Pietermaritzburg), who, with her husband, has recently visited this country, and is now selecting works to form the nucleus of the Municipal Collection. The Corporation of Pietermaritzburg granted liberal support to the scheme, funds were privately subscribed, and the preliminary arrangements having been made, it was officially intimated that four rooms in the Town Hall would be reserved for the reception of works. The Government further agreed to allow an annual donation from the public funds.

Among others the following pictures have been acquired:—

'A Fallen Giant' by J. MacWhirter, R.A., 'Blinding Drifts of Snow' by Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., 'The Village Street' by Lucy Kemp-Welch, 'Leap-Frog' by Lady Stanley, 'The Restorer' by C. van Havermaet (the gift of Mr. R. H. Mason), 'Holiday' by Charles Sims (the gift of Mr. S. Ford), 'Grapes, Apples and Nuts' by Fred. Spencer, two water-colours by Fletcher Watson, R.B.A., two Highland scenes by J. A. Daniels,

three London scenes by F. Goff, 'Pansies' by Catherine A. Lilley, 'Tea and Toast' and 'Roses' by Claude Pratt, 'Waiting for a Breeze' by William J. King, 'A Happy Family' by Edgar Hunt, 'Wallflowers' by Elsie Incedon, 'Calm Evening' by Alice King.

Some of the above works have been exhibited at the Royal Academy and a number at the Autumn Exhibition of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists.

His Majesty the King, through the intercession of Sir E. J. Poynter, has sanctioned the reproduction of Winterhalter's State Portrait of Queen Victoria, in the Crown Collection at St. James's Palace. This, with the companion picture by the same artist, was lent by her late Majesty to the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester. The work will be copied by Mr. C. van Havermaet, and the cost of copying will be defrayed by subscriptions contributed in small amounts by the women and children of Natal.

It is also proposed to institute a loan exhibition, from which, out of the admission money and otherwise, pictures will be secured for the Permanent Collection. The Corporation guarantee the cost of outward and homeward freight on all pictures and works of art, together with insurance against loss or damage.



German School; end of Seventeenth Century.

Dying Warriors (Keystones of Arches in the Arsenal at Berlin).

By Andreas Schlüter.

Great Portrait-Sculpture through the Ages.—III.*

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

KEEPER OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

AT no other time are the arts of painting and sculpture so far apart, as regards portraiture, as they are throughout the seventeenth century. Remembering the masterpieces of concentrated character and expression that the fifteenth century gave forth, remembering, too, those vaster and more sumptuous canvases of the sixteenth century, which combined pomp and magnificence of presentment with the pathos of life and being in a generalised and poetised phase—remembering these things, we may not, perhaps, confidently assert that the seventeenth century was the age *par excellence* of great painted portraiture. And yet such a contention would have much to support and recommend it. Not only was the greatest art of this period, when the technique of painting reached its apogee, brought to bear upon portraiture, but that art, in its various and often conflicting manifestations, applied itself to express every phase, every mode of conception of humanity, from the most intimate, the most individual and personal, to the most generalised, the most representative and the most formal. In the

North we have on the one hand the splendid exuberance, the official splendour, tempered by intensity of life, of a Rubens, the more discreet magnificence, the higher distinction, the more appealing pathos and refinement of a Van Dyck. Even by the side of these supreme manifestations of Flemish art, the honest truth, the simplicity and warmth of a Cornelis de Vos, and the *joie de vivre*, the aggressive vitality of a Jordaens make themselves felt. Then we have in the Dutch section of the Netherlandish school the quietude and dignity, too much marred by a frigid monotony, of a Mierevelt and a Ravensteyn; we have the square realism, alive with sympathy and passion, of a De Keyser, and the unquestioning *naïveté* of a Van der Helst. We have the incomparable vivacity and momentariness, the swift, bright presentment of one moment in a life, the perfect suggestion of the surface characteristics of a personality, which mark the pictorial masterpieces of a Frans Hals. Above all, we have humanity revealed in its heights and its depths, with the mysterious sadness that belongs to life, whether in the bud, the blossom, or the fruit; we have the

* Continued from page 137.



Marble Medallion-Portrait in relief of Louis XIV., in the Museum of Marseilles.

By Pierre Puget.

French School; late Seventeenth Century.

worship of man as man, the infinite sympathy for the tragedy of life, whether splendid or sordid, which distinguish Rembrandt, and in this degree distinguish him alone among the painters of his century.

In the South towers apart the master whom it is the fashion of the day to exalt above all other portrait painters, and, indeed, above all painters—the magician Velazquez. Velazquez sombre, reticent, too haughty for self-revelation in his portraiture of others; or for the underlining of the obvious; yet in his unapproachable mastery of subject, of essential character, both physical and mental, of human pattern as a weapon of characterisation and expression, standing not less alone in the cold light of tempered day, which is his atmosphere and that of the personages whom he evokes, than does Rembrandt in that light of deep gold and mysterious dark in which he wraps himself and the beings, half of poignant realism, half of fantasy, whom, as his brothers in joy and in woe, he draws forth from the shadow and presents to us with a pathos well-nigh unbearable in its intensity.

It is to the later half of the seventeenth century that belong those arid and purely superficial *portraits d'apparat* which accord most closely with the portrait-sculpture of the corresponding period. Nevertheless, we find, slightly preceding the true Louis Quatorzian portraitists, some men who take a higher view of the

human problem, and strive to hold their humanity in a closer, warmer embrace. We have the mournful, unquestioning simplicity of a Claude le Fèvre, and, above all, the austere veracity, the spirituality tempering natural coldness, of Philippe de Champaigne, whom, Fleming though he was in origin, the French rank as one of their greatest painters of the seventeenth century. Then come the unconvincing airs and graces of a Mignard, the arid official splendours, the frigid, well-ordered pomp of a Rigaud; the polish, the richness, the smiling superficial amiability of a Largillière; and on our side of the Channel the meretriciousness, too obvious to achieve its purpose, of a Lely, the unmoved and unmoving, the cold and soul-depressing portraiture of a Kneller.

Portrait-sculpture in the seventeenth century had to accommodate itself in France first to the florid architecture, to the over-rich and heavy interior decoration of the Henri IV. and Louis XIII. periods, then to the well-ordered, yet still overwhelming magnificence of the Louis-

Quatorze style. In Italy the huge dimensions, the gigantic sweeps and curves, the generally *ronflant* and aggressive character of the *barocco* necessitated an even greater violence and excess in the presentment of human beings shown in their moments of official self-assertion. The sculptors were too much the brothers and coadjutors of the architects not to accept their ideals, and in accordance with them to treat man as a central element in the Louis-Quatorzian, or, as the case might be, the *barocco* scheme of decoration, and an element to be emphasised accordingly to the point of exaggeration. Rarely, if indeed ever, did the portrait-sculpture of that time take as its ideal the interpretation, at once lofty and searching, of a human personality, and the expression of self—the artistic and human self—which must needs come to the surface in the truest and most deeply felt interpretation of another. Perhaps the finest examples of true portrait-sculpture included within the seventeenth century are the great medals of Georges Dupré, representing Henri IV., Marie de Médicis, and personages of their Court, and those of his successor and emulator, the sculptor and medallist Jean Warin. Practically—with the one great exception, to be dealt with a little later on—the only works of this particular period that need be referred to here are those of the concurrent Italian and French schools, both of them more or less dominated by the vastness and authority

of that undeniable genius yet detestable example, Bernini. The ideal of the period, as it is expressed in the works of the famous *caposcuola* to whom France hardly less than Italy herself bowed down, in a lesser degree in those of Algardi, and also, in a modified form, in those of Coysevox, Girardon, and other masters of the great Louis-Quatorzian school, is man not so much in a moment of intellectual or emotional excitement, as in a flutter of self-consciousness and nervous irritation—with just that aggressive expression which goes so well with the sinuous flow of his wig and the wind-blown sweep of his draperies: the decorative agitation of the design being, perhaps, of the two, the generating influence, the cause rather than the effect of the peculiar mode of conception. The result is the air of challenge, the *air courroucé* which so many famous portrait-busts of this time are without sufficient cause made to assume. As instances of the type which it is here sought to define might have been given the marble 'Louis XIV.' of Bernini at Versailles; the bronze 'Louis XIV.' probably by Girardon, in the Wallace Collection; the 'Grand Condé' or the 'Lebrun' of Coysevox in the Louvre. A more moderate and a more beautiful example of Bernini's art is, perhaps, the altogether superb and satisfying bust, in the Royal Gallery at Modena, of Francesco I. d'Este—the same prince whom Velazquez has immortalised in a portrait of unusual passion and beauty, the crowning ornament of that gallery. The writer has preferred to give, as an example, the less known medallion-portrait in marble of Louis XIV., by Pierre Puget (p. 354), the greatest among the French sculptors of his time, and in the quality of his fiery, untrammelled genius a master standing almost alone in the seventeenth century. Puget was a sculptor of the Louis-Quatorzian epoch, yet one who consciously or unconsciously rebelled against the official influences which so unduly tamed and unified the artists of the special group which looked to Lebrun for its key-note. He was in many respects the follower, both as regards style and technique, of Bernini; and yet both in its Berninesque and Louis-Quatorzian developments his



Equestrian Statue of the Great Elector, on the Palace Bridge at Berlin.

By Andreas Schlüter.

By permission of the Königlich Preussische Messbild Anstalt in Berlin.

German School; end of Seventeenth Century.

great individuality victoriously asserted itself. His 'St. Sebastian,' in the S. Maria di Carignano church at Genoa, is a grander example of the Berninesque than the 'Perseus and Andromeda' or the great pseudo-Roman relief, 'Alexander and Diogenes,' both of which are now to be found in the Louvre. The balcony of the Admiralty at Toulon, with supporting Tritons or marine deities, is one of the masterpieces not only of seventeenth-century, but of all sculpture. Puget's famous 'Milo of Crotona Devoured by a Lion,' if it does not precisely constitute his highest claim to fame, stands, nevertheless, apart from all other contemporary performances of its class. This masterly portrait-medallion of Louis-Quatorze has certain qualities which distinguish it even from the most famous among the

official portraits of the Roi Soleil. The placing of the design in the oval is of singular felicity; the execution of the detail, especially as regards the wig and the Venetian point of the tie, excites astonishment, and yet is far removed from superfluous *bravura*. Moreover, the great artist shows himself here no servile courtier. What he gives is his own conception of the monarch, not that very different thing, the monarch's own conception of himself. This is not only the Roi Soleil, the Olympian wig-shaker; it is the very Louis-Quatorze of Saint-Simon's memoirs, with all his arrogance, his egotism, and his voluptuousness.

No apology is necessary for giving in connection with this notice two commanding examples from the life-work of the master-sculptor who is the Bernini of the North—and perhaps something more. I refer to the German, Andreas Schlüter, born at Hamburg, but developed, as architect and sculptor, at Warsaw. The equestrian statue of the Great Elector of Brandenburg, the pioneer of Prussian military supremacy, is one of the finest and most complete achievements of the seventeenth century (pp. 355-6). Casting aside all natural and acquired prejudice against the *barocco* and its Northern

variants, let us recognise here a work of a fiery directness in the conception, of a perfect balance in the working out—a work which in its particular line neither the France nor the Italy of the same period equalled. The '*Grosser Kurfürst*' of the Berlin Schlossbrücke is the noblest, the most significant and expressive equestrian portrait-statue of its time—the one which, wig and pseudo-classic attire notwithstanding, most convincingly gives the impression of the heroic and the irresistible. Other instances of this fiery energy, of this intense human sympathy, in which Schlüter's only rival at this time is the Frenchman, Pierre Puget, are the '*Dying Warriors*,' which form the keystones of the arches enclosing the inner quadrangle of the Arsenal at Berlin (p. 353).

In discussing the portrait-sculpture of the eighteenth century, we may safely, without any crying injustice to the art of other countries, confine ourselves, in a survey so hasty and partial as this must necessarily be, to the best that France has brought forth. As the century grew, and then waned, the ideal of portrait-sculpture wholly changed; portraiture in painting and in sculpture came much nearer together. Realistic, truth, searching



Equestrian Statue of the Great Elector, on the Palace Bridge at Berlin.

By Andreas Schlüter.

By permission of the Königlich Preussische Messbild Anstalt in Berlin.

German School; end of Seventeenth Century

or amiable, as the case might be, took the place of showy conventionality with a [mainly decorative aim, and of that assumption of hauteur and self-assertion which sought to disguise rather than to emphasise the truth. Here there is such an *embarras de richesses*, the subject is so vast, that face to face with it one feels oneself almost helpless. As an age of great portrait-sculpture, the second half of the eighteenth century in France may be compared to the third century B.C. in Greece, the first centuries B.C. and A.D. in Rome, and the fifteenth century in Italy. The French sculptors of this happy phase of plastic portraiture did not indeed possess the supreme art which distinguished the Greeks and, in a measure, the Romans also, of combining with a highly individualised and essentially truthful likeness the weightiness of the permanent and the monumental in characterisation. They did not, when they realised in eternal marble or bronze a personality, vast and imposing, whether for good or for evil, give to unflinching truth in the same measure as the Florentines and the Venetians did the added light of a poetic interpretation. They were, however, incomparable in veracity according to their canons and those of their time, incomparable in vitality and sprightliness, unsurpassed in the combination of momentariness with due stability and attractiveness of aspect.

On the present occasion it is not possible to take more than a very few commanding instances to illustrate the writer's contention. Four or five eminent artists may be named as worthily representing this latter half of the century, and these are Lemoyne, Pigalle, Pajou, Jean-Jacques Caffieri, and the one who in all this century stands alone—Houdon. Pigalle, the greatest French sculptor of the eighteenth century until Houdon came, was not, as the latter was, first and above all things a portraitist. His famous 'Mercure,' of which the marble original is in the Berlin Museum, and the ruined model only is owned by the Louvre, must count as one of the most charming and spontaneous creations of the eighteenth century.



Marble Bust of the Dramatist Jean de Rotrou, in the foyer of the Comédie Française.

By Jean-Jacques Caffieri.

French School; second half of Eighteenth Century.

If his 'Tomb of Marshal Saxe' at Strassburg is a frigid literary allegory rather than a true plastic conception, the portrait of the hero himself as he descends, sad yet undismayed, into the tomb is nobly, pathetically imagined, and finely realised. Of the famous yet little seen statue of Voltaire in old age, by Pigalle, comparatively few have had the opportunity of judging. In that age of suavity, of tempered, amiable realism, when the smile was on the lips even when death was at the heart, Pigalle most strangely insisted on portraying old Voltaire, at full length, *in puris naturalibus*, and with no veiling or tempering of the ravages of time. The capricious, unreasonable sculptor insisted, the ironical



Marble Statue of Voltaire, in the foyer of the Comédie Française.

French School; late Eighteenth Century.

By Jean-Antoine Houdon.

philosopher consented, and the statue was carried out. It still exists in the Library of the Institut, but its fame, much contested from the beginning, has been wholly obliterated by that of the great 'Voltaire' of Houdon. Perhaps Pigalle had in mind, when he insisted on portraying the time-worn frame through which the eager spirit of the philosopher still shone, those wonderfully realistic portrait-statues of orators and sages in which the Greeks of the neo-Attic school designedly show not only the furrows relentlessly inscribed by time on the brow, but the not less characteristic usure of the body in its decline.

The most striking works of Jean-Jacques Caffieri are the two fine busts in the foyer of the Comédie Française, the 'Jean de Rotrou' (p. 357), and the 'Pierre Corneille'—both of them posthumous by a century, or more, and taken from earlier portraits. Here Caffieri accomplishes a marvel, since he not only invests his portraits

with a rare plastic and a specifically decorative charm, wholly suitable to the place for which they are destined, but he lights within them the Promethean spark, endowing them with life and speculation—with a human soul. And the greatest masters have not always been able to accomplish this supreme *tour de force*. Titian never saw Francis I. of France, yet painted of him the sumptuous portrait which adorns the Salon Carré of the Louvre. He never saw the Empress Isabella, Consort of Charles V., yet he portrayed her with all due dignity and splendour in the picture in the Prado Gallery. Look beneath these Venetian splendours, this royal bearing, and you will all the same see that there is nothing—mere emptiness. The 'Jean de Rotrou' of Caffieri portrays the indifferent dramatic poet who was a great gentleman and a great hero, with a tremendous, almost Berninesque, *bravura*, yet beneath it with vital truth, subtlety, and a singular pathos. A similar *tour de force*, even more discussed and more, though perhaps not more deservedly, admired, was accomplished by Houdon in the 'Molière,' also in the foyer of the Comédie Française. To find any parallel for the vivacious truth and the profound characterisation of the

portrait-statues and busts on which the fame of the latter sculptor rests, one must go back to the third century B.C., and the seated statues of the comic poets Menander and Poseidippos, of which ancient copies are in the Vatican. In these we find the same expression of fleeting thought and permanent character, combined with monumental strength and decorative charm. No artist of the eighteenth century—not even Sir Joshua Reynolds himself—has had so wonderful a series of sitters as Houdon; perhaps no portraitist of any age has shown a variousness, both of conception and technique, so endless, or so subtly and unfailingly responsive to the requirements of the sitter and his environment, intellectual and moral. Houdon portrayed Louis XVI. and many members of his family; Catherine II. of Russia; afterwards Napoleon I. He portrayed Franklin, Washington, Lafayette, Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau,

Buffon, Necker, Mirabeau—the great musician Gluck, the fascinating, ill-fated quack Cagliostro, and other striking personages of his time too numerous for mention on the present occasion. The great marble statue of Voltaire (p. 358), which is the crowning adornment of the foyer at the Comédie Française, is the most astonishing embodiment that could be imagined of the keen, ironical, questioning, doubting spirit, valorous and aggressive to the very last, that still flashes and lightens within the body, worn out as the sheath is, and incapable much longer of holding it prisoner. So wondrous is the portrait, so keenly does it interrogate the spectator, that it is only after a time that one observes the noble yet perfectly truthful and expressive cast of the draperies, the repose to the eye that Houdon has known how to combine with an irrepressible vivacity. In the enchanting 'Sophie Arnould,' which is also here reproduced (p. 359), another miracle is accomplished. The bust is harmonious, with an almost feminine harmony, in the expressive elegance of its general arrangement, in the happy poise of the beautiful head, in the firm yet graceful fold of the draperies. The expression of the actress, more celebrated as a woman of exquisite fascination, is wholly appropriate to the tragic rôle of Iphigénie, which she assumes; and yet beneath Iphigénie we see and admire the true, the buoyant Sophie—in her artistically assumed woes, no doubt, but also, and above all, in her very real delight in life and love.

Only a postscript on modern portraiture in sculpture can be added to this notice in the place of the extensive chapter, nay, the book, that should be written on the subject. Luckily, however, this is the chapter that the reader may most fully and most readily write for himself. Throughout the nineteenth century the ideals of portrait-sculpture were shifting and changing, if not concurrently with those of painting, at any rate in a connection more or less close with them—closer in the beginning of the century, looser in its later years. Exceptional, even as the occasion was wholly exceptional,



Marble Bust of Mlle. Sophie Arnould, in the rôle of Iphigénie.

By Jean Antoine Houdon.

French School; late Eighteenth Century.

In the Collection of Sir John Murray Scott, Bart.

is the colossal marble statue of Napoleon I., by Canova, once in the Louvre, and now at Apsley House. This shows the mighty, but in mere stature diminutive, hero of France, with the colossal form, and in the absolute nudity, of the Roman emperor. It is best known by the bronze copy which has been erected in the great courtyard of the Brera at Milan—most Napoleonic of cities, and the only one, so far as I know, which maintains erect and intact a statue of the hapless Napoleon III. The Thorwaldsen Museum at Copenhagen holds Thorwaldsen's statue of himself, conceived in a moment, which the spectator is intended to accept as one of artistic inspiration. A more distasteful,



Bronze Bust of the Sculptor Dalou.

By Auguste Rodin.

French School; end of Nineteenth Century.

a more offensive piece of self-assertion than this pompous, this wholly deliberate auto-portrait it would be difficult to imagine. How inferior the portraiture of the earlier years of the century was to that of its later decades may again be gathered by looking back to David d'Angers—to his bust of Goethe in the Grand Ducal Library at Weimar, to his full-length character-portrait of the famous actor Talma in the entrance-hall of the Comédie Française, to the many bronze medallions of notable personages in the Louvre—and then turning to such master-sculptors as Carpeaux, Dubois, Dalou and Rodin—to such master medallists as Chaplain, Roty, and some of their followers. Much earlier in the century, however, we are arrested by the noble work of Rude, by the spirit of passion and heroism that stirs, as with a stormwind, all that he does. Take his bust of the austere, repellent David in the Louvre, his statue of the Napoleonic hero done to death as a traitor, Marshal Ney; his 'Napoleon Awaking to Immortality,' the clay model of which, in the Louvre, is technically an incoherent and unsculptural composition, yet all the same a sublime embodiment in plastic form of Napoleonic worship in all its perfervid enthusiasm. From him the passage is easy to Carpeaux, the fiery, the audacious, the scorner of mere frigid correctness, in portraiture and in art generally. His 'Gérôme,' at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, is a masterpiece of truth and passion, which only a Rodin has surpassed. His portraits of ladies, the models for one or two of which are in the Louvre, owe something, on the contrary, to the amiable and decorative style of the eighteenth century, which, for lack of feminine grace and refinement, they do not

succeed in rivalling. Paul Dubois, eminent alike as a sculptor and painter, emulates in such achievements as his well-known 'Pasteur' the noble realism, the pathos and dignity of Florentine art in its greatest phases; yet emulates only and does not imitate, since he remains wholly modern and himself. One of Dalou's happiest things in portraiture is a bust of M. Rochefort, which would have acquired still greater fame had it not been eclipsed by the tremendous 'Rochefort' of M. Rodin.

His great bas-relief 'Mirabeau and the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé' is too well known to need any new description. Whatever estimate may ultimately be arrived at as regards M. Rodin's precise place in art, none will surely be found to deny that, in the portraiture of men—in such memorable and epoch-making works as the 'Victor Hugo,' the 'Dalou' (p. 360), the 'Jean-Paul Laurens,' the 'Rochefort,' the 'William Ernest Henley,' to cite only a few examples—he is supreme. To find true parallels for the concentrated fire, the human passion, the fearless, heroic realism of these portraits, one must go back to the so-called 'Niccolò da Uzzano' of Donatello, to the 'Diotisalvi Neroni' of Mino da Fiesole, to the 'Filippo Strozzi' of Benedetto da Majano. He represents his personages with an element of Titanic force and resistance to the oppression of Fate, with an element of perturbation of spirit, yet of undaunted defiance, which, notwithstanding its analogy to the virile manifestations of the Florentine Quattrocento spirit in portraiture, is wholly individual, and, whether in form or spirit, more expressive of the master himself than even of those whom he portrays. The 'Dalou' might, without fear of the consequences to the modern artist, be placed beside any one of the Florentine busts just now mentioned—much as the 'Gluck' of Houdon is actually placed in the Berlin Museum in close proximity to the masterpieces of early Italian art. The modern portrait-sculpture of other lands is a little paler by the side of such exceptional works as these.

As examples of an analogous yet much calmer realism in modern German art may be cited two busts of great painters by eminent sculptors, both of them in the *Nationalgalerie* of Berlin. These are the 'Adolf Menzel' of Reinhold Begas and the 'Arnold Böcklin' of Adolf Hildebrand. The latter is perhaps of all modern sculptors the one who has most nearly succeeded in adapting the Greek ideal to modern needs and modern feeling. His 'Böcklin' is true with a passionate and aspiring realism which is on the high road to the veritable and not the conventional ideal. Yet Hildebrand, the worshipper of Greek art in all its phases, has here indefinitely, and by no means to the detriment of his work, been influenced by those Greek portraits of poets and sages to which, in this series of articles, notice has more than once already been directed.

In the English school of the last two decades this higher realism, in various phases and developments, has now definitely taken the place of sham dignity and a smug, meaningless conventionality. And the inspiration which resulted in this improved state of things came not from France, but, beyond reasonable doubt, direct from Florence. It was the Florentine art of the Quattrocento that in the first instance pointed the way to Mr. Alfred Gilbert, to the late Onslow Ford, to Mr. Frampton and other less renowned contemporaries; prompting them not to an unfruitful and soulless imitation, but to a conception of portrait-sculpture which has something of the Florentine grip of character, something of the Florentine fire and fearlessness. Mr. Frampton has, especially in his portraits of women, adhered more



Painted by Sir Henry Raeburn, P.R.S.

William Sinclair.

By permission of the Archdeacon of London.

5th Son of the R^t Hon Sir John Sinclair Bart. M.P.

closely to the Florentine ideal, and even to the more suave Florentine formula, than his fellow-artists have cared to do. On occasion there is more here of conscious imitation than of kindred inspiration. Mr. Brock, grave, faithful, and simple as his portraiture often is, cannot be reckoned as one of this group. He issues from and continues the elder English school of the nineteenth century, but by his earnestness and well-balanced skill must be held to have purged it of its most offensive qualities. Mr. Gilbert and Onslow Ford in the later developments of their art have more completely emancipated themselves, even from so noble an influence as this Florentine undoubtedly is. Having learnt from their great exemplars to look at humanity with a gaze unflinching, yet with a genuine warmth of sympathy, they have developed a style which well responds to the higher requirements of a time impatient now of a timid, oversweetened conventionality; they present with a fearless veracity, which is yet far from merely literal transcription, some of its most attractive

and characteristic individualities. If they have not rivalled the best that the contemporary masters of France have produced in this all-important branch of the sculptor's art, the cause is, perhaps, that they have attached too much importance to the detail, to the superficial incidents of natural truth, and too little to its inner structure, to its essential fact, to its permanent and distinctive character. It is in these vital qualities that great art distinguishes itself from the art which is less than great; it is their presence in the portrait-sculpture of the Master of the Menander and the Poseidippos, of the Master of the Naples Agrippina, of Claus Sluter, of Donatello and Mino da Fiesole, of Pierre Puget, of Houdon, of Rodin, that render the works of these great masters much more than mere imitations, mere enfeebled transcriptions of human beings—that render them true creations, that is true revelations of humanity.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

William Sinclair.

BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, the subject of the picture by Raeburn, reproduced in photogravure, was fifth son of the Rt. Hon. Sir John Sinclair, Bart., M.P., of Thurso Castle, Caithness, founder of the Board of Agriculture in the reign of George III., author of "The Statistical Account of Scotland," "The History of the British Revenue," and a great number of other agricultural and economical works. His mother was the Hon. Diana Macdonald, daughter of Alexander, Lord Macdonald. William, who was one of the youngest of fifteen children, was born in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, September 4th, 1804, and died at Pulborough, Sussex, in 1878. He was always distinguished for health and good looks; and when he was about four years old, Raeburn, seeing him as he was getting up in the morning, painted this charming picture of childhood. He was sent to Winchester College, which was then under Dr. Gabell, and here he was considerably ahead of all his contemporaries, and rapidly became a first-rate classical scholar. However, Sir John's large family, and his Parliamentary and agricultural expenses, made him anxious to seize any opportunity of providing for any of his sons. When William was only sixteen, a cadetship in the 4th Madras Cavalry was offered, and he was packed off to India. A painting of him about the age of twelve, by Nicholson (an able young Edinburgh artist who died prematurely), as Beattie's "Minstrel" (now in the possession of the Rev. Canon Sinclair, Vicar of Cirencester), presents a face and form of remarkable beauty. William remained in India ten years, and distinguished himself as an excellent cavalry officer. At the siege of Kittoor he led the forlorn hope. But his love for the classics never deserted him; pocket editions of Homer, Virgil, Horace and the rest accompanied him in his military life; and as soon as he had earned a good pension, at the age of twenty-six, he returned to England, and went at his own cost to Oxford, where he graduated at St. Mary Hall. Here he was well-known for his

height, appearance, power of speaking, and high character; he generally went by the name of "Ajax." He was President of the Oxford Union Society, and took a leading part in a well-known dispute between that body and the Ramblers, in which appeared also Tait (Archbishop of Canterbury), Palmer (Lord Chancellor Selborne), Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), Cardwell (Lord Cardwell), and other men of after note. William Sinclair was ordained to the curacy of Whitchurch, under Archdeacon Long; and here he married Helen, niece of the Right Hon. Edward Ellice of Invergarry, by whom he had two sons, Alexander and Walter, both since dead. In 1838 he was appointed the first Vicar of St. George's, Leeds, where he remained nineteen years, and did much for church building, church extension, and education. Belonging to the Liberal Evangelical School, he received a good deal of opposition from Dr. Hook, the High Church Vicar of Leeds; but when in later years they both retired to Sussex, and both were dignitaries of Chichester Cathedral, they became good friends. His sermons and speeches at Leeds and in the North won him great influence, and his years at St. George's were full of the most strenuous and successful work. In 1857 Colonel Wyndham, afterwards Lord Leconfield, offered him the valuable and important benefice of Pulborough, in Sussex. Here he restored the church, rebuilt the rectory, and built three schools in different parts of the parish, two of which had services on Sunday. He was greatly beloved in his parish and the neighbourhood, and exercised a wide influence in West Sussex. He was genial, sympathetic, kindly, considerate, an admirable speaker and preacher, of literary habits, devoted to his work amongst the poor, whom he always met with a cheerful smile that was in itself an encouragement. His power of reading the lessons, or reading aloud at home, could never be forgotten by those who heard him. By his second wife, who helped him most ably and unre-

mittingly in all his work, and who left a name behind her at Pulborough which is still cherished by the poor after a quarter of a century, he left three sons and two daughters—William, Archdeacon of London and Canon of St. Paul's; John, Hon. Canon of Gloucester, Vicar

and Rural Dean of Cirencester; Hugh, Lieut.-Colonel R.E., Commanding the Engineers at Woolwich; Helen, married Canon Hasell, Rector of Aikton, Cumberland; and Janet, who lives with her eldest brother at the Chapter House.

‘Le Commencement d’Orage.’

BY the courtesy of its owner, Lady Wantage, there is here reproduced the large landscape, 51½ by 65 inches, which was one of the most generally remarked pictures at the exhibition of works by Dutch artists at the Guildhall this year. The catalogue is quite definite as to its painter: “By Rembrandt van Rhyn.” On the other hand, experts and critics are almost unanimous in taking it from Rembrandt and giving it to his pupil, Philips De Koninck, 1619-1688. Dr. Bode and Dr. Bredius both refuse to see in it the hand of Rembrandt; in fact, not one of a dozen students of Rembrandt on the Continent doubt for a moment that it is a De Koninck. The *Times* said:—“Another picture, of great beauty and greater importance, has for more than a century borne Rembrandt’s name—ever since Marcenay engraved it with that attribution. Yet it is absolutely certain that Lady

Wantage’s great picture, ‘The Beginning of the Storm,’ is not by Rembrandt at all, but is the masterpiece of Philip De Koning, who has two or three similar, but smaller, works in the National Gallery, and whose signed pictures, since the days when Dr. Waagen wrote, have become perfectly well known. Such a picture places De Koning in the very first rank of landscape painters, and it is unjust to deprive him of it. It would take us too long to give reasons for the change of name, but there can be no doubt whatever about it. The picture, of course, shows the influence of the mighty teacher throughout, but it is in point of fact a better, truer, less fantastic landscape than he himself ever painted. It makes the Cassel and other landscapes seem what they really are—dreams, not transcripts from nature in any sense of the term.” In this connection it is worth recalling that the exquisite little Rembrandt landscape,



Rotterdam Gallery.

Landscape.

By P. De Koninck.



'Le Commencement d'Orage.'

By P. De Koninck.

Catalogued at the Guildhall Exhibition as a work by Rembrandt.

By permission of Lady Wantage.



National Gallery, London.

Photo. Cassell.

Landscape: a View in Holland.

By P. De Koninck.

once the property of Lord Lansdowne and now in the Amsterdam Museum, is one of the most "actual" from the master's hand. The *Athenæum* is somewhat less dogmatic. *Apropos* this "great landscape," it is said:—"The heavy clouds coming up across a wide expanse of river and plain lit by occasional gleams form a forcible and dramatic motive in landscape such as De Koninck treated constantly. Doubtless De Koninck got his inspiration from Rembrandt; but fine as the idea and impressive as the general effect of this piece are, it lacks what Rembrandt himself would surely have given, for on closer inspection one finds it wanting in content, empty, thin, and occasionally tentative in handling. The earth seems without its proper solidity and mass, the sky its proper movement and translucency." The *Telegraph* said:—"Though ascribed on the authority of an eighteenth-century French engraving to Rembrandt, (it) is so obviously and incontestably a masterpiece from the brush of Philips Koninck that no discussion or analysis seems necessary." The pronouncement of the *Westminster Gazette* may also be quoted. The picture, it says, "does not bear the imprint of his (Rembrandt's) handiwork, but of that of a pupil who here proves himself thoroughly worthy of the signal honour to which he was called. This large and noble landscape, which looks even larger than it is from its nobility

of style, charged with sad dignity and adjusted, from end to end, in all its multitude of parts, to the single expression of a dominant tragic idea, must surely be the greatest work of Philip De Koninck, and may well have passed in an age less minutely discriminating than our own for that of the master himself. Rembrandt, however, can spare even this, and there seems no doubt from the handling that the credit is Koninck's of having achieved one of the master landscapes of the Dutch school and of the world." Mr. D. S. MacColl, in the *Saturday Review*, comes to the same conclusion:—"It is one of the grandest landscapes of the Dutch school, and it is not astonishing that its quality should have won it an attribution to the master (Rembrandt) rather than the pupil (De Koninck). . . . It was the master, very likely, who opened the pupil's eyes to the beauty of far-stretching landscapes and the power of cloud-shadows to compose and render them mysterious; yet this particular landscape appears to be his own, for its scrubby country, fretted with water channels, its central bridge and little town, its distant dunes and sea, are all to be found in No. 836 at the National Gallery. . . . In the more ordinary De Koninck . . . he carries our sympathy with him in what he is attempting, but there is a failure of his means at a certain point . . . ; the guide drops us before the goal, having done what he can: here he

goes singing ahead, and we follow easily." Of what it characterises as "this consummate Rembrandt," the *Standard*, on the other hand, said:—"Unlike Lord Lansdowne's glorious 'Mill,' it is of the order that we associate with De Koningh. It shows, as certain of the landscape etchings of Rembrandt (the 'Goldweiger's Field' in particular) must be held to show, from whom it was that De Koningh—that admirable, most considerable artist—had his inspiration. But in colour, if not in actual draughtsmanship, it goes even beyond De Koningh's great capacity."

A writer in the *Burlington Magazine* again seeks to sustain the catalogue attribution. He suggests that the picture belongs to about the same period as the famous etching of 'The Three Trees,' namely, 1640-3, and that it may have been painted under the influence of the etchings of Herkules Seghers, or Zeghers, six of whose landscapes are mentioned in the inventory of Rembrandt's effects, taken under the law process of 1656.

It will be observed that there is practical unanimity as to the importance of 'Le Commencement d'Orage.' Whether it be by De Koninck or by Rembrandt, it is a beautiful picture. It is difficult incontrovertibly to demonstrate to the satisfaction of all two and a half centuries after a work such as this has been painted who is its author. Æsthetically, it belongs to a border country, subject to raids from several directions. The balance of evidence—taking into account more especially the method of painting, the touch—seems to be in favour of the landscape being a masterpiece by De Koninck, whereto the dark varnish adds a Rembrandtesque appearance. If this view be accepted, then attention will be directed with renewed interest to his landscapes in public and private collections. He was born in Amsterdam in 1619, and for long has been regarded as one of the ablest pupils of Rembrandt, to whom is assigned, indeed, De Koninck's landscape in the Uffizi. Other landscapes by him are in Berlin—a particularly good example in the public gallery, a second in the collection of M. Simon—in Amsterdam, in the Teyler Museum, Haarlem—these in water colour—and in Rotterdam. The Rotterdam landscape hangs opposite a fine, deep-toned 'Farm' by Jacob de Koninck, master as well as brother of Philips, few works by whom are known. A visit to Rotterdam will probably convince the most sceptical that Philips painted Lady Wantage's picture. There are the same red-roofed houses, the same winding river, the same lighted cliff—to the left here instead of to the right—and, what is of more importance, an approximation to the same sky effect, the same atmosphere.

In the scholarly catalogue of the Mauritshuis at The Hague the following passage occurs anent landscapes by De Koninck, specific mention being made, it will be observed, of that which attracted so much attention at the Guildhall: "Quelques-uns de ses paysages importants, peints dans une manière large, empruntée au pinceau de son maître, avec un superbe éclairage et un grand effet de nuages—comme ceux chez Lord Northbrook et Lord Wantage à Londres—sont de vrais chefs d'œuvre."

For purposes of comparison a 'View in Holland,' No. 836 in the National Gallery, similar to a smaller picture by De Koninck in The Hague Gallery, is also reproduced (p. 364). In black and white, however, the two works appear to be far more alike than is actually the case. The landscape motive is similar: a wide expanse of country observed from a height, sunlight and shadow fitfully resting upon it. But in the National Gallery picture hardly less attention is paid to the figures than to Nature for its own sake. A hawking party, women washing clothes in the stream, a figure fishing, are prominently introduced, and a coach and six approaches from the middle distance. Here again, however, caution is necessary, for Lingelbach is thought to have painted the figures in several of De Koninck's landscapes, those at Amsterdam and The Hague, for example. Then, the *Athenæum's* criticism of the earth and sky in 'Le Commencement d'Orage' is really applicable to the National Gallery landscape. The picture lacks depth, cohesion. Pass from it to the 'Tobias and the Angel,' hung in the adjoining gallery, and it is easy to credit that De Koninck derived what measure of inspiration he had from Rembrandt: the view in Holland has no indubitable accent of originality; the painter, as it seems to the present writer, here betrays the relative superficiality of his concern with Nature, and he falls back on the diversion of a human interest. But these criticisms do not hold good with regard to Lady Wantage's landscape. The artist who painted it was possessed by the dramatic force of a nature motive, transient in proportion to its significance. There are figures, but they do not obtrude. The massing of these swiftly moving clouds, the breaks in the sky, the rain falling over the cliff to the right, the gleams of light balanced by deep but luminous shadow, the presence throughout of a unifying principle: if these are De Koninck's, and of this there seems to be no reasonable doubt, 'Le Commencement d'Orage' stands in relation to his *œuvres* as does the resplendent 'Doge and the Fisherman' to that of Paris Bordone, 'The Avenue,' as a composition, to other works by Hobbema.

The Premium Plates.

1903 and 1904.

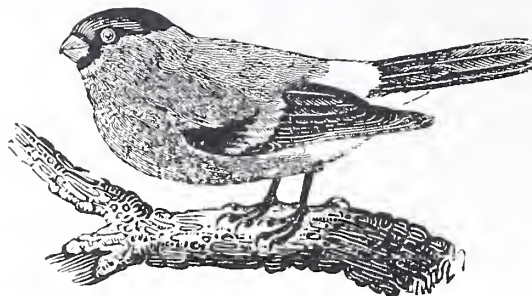
WE wish to remind subscribers that the Premium Plate for 1903 is a photogravure, about 20 by 14 inches, after Mr. Briton Riviere's picture 'There are None so Deaf as Those who won't Hear.' Two collie dogs are resting gracefully at the top of some stone stairs, and with assumed superiority of class they ignore the impertinent barking of a terrier on a lower

plane. The conditions are stated elsewhere under which impressions from this plate may be claimed.

For 1904 the copyright has been secured of a new work by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., and the Publishers will be pleased to receive applications for an illustrated announcement. The subject is 'Psyche Entering Cupid's Garden.'



The Bullfinch.
Original Drawing by Thomas Bewick.



The Bullfinch.
"British Birds." Vol. I.

Thomas Bewick.

A TRIBUTE ON THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.*

THE celebration of the anniversary of either the birth or the death of the notables of a locality is undoubtedly less usual amongst British people than amongst any other nationalities.

Whereas a French, German, or Swiss patriot or notable is certain to be remembered once every year (at Toussaint) and perhaps oftener, we in this island seem to be too much afraid that our conceit will get the better of us if we pay heed to the anniversaries of the great men of the past.

To my mind, nothing comes home with greater force, to the young and perhaps struggling son of the soil, than the interesting events, the account of the hopes and fears, the weary waits, the

disappointments, and the ultimate triumphs of those who have obtained distinction in the same locality.

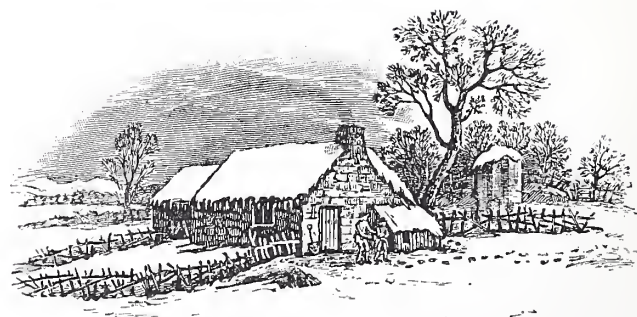
Nothing is so well adapted to stimulate the energies of a youth held back by circumstances from pursuing his bent as the story, traced clearly out, of the difficult paths of one originally no more luckily placed than himself; to be able to emulate this past hero's achievements, to profit by his example, and this mainly because it is brought home to him by such an occasion as the present, that the local celebrity had no better oppor-

tunity than he has himself, and was one whose difficulties were no less real and formidable.

When the youth of to-day who has wit enough to appreciate the advantages of living at the beginning of the twentieth century, realises clearly the probable success which follows perseverance in pursuit of an object, and acquires patience in waiting for the always apparently delayed result, and combines with this an ability to profit by the experience of those who have gone before, he is also justified in feeling fairly certain of



Feather of Crane.
By Thomas Bewick.



The Snow-clad Cottage.
Original Drawing and Wood Engraving by Thomas Bewick.

* Given at the artist's grave at Ovingham. August 12th, 1903.

ultimate success, and that he, too, will reap a rich reward as a result of his industrious labour.

For this reason alone I have welcomed the opportunity to draw the attention of the youth of Bewick's neighbourhood to the position reached by this most famous of local artists—one who, beginning from the smallest things, nourished and cultivated the gift God had bestowed upon him, and spared no pains until he accomplished his end; with the result that his name is now honoured all over the world, and is a familiar word throughout this countryside.

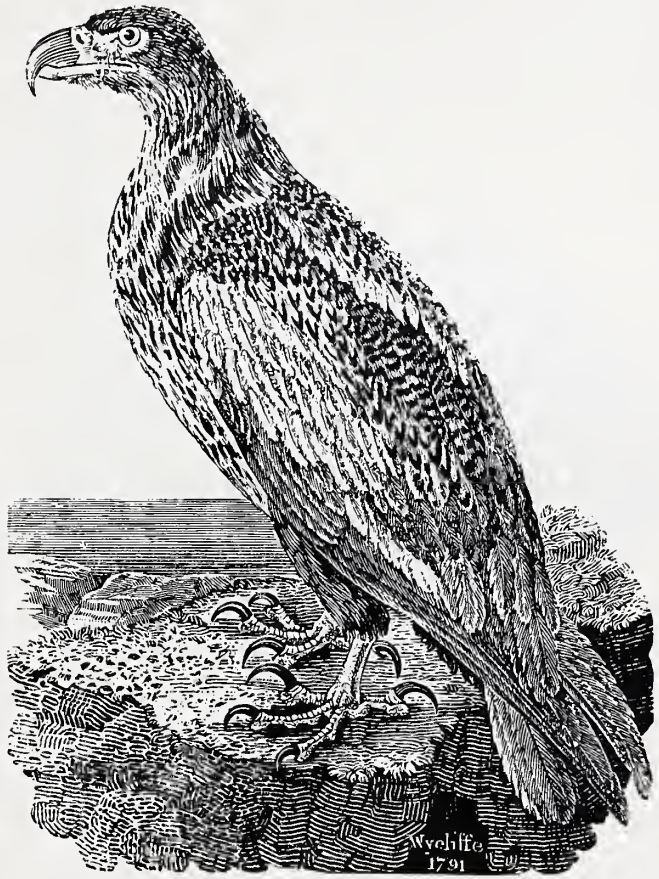
The object of our pilgrimage is to honour the great local celebrity Thomas Bewick, the restorer of wood

one previously had been led to pursue. His artistic achievements, if simple, are the direct results of Nature's teaching; and this, with the vital spark of genius added, has rendered him a personality whose distinction is as great now as it was a hundred years ago.

How many men, situated as Thomas Bewick was when young, have remained "mute, inglorious Miltons" we shall never know, and in a part of the country where people seem naturally gifted there are probably many; but none the less does it become us to honour the man who recognised his own talent, and who cultivated his own corner of the artistic garden in such a way as to reach a perfection not yet surpassed.



The Sea Eagle.
Original Drawing by Thomas Bewick.



The Sea Eagle.
"British Birds." Vol. I.

engraving to an unquestioned place in the Arts, the artist who was imbued by nature with the power to give artistic expression in works of Art, small in size, but perfect in quality; the naturalist whose knowledge of the beauty of British birds has never been surpassed, and the moralist whose designs drove home a pictorial satire in the only way acceptable at the time.

Thomas Bewick was, in fact, one of the premier heralds of the Romantic movement which, in painting, reached its apogee at Barbizon. He was one of the first to sound precisely the depths of Nature in certain aspects, to reveal the glowing warmth of summer and the bitter cold of winter, as shown in his famous tail-pieces, the feathery downiness of a bird's breast or the lithesome beauty of a ferocious animal.

Thomas Bewick was a man above all things, continually searching for, and frequently finding the extreme beauty and everlasting charm of Nature in a method no

Much having been written about Bewick's life and works, and the account of them being fairly familiar to most of those present, I do not propose giving another biography, but I think a few words on the main facts of his career are appropriate to the present occasion.

One hundred and fifty years ago, when Thomas Bewick was born on the banks of the Tyne, and even for fifty years later, the love of Nature as we now understand it scarcely existed. Mountains and heathland solitudes were shunned because they said nothing to the mind, as yet unable to comprehend their grandeur, or else were peopled with gnomes and fairies, whose names might not be openly mentioned. Landscape Art, the last of the varieties of artistic expression to be understood and really admired for its own sake, was known only to the Dutch through Ruysdael and Hobbema; for Claude of Lorraine did not so much paint Nature as he saw her, but rather founded certain

conventionalities—admirable, but still conventional—on his observations.

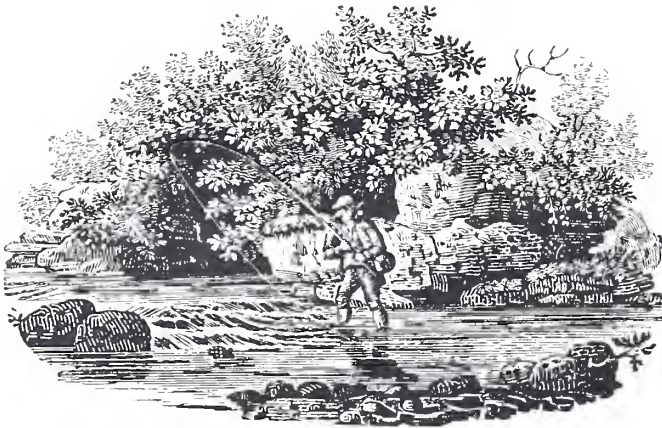
English Art knew nothing of transcripts from Nature except in Richard Wilson; and Gainsborough, painting his glorious landscapes a little later, was content to let them be hidden and neglected, while his portraits rivalled Sir Joshua Reynolds, who only once or twice painted a landscape except as a background. The Norwich artists also were just beginning to think about the possibilities of their richly-coloured country.

Nevertheless, the love of Nature was soon to become the most remarkable artistic development of the times, but up to 1785, when Thomas Bewick began to engrave the first block of the *Quadrupeds*, there was little movement towards natural expression. Turner was only ten years old, Sir Walter Scott fourteen, and Constable



The Angler.

Original Drawing by Thomas Bewick.



The Angler.

"British Birds." Vol. II.

was only nine, and these were to be the most famous exponents of the Love of Nature in the early part of the approaching nineteenth century.

A dozen years after beginning the *Quadrupeds*, that is in 1797, when Bewick published the first volume of the *British Birds* (the *Land Birds*) some progress had been made, and in 1805 when the second volume (*The Water Birds*) was issued there was a general activity in the appreciation of Nature, but a comparison of the history of the time shows that Thomas Bewick's most famous work was already accomplished when others were only at the beginning of things.



The Snow Man.

Original Drawing by Thomas Bewick.



The Snow Man.

"British Birds" Vol. I.

second volume of *Birds*) was published in the same year as Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and before his *Lady of the Lake*, which has never ceased to make his readers realise the charms of the Trossachs.

It would be, perhaps, too far-fetched to say he anticipated Mr. Whistler in his lithograph of the *'Cadger's Trot'*, drawn in 1823, yet there is a movement in the horse and a general suggestiveness in the rapidly executed sketch, that would have pleased the later-day master who made so magical a lithograph in *'The Babies of the Luxembourg.'* But that Bewick was a competent forerunner of the English pre-Raphaelites,

no one with any knowledge of the Tyneside studies from nature in its minutest parts, would dare gainsay.

Thomas Bewick found wood engraving a trade and left it a profession. His greatest technical achievement was the discovery of "the white line," whereby the graver is employed literally to draw on the bare wood block (as opposed to picking out lozenge-shaped pieces as in ordinary wood engraving), and the lines thus produced show white against black as in the snow-covered cottage against a leaden sky. By the use of this Bewick made engraving on wood capable of being elevated to one of the greater Arts, and although up to the present only a few wood engravers, and these chiefly American, have pursued this method to distinction, there is no reason why artists in the future should not follow it even further and still more successfully. The "white line" in Bewick's work is most readily distinguishable in the plants in the foreground of the remarkable large block of the Chillingham Bull, in the feather work of many of the Birds, and in the wintry tail-pieces.

Enough has been stated to make good the claim of Thomas Bewick to have been an originator in the

bank, the tame Duck in feathery tones and half tones, the stately Turkey Cock which seems to move as one looks at it. Then the Partridges, the Snipe, the Geese, the Swans, the Sandpipers, and, perhaps, most beautiful of all, so at least was the artist's own opinion, the yellow Bunting.

The Quadrupeds are naturally more prosaic in form as well as in realisation; the splendid series of Foxes, the Dogs, especially the Spanish Pointer, the White Rabbit, and of the wild animals, the Tiger, are the best, and many renewed delights can be found and experienced in looking them over.

Yet all these pale in actual interest before the wonderful series of tail-pieces (first begun in the 1776 and 1784 "Fables," other remarkable and celebrated



The Pheasant.

"*British Birds.*" Vol. I.



The Pheasant.

Original Drawing by Thomas Bewick.

first degree, and if his works were limited, as all beginnings must be, yet it remains true that he was the first to lead artists to Nature, and like the source of a mighty river, to give the premier contribution to what has since attained so large dimensions.

Bewick's "Birds" and Bewick's "Quadrupeds" are the three volumes on which the artist's fame most firmly depends. Every Bewick admirer understands and appreciates the merits of these books as well as of the many other Bewick engravings to be found in various publications, and much time has been spent in cataloguing and describing them.

The Birds and Quadrupeds, what sweet memories they call forth! The Cole Titmouse perched on the branch, the Willow Wren about to fly from its luxuriant

publications with many delightful cuts by Bewick) successfully continued in the Quadrupeds of 1790, and culminating in the two volumes of Birds of the succeeding years.

I have had reproduced here some of the finest of the Birds, both from the original Drawings in the British Museum and from good proofs of the Blocks. The Sea Eagle is, perhaps, the most imposing; while those of the Pheasant and the Bullfinch are equally interesting.

It was certainly the tail-pieces which most readily appealed to Bewick's admirers. Their quality of humour is more easily understood than the artistic expression of tone in the birds and animals. Their stories are clear to the bucolic intellect, and while most of them have points no ordinary peasant would readily grasp, yet the tail-pieces are undoubtedly less subtle than the other illustrations.

Each Bewick admirer has doubtless his own favourites, and no one will grudge any single design a word of commendation. My own favourites are the Snow pieces—the Snow-Man, the little Cottage in Winter, with the barn and lean-to shed, the tall tree with the nearly exhausted hayrick beyond from the Birds, the

supremely touching hungry Ewe Lamb, the starving mother nibbling at an old garden broom while her little one vainly seeks its natural nourishment, from the Quadrupeds, and the Poachers, also from the Birds, following the easily visible footprints in the snow-clad landscape. Much has been written on these marvellous little pictures, and yet one can come to them with new interest every time they are examined. Their humour may first attract, but it is their resolute truth to Nature which retains the interest and power to bring one to look at them again and again.

It is to be remarked that the world came very quickly to appreciate the talent of Bewick at its proper worth; of the Quadrupeds alone there were 12,250 copies sold in the artist's own lifetime, and the sale of the Birds was far larger.

Success was properly appreciated by Bewick, and it is pleasant to remember that throughout all his later years he was held in high honour by his neighbours.

Many another point of merit and interest connected with Bewick might be discussed, but it is not necessary to do so further. Enough has been said to justify our eulogy on the artist we have met to honour.

In the Tyneside districts we may, with our own eyes, note the fidelity of Thomas Bewick to the aspects of Nature, with which he was surrounded, and with this profoundly impressed on our minds, we bow with humble love and respect to the man and artist who has rendered us so much artistic and intellectual pleasure.

D. CROAL THOMSON.

In connection with the celebration of the 150th anniversary of Bewick's birth, a very interesting Exhibition was held of the artist's works and relics in the Academy of Arts, Newcastle-on-Tyne, during September and October.

Nearly three hundred objects were shown, of which a number were from the present members of the Bewick family. None of the artist's direct descendants now

survive, but his grand-nephew still lives at Cherryburn, where Bewick was born in 1753, and many relics of his works are lovingly preserved there.

The Corporation of Newcastle were the exhibitors of the original drawings, exceptionally fine proofs and portraits left to the city by the late J. W. Pease, an enthusiast in the collection of Bewick's works. The committee of the Natural History Museum of Newcastle, with a small-mindedness unworthy of their position, declined to permit any of the Bewick works, generously bequeathed to them by the artist's daughter, to be moved the few hundred yards from their own building. Comparisons, therefore, were sometimes not possible, but the committee of the Pen and Palette Club did so well in obtaining fine specimens, that they could afford to ignore the unhandsome treatment of those who ought to have been first in promoting renewed interest in the great artist of natural history.

Mr. Thomas Gow, of Cambo, Northumberland, exhibited the famous original wood block of the Chillingham Bull. This was the largest work on wood which Bewick engraved, measuring $9\frac{1}{4}$ by $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches outside the border. After he took a few impressions one summer Saturday afternoon in 1789, he put the block away carefully, as the thought, but on Sunday the hot sun poured in through the window, and on Monday morning the wood was found badly split across the work.

The Ward collection of very early proofs and many personal relics of the artist, together with an exquisite series of original drawings in water-colour and in pencil from Mr. J. W. Ford of Enfield, and some remarkable impressions from Mr. Matthew Mackey, with examples of all Bewick's famous publications from various sources, made up the rest of the Exhibition, which was well patronised during its brief term.

Dr. J. D. Farquharson, as the President of the Commemoration Committee, and Mr. T. Dickinson, as the Honorary Secretary, made every effort to promote the success of the scheme, and they well deserve the many compliments paid to them, for the work they carried through must undoubtedly have been heavy.

Obituary, 1903.

BLACKLOCK, THOMAS B.	September 15.
BREWER, H. W.	October 7.
COLLINGWOOD, WILLIAM, R.W.S.	June 25.
COSTA, GIOVANNI	February 1.
DICKSEE, MARGARET ISABEL	June 6.
HORSLEY, JOHN CALLCOTT, R.A.	October 19.
MAUD, W. T.	May 10.
MAY, PHILIP WILLIAM	August 5.
MITCHELL, CHARLES W.	February 28.
OSBORNE, W. F., R.H.A.	April 24.
PENROSE, FRANCIS CRANMER	February 15.
ROSS, J. THORBURN, A.R.S.A.	September 28.
WALLER, SAMUEL EDMUND	June 9.
WELLS, HENRY TANWORTH, R.A.	January 16.
WHISTLER, J. MCNEILL	July 17.
WHYMPER, J. W., R.I.	April 7.



The Dream Voyage.

By Walter Crane, R.W.S.

A Pastel by Mr. Walter Crane.

THE original of the 'Dream Voyage' was exhibited in the Doré Gallery a short while ago, and recognised at once as a singularly moving example of Mr. Crane's beautiful work. It is a pastel, size 2 ft. 3½ ins. by 1 ft. 9½ ins. As there is moonlight over the sea, there are no contrasts of positive colours. Sky and water, grey-blue and moon-white, with a shimmer of opalescence drawn over them both like a veil. Flesh tones in accordance with Nature. White lilies, white raiment. Black in the boat itself; golden-brown in the sail, and wings of such glorious colours as the painter was free to choose. Seeing everything harmonised, nothing confused, we find in this painting the "rare concert of all delights," which poets have found elsewhere.

By giving it no particular name, the artist has freed rather than fettered the imagination, and we have in his picture the promise of dreams as sweet.

"Lest we forget" what man and woman should be, we have models of the perfection of form in our houses; but happily there are other ideals, the offspring of other thoughts, and the artists are doing their share of God's work who endeavour to keep them before us.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night,
She floated down to Camelot.

There are no such noises here, and she is not to Camelot drifting, but this is poetical painting, and lines as lovely as those I have quoted are felt to be wanted badly.

Whoever loves Woman will see the realisation of an Ideal in the figure before him, and whoever has handled a sail will be wanting her guardian's place. There is an indication of pace in the dragging of the lily stalk in the water: this and other such truthful touches will be appreciated by those who are something of watermen.

Consider how few in their day have created as much of pure beauty as Crane in a hundred ways, and whether he has not increased the sum total of all the good things in this world by painting this beautiful work.

A phase of Mr. Crane's art, which has not received the attention it has deserved, is his achievement in pure water colours, where the primary object is not to be decorative only, and to please himself rather than those who have profited so much by means of the arts he has practised. In what was shown at the same time as this pastel there was more than sufficient material for an article longer than this, and one which will have to be written some day. The master-designer's impressions of Italy: these alone would make a very delightful volume.

ERNEST RADFORD.

Entertainment of the Five Kings by the Vintners' Company.

THE unveiling on September 30th of Mr. A. Chevallier Tayler's panel on the ambulatory of the Royal Exchange is the second event only of the kind since November 6th, 1900, when were exposed to view the panels of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Normand (see *THE ART JOURNAL*, 1900, pp. 378-9). The Royal Exchange series, beginning with that painted and presented by Lord Leighton, and to be finished, on the other side of the main or western entrance, by Mr. Brangwyn's 'Modern Commerce,' is arranged in chronological order, hence Mr. Chevallier Tayler's work occupies space No. 9 on the northern wall of the Exchange, and at the present moment is the only one between the panels of Mr. and Mrs. Normand.

Not the least interesting and quaint account of the famous incident treated by Mr. Chevallier Tayler—widely known as the painter of 'Honi Soit Qui Mal-y-pense' and other pictures—is to be found in the "Survey" of John Stow. It runs thus: "Henry Picard, Vintner, Maior, 1357, in the year 1363 did in one day sumptuously feast Edward III., King of England, John, King of France, David, King of Scots, the King of Cipres, then all in England; Edward, Prince of Wales, with many other noblemen, and after kept his hall for all comers that were willing to play at dice and hazard; the Lady Margaret his wife kept her chamber to the same effect." The feast did not take place in the hall of the Company, but in Picard's own house, "over against St. Martin's Church." This house was built of stone and timber, and had "vaults for the storage of wines, which was called the vintry." The banqueting hall pictured in the panel is set out on the plan of the Old Town Hall of Leicester. On the plain grey wall, beneath the timbered roof, and between the narrow stained-glass windows, hang the banners of the principal guests, and their emblazoned arms decorate the front of the high table.

The prominent personages, each portrayed after careful study of available material, will be readily recognised by students. It is Edward III., of course, who sits beneath the canopy in the centre of the high table, splendid goblet and finely-mounted horn in front of him. To the spectator's right, and bending forward, is the white-haired King of France, uncrowned because he was a prisoner at the time. Behind him is David of Scotland, and farther to the right are two burly dignitaries of the Church, possibly the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the other side of King Edward are the King of Denmark, not named by Stow, and the dark-haired King of Cyprus. Stow appears to be in error when he states that Edward, Prince of Wales, was present at the feast, for in the annals of the Vintners' Company it is said that the Black Prince was absent in Aquitaine. Hence, as the most prominent figure in the foreground, Mr. Chevallier Tayler has introduced Edward's fourth son, the Duke of York, who, in bright-coloured doublet and Sanctus Spiritus collar, stands, about to drink to his sire from the goblet which serving folk fill. Another Church dignitary, maybe intended for the tutor of the Duke, appears as a balance to the composition in this part. Although Chaucer's father—if, indeed, John Chaucer the Vintner was father of the poet—was in all probability present at this feast, it is not likely that Geoffrey Chaucer himself, then but twenty-three years old according to the now generally accepted date of his birth, was of the number; and the artist has done wisely in not representing him, for the Royal Exchange panels are intended as trustworthy records of historical events as well as decorations. It is presumed, by the way, that this entertainment of the five kings originated the toast of "five times five."

The Royal Academy in the Nineteenth Century.*

BY G. D. LESLIE, R.A., AND FRED. A. EATON.

THE following artists are four of those eleven who were elected during the presidency of Sir T. Lawrence:—

GEORGE JONES, R.A.

Born 1786; *Student* 1801; *A.R.A.* 1822; *R.A.* 1824; *Librarian* 1834-1840; *Keeper* 1840-1850; *Died* 1869.

George Jones was the son of a mezzo-tint engraver. He obtained admission to the schools of the Academy in 1801, and two years later exhibited his first picture, but his artistic studies were considerably interrupted

by his military ardour, for when the Peninsular War broke out young Jones joined the South Devon Militia, obtaining subsequently a lieutenancy in the Staffordshire Militia, and a captaincy in the Montgomeryshire. With his company he volunteered for active service, and in 1815 formed part of the army of occupation in Paris. On resuming his artistic profession, Jones's pictures were chiefly, as was to be expected, of a military character. Of their kind they were by no means without merit, and they procured for him his election as an Associate in 1822, and an Academician in 1824. Among his best known works are 'The Battle of Waterloo,' at Chelsea Hospital, and

* Continued from p. 335.



THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE FIVE KINGS BY THE VINTNERS' COMPANY.

By A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER.

*The Battle of Hyderabad.**By George Jones, R.A.*

'Nelson Boarding the *San Josef* at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent,' at Greenwich Hospital.

Jones was elected Librarian in 1834, and held the office till his appointment as Keeper in 1840. During that period the removal of the Academy from Somerset House to Trafalgar Square took place, and the re-arrangement of the books and prints was carried out by Jones in a systematic manner not hitherto attempted. During his tenure of the office of Keeper, from 1840 to 1850, he visited many foreign schools of art, with a view to seeing what improvements could be introduced into the system of teaching in the Academy schools, and it was at his recommendation that the draped living model was set in the Painting School, where previously only copying and still life painting had been practised. His efforts were much appreciated by the students, who, in 1845, presented him with a handsome piece of plate. For the last five years of his life Sir Martin Archer Shee was prevented by illness from discharging the duties of President, and Jones acted as his deputy, and received the thanks of the general assembly for the urbanity and zeal with which he had performed his duties. He lived many years afterwards, his death not taking place till 1869, but took very little part in the business of the Academy.

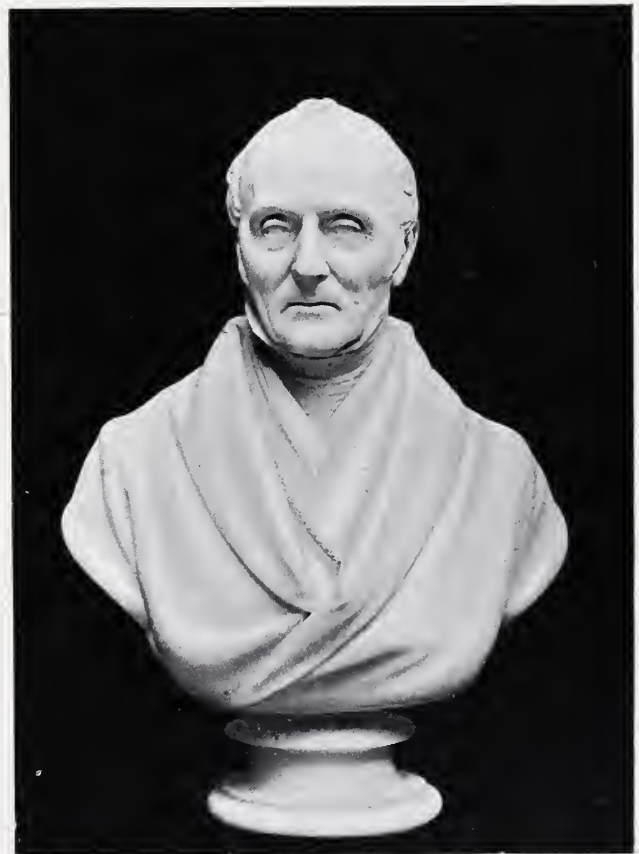
To the end of his life Jones always affected a rather military appearance in his dress, and prided himself on a certain resemblance he bore to the Duke of Wellington, for whom he was said to have been once mistaken. This story, when repeated to the great Duke, drew from him the remark that he had never been mistaken for Mr. Jones.

WILLIAM WILKINS, R.A.

Born 1778; A.R.A. 1823; R.A. 1826; Died 1839.

William Wilkins, a staunch supporter of the classic as opposed to the revived Gothic style of architecture, was the son of a successful builder at Norwich, and was

educated at the Free Grammar School there. Thence he went in 1796 to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated Sixth Wrangler in 1800. A travel-

*G. Jones, R.A.**By Sir F. L. Chantrey, R.A.*

ling Fellowship obtained in the following year enabled him to visit Italy and Greece, the result of which was a work by him entitled "*Magna Græcia*," published in 1807. He appeared as an exhibitor at the Academy before he left Cambridge, but does not appear to have done any professional work till after his return from abroad, when he was appointed by his University architect of Downing College. In this building, and in another, Haileybury College, designed by him some years later, the attempt to adopt the severity of Greek architecture with the requirements and usages of modern life cannot be said to have been very successful. He was employed on several other buildings in Cambridge, and in 1808 erected the Nelson monument at Dublin, following that up a few years later by a similar memorial at Yarmouth.

His reputation as a rising architect procured his election as an Associate in 1823, and three years afterwards he was promoted to the rank of Academician. He had just finished, in connection with J. P. Gandy, afterwards Deering, the United University Club House in Suffolk Street, and two years later saw him engaged on one of his most important works, the building in Gower Street for the newly-founded University College. This was, perhaps, his most successful work, though he only completed the central portion of his design, of which the dome and portico with the fine flight of steps ascending to it were greatly admired. In his next important building, the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, begun in 1832, Wilkins was greatly hampered by alterations in the allotted space after he had made his designs, and by various conditions imposed by the Government, besides being obliged to use for his portico the columns from Carlton House, but the result hardly deserves the severe criticisms which have been passed

upon it. Another well-known building of Wilkins' is St. George's Hospital. In 1836 he was an unsuccessful competitor for the New Houses of Parliament, and was foolish enough to publish a pamphlet explaining the merits of his own design, the defects of those of the other competitors, and condemning the decision of the Commissioners. He was elected Professor of Architecture at the Academy in 1837 in succession to Sir John Soane, but died in 1839 at Cambridge without delivering any lectures.

HENRY WILLIAM PICKERSGILL, R.A.

Born 1782; Student 1805; A.R.A. 1822; R.A. 1826; Librarian 1856-1864; Died 1875.

BORN in London in 1782, the subject of this memoir was adopted, as a child, by a Spitalfields silk weaver named Hall. On the failure of the business when he was about nineteen years old he determined to cultivate his talent as a draughtsman, and became a pupil of George Arnald, A.R.A., subsequently, in 1805, entering the Academy Schools, and exhibiting his first picture in 1806. Like most young artists of the period he began with classical and mythological subjects, but it was not long before he devoted the whole of his time to that more lucrative branch of art, portraiture. In this he was very successful, and most of the eminent people of the day sat to him; among others, Wordsworth, Jeremy Bentham, Hannah More, and George Stephenson, whose portraits by him are in the National Portrait Gallery. He was also employed by Sir Robert Peel to paint some of the best known men of that period. But his reputation can hardly be said to have stood the test of time, and his portraits, though good as likenesses, are not now thought of much account as pictures.

Pickersgill was elected an Associate in 1822, and an Academician in 1826. In 1856 he was appointed Librarian in succession to Uwins, and received, in 1863, the thanks of the Council for preparing a revised Catalogue of the Books. He resigned the office in 1864. He does not appear to have taken much share in the general business of the Academy, but he was a great stickler for members discharging the duties of membership as well as enjoying its privileges, and one or two resolutions to that effect are recorded in the Minutes as proposed by him. He died in 1875. A son who pre-deceased him acquired some reputation as an artist, but the name was continued on the Academy register by his better-known nephew, F. R. Pickersgill.

WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

Born 1787; Student 1807; A.R.A. 1824; R.A. 1828; Died 1847.

This distinguished painter, who during his lifetime was sometimes called "*The English Titian*," was born at York on March 10th, 1787. In his autobiography he says, "Like Rembrandt and Constable, my father also was a miller." At eleven years old he was apprenticed to a letterpress printer named Robert Peck "in which business," he writes, "I served seven full years faithfully and truly, and worked at it three weeks as journeyman; but I had such a busy desire to be a painter that the last years of my servitude dragged on most heavily. I counted the years, days, weeks and hours, till liberty should break my chains and set my struggling spirit



The Oriental Love Letter.

By H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.

*The Combat.**By W. Etty, R.A.**Photo. Annan.*

free." The first step towards realising these aspirations was an invitation to London in 1806 from an uncle, William Etty, whom he speaks of as "a beautiful draughtsman in pen and ink." This uncle saw merit in the boy's sketches, and provided him with the means of carrying on his studies. He first drew in a plaster cast shop in Cock Lane, Smithfield, kept by an Italian, named Gianelli, and in 1807, through the good offices of Opie and Fuseli, obtained admission to the Academy Schools. A year later, in consideration of a premium of one hundred guineas paid by his uncle, he was taken for a year by Sir Thomas Lawrence as a pupil into his studio in Greek Street. It was a long time, however, before he met with any success; not till 1811 was his first picture, 'Telemachus rescuing Antiope,' hung at the Royal Academy. Nor were his efforts to obtain medals in the Academy Schools, where he was a most constant and diligent attendant, better rewarded. His last attempt was made in 1818, when he was technically not qualified to compete, but the following extract from the Minutes of the Council of November 17th, 1818, shows in what esteem he was held:—The Council taking into consideration the distinguished merit displayed by Mr. Etty in the copy from Titian he has recently made in the Painting School of the Academy, and considering also Mr. Etty's general good conduct and assiduity as a Student, request the President will take occasion on the distribution of the Premiums to express to that gentleman their high approbation of his work, which the laws of the Academy have excluded from competition on the present occasion." A copy of this Resolution was sent to Etty with the request that he would "leave his picture in the Academy for the inspection of the General

Assembly;" and at the distribution on the 10th of December, the President publicly expressed to Mr. Etty "the high sense which the Academy entertains both of his talents and of his good conduct."

Etty's devotion to the schools was remarkable, and it may truly be said of him, that from the time he entered them until a year or two before his death he never left them, as, even after his election to the full honours of the Academy, he was constant to his student's easel in the Life class. When it was represented to him by some of his brother members that it was derogatory for him as an Academician to continue working amongst the students, he resented any interference with his practice, and even threatened to resign, rather than discontinue his studies in the school. There is no doubt but that this habit of his of working night after night in the heated and ill-ventilated Life school very materially shortened his life, bringing on, after a time, the heart disease of which he died. As a visitor, Etty was very popular with the students, and his vigorous colour and dexterity of execution influenced a great number of the rising generation of artists of his day. Amongst others who undoubtedly came under this influence may be mentioned Mr. J. C. Hook and Sir John Millais. Indirectly also, through a pupil of his, Mr. Leigh, who afterwards kept a famous school for young artists in Newman Street, the influence of Etty's brilliant style was widely disseminated.

The first picture of Etty's that attracted attention was 'The Coral Finders,' exhibited in 1820. This was followed the next year by 'Cleopatra's arrival in Cilicia.' The success these met with enabled him to re-visit Italy,



Sleeping Nymphs and Satyrs.

By W. Etty, R.A.

where he had spent three months in 1816, and the year and a-half he now stayed were devoted entirely to the copying of the works of the old masters, especially those of the Venetian School. He had a fine eye for colour, and the studies by his hand from pictures by Titian, Paul Veronese and Tintoretto are amongst the most beautiful and artistic that have ever been made from those painters.

Returning to England early in 1824, he exhibited in the same year 'Pandora crowned by the Seasons,' which was purchased by the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and secured his election as an Associate in 1825. The Academicianship followed in 1828.

The subjects painted by Etty, generally of a classical or allegorical nature, were chosen possibly not so much from a love of the classics *per se* or to convey any moral lesson or deep meaning, as to afford the artist an opportunity of displaying his brilliancy of colour and dexterity in rendering the nude form. As perhaps the most beautiful of his many works of this sort may be mentioned that in the National collection, 'Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm.' The following passage in the autobiography already mentioned shows which works he himself considered to be his greatest:—"My aim in all my great pictures has been to paint some

great moral of the heart: 'The Combat,' the beauty of mercy; the three 'Judith' pictures, patriotism and self-devotion to her country, her people, and her God; 'Benaiah, David's chief captain,' valour; 'Ulysses and the Sirens,' the importance of resisting sensual delights, or an Homeric paraphrase of 'The Wages of Sin is Death.' Of these the first five are in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, and the sixth at the Royal Institution, Manchester. A man of great simplicity and purity of mind and conduct, he was much pained at the opinion freely expressed by some that his works were of a voluptuous and immoral character; but though the numerous renderings of the female nude which abound in his pictures are sometimes marred by a too realistic likeness of the models he painted from, they are never prominent in suggestiveness or artificial in sentiment.

Etty was never married, though, as he tells us, "one of his prevailing weaknesses was to fall in love." Probably his extreme bashfulness prevented him from ever making a declaration of his passion. His niece kept house for him at No. 14, Buckingham Street, Strand, where he lived from 1826 to 1848. In the latter year, owing to failing health, he moved to his native place, York, and died there on November 13th, 1849.

J. T. Ross, A.R.S.A., and Thomas Blacklock.

THE sad and tragic deaths of two young Scottish artists came with startling rapidity, one following the other within a week. Needless to say the shock struck with dismal grief into the hearts of all the members of the profession, as well as the general public and friends. The qualities of the two young men had attached so many to them.

Perhaps no other two painters could be placed in the same position, or held in more estimation by their own innate loveliness. Mr. Ross, the elder of the two, came of an artistic family. His father was an artist of great power, and a member of the Royal Scottish Academy. Mr. Ross's elder brother is also an artist, and his sister is a member of the R.S.W., and an accomplished water-colourist. Joseph came late into the field, and was from year to year struggling with a network of ideals which enthralled him. Many times he



The Bather.

By J. Thorburn Ross, A.R.S.A.

By permission of D. Wilson, Esq., J.P.



Photo. Balmain.

The late J. Thorburn Ross, A.R.S.A.

seemed to be breaking the meshes that bound him, but never quite assumed the mastery; always original, sometimes bizarre in his rendering, yet generally redeemed by a gleam of humour.

Joseph Thorburn Ross was born in Edinburgh in 1858, and spent some years in mercantile pursuits, but ultimately adopted art as a profession in 1877, when he gained prizes in the Life School of the R.S.A., which body elected him an Associate in 1896. His fancy pictures were always attractive, though sometimes marred by a coarse technique. One fine work stands out in memory, a picture painted at Kinghorn of a boy on the cliffs amid the seagulls, entitled 'Dawning of Romance.' Another canvas, powerful and frankly indi-



The Studio of the late J. Thorburn Ross, A.R.S.A.



Photo, Crooke.

The late T. Blacklock.

vidual, was 'The Beau at the Fair.' Many other subjects are in recollection. Mr. Ross was a well-read man, who had travelled much among the cities where picture galleries form the principal attraction. He could tell in a quaint, quiet manner of all that he had seen, and it would be in vain for anyone to say that they ever heard any words of dis-

paragement fall from his lips on either man or things. A delightful companion, full of tolerance and humour, with many friends, and certainly without an enemy. The sudden and lamented death of this capable man was caused by an aneurism in the brain.

Thomas Blacklock, the younger artist, was born at Kirkcudbright in 1863. He worked there, and afterwards studied at the Art School of the Board of Manufactures, and at the Life School of the Royal Scottish Academy. Landscape was his first love, and most careful studies of foreground material were first exhibited by him, and at once were acknowledged by his brother artists as showing talent. Latterly fancy figures of children became gemmed into his compositions, and a fine poetic feeling pervaded his work, culminating in a charming picture titled 'A Winter Idyll,' full of delicate grey and russet tints deliciously blended. Most of his works were always outstanding, showing, as they did, a pensive delicacy. An affection of the spine seemed to depress him and force his mind out of sane channels, and notwithstanding the devoted attention of a brother artist, Ewan Geddes, he chose oblivion, to the regret of all who knew him, and who looked year by year on the maturing of his power with its poetic fancy and rich harmonious colouring. His body was found in the Clyde, near Greenock, on September 15th.



Running.

By J. Thorburn Ross, A.R.S.A.

The sad circumstances connected with the death of T. Blacklock and the melancholy ending of the life of

Joe Ross, as he was familiarly called, adds to the intensity of the blank which is felt at the removal of two such fine personalities, showing in both natures much promise of further development in their art. *Requiescat. Vita brevis*—too short, one is inclined to say, in the case of Joe Ross and Tom Blacklock.

GEO. AIKMAN.



A Winter Idyll.

By T. Blacklock.

Loan Collection of Portraits at Birmingham.

THE latest of those loan exhibitions of pictures which the Director of the Birmingham Art Gallery, Mr. Whitworth Wallis, F.S.A., arranges from time to time, was devoted to a series of portraits by the great English painters of the eighteenth century. Once again Mr. Wallis was able to borrow a number of works which have never been publicly exhibited, in addition to others which have a world-wide reputation as among the finest examples of each master's art. Some seventy pictures in all were shown.

Turning, in the first place, to those pictures which were seen for the first time, or were but little known except to students, the lover of fine painting was at once attracted by the portrait of 'Lady Willoughby de Broke,' by Romney (p. 380), lent by Lord Willoughby de Broke.

Two other Romneys of great charm and beauty came from Lord Brownlow's collection; 'Brownlow Cust, 1st Baron Brownlow,' in his robes; and 'Lady Brownlow and her eldest son, the Hon. John Cust.' The two portraits of the Fane boys—Lord Burghersh and his brother Thomas, lent by Lord Burton—are better known. Two very beautiful examples of Romney's later manner, in which the brush-work is both free and assured, were lent by Mr. Lockett Agnew, 'Miss Lawrence,' and her brother, 'William Lawrence,' both of which have a sweetness of expression in which Romney's contemporaries did not always surpass him. Better-known examples were the 'Mrs. Glyn' (Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan), 'Lady Hamilton as St. Cecilia' (Lord Iveagh), 'Miss Schultz' (Lord Burton), and 'Miss Ramus' and 'Miss Benedetta Ramus' (Hon. W. F. D. Smith).

The collection contained an unusually large number of portraits from the brush of John Hoppner, R.A., four or five of which challenged comparison with anything else in the room, and their exhibition should help to place him in the high position in the estimation of the art-loving public which he deserves to hold in the annals of English painting. The full-length portrait of two young boys, with their fair curls falling on their shoulders, the 'Hon. John and the Hon. Henry Cust' (p. 379), sons of the Lord and Lady Brownlow whose portraits by Romney have already been mentioned, certainly shows that Hoppner could be much more than a mere imitator of Sir Joshua. In this case, indeed, there is more suggestion of Romney than of Reynolds, though it is in all senses a work of great originality and power. The background proves, too, that he was a real landscape artist, and a sincere lover of

natural scenery. This is seen to a still greater extent in the very lovely canvas representing the two daughters of Sir Thomas Frankland, from Sir Charles Tennant's collection, which is regarded by many as Hoppner's masterpiece. In this the landscape background is exceptionally fine, while the figures have been rendered with a grace, a refined beauty, and an excellence of drawing and handling which in this instance, at least, place him almost on the level of his great master. Another new example which Mr. Wallis had succeeded in unearthing was the very powerful and striking portrait of 'Warren Hastings,' lent by General Anderson, which is marked by great dignity and refinement. The 'Countess Duchess of Sutherland,' from the Duke of Sutherland's collection, was, in many ways, the best thing by Hoppner in the room, more particularly in its colour, which is unusually mellow and tender; there was nothing, however, more vivid than his laughing, twinkling 'Mrs. Jordan,'



The Hon. John and the Hon. Henry Cust.

By permission of Earl Brownlow.

By Hoppner.



Lady Willoughby de Broke.

By permission of Lord Willoughby de Broke.

By Romney.

belonging to Mr. E. D. Stern, shown in all the bravery of the costume she wore in her famous breeches-part of "Hypolita," in Colley Cibber's comedy "She Would and She Would Not." This picture is well known, as is also the very charming 'Duchess of Rutland,' which was lent by Mr. W. H. Lever.

The group of 'James Harrower, of Inzievar, with his Wife and Son,' by Raeburn, was certainly one of the most noteworthy contributions, and Mr. Charles George is to be envied the possession of it. There was nothing else of like importance from Raeburn's hand in the collection except the well-known 'Two Boys' belonging to Mr. Leopold Hirsch; but several half-lengths, of extraordinary force and vividness, were included, such as Sir Charles Tennant's 'Leslie Boy,' Mrs. George Holt's 'Girl Sketching,' and Mr. Lockett Agnew's 'Miss Hodgson,' which are, in their way, as fine as anything he ever painted, the first-named, in particular, approaching to that realism which is one of the distinguishing features of our present-day portraiture.

Of works by Reynolds, 'Master John Crewe as Henry VIII.' and 'The Misses Emma and Elizabeth Crewe' (from Crewe Hall), naturally stood out very strongly in an exhibition which was mainly devoted to half-length pictures. The two early portraits of 'Miss

Mary Barnardiston' (Mr. H. A. Christy), and 'Miss Franks' (Miss Turner), were new to most people, and of singular beauty and interest. Better known were Mr. Pierpont Morgan's 'Mrs. Payne-Gallwey and Child' ('Pick-a-back'), which, though it has faded, is still a masterpiece of colour, and Mr. Julius Wernher's 'Lady Caroline Price,' almost audaciously brilliant, in which the paint is as fresh as on the day it was put on the canvas. This very forcible portrait, which in many ways is unlike any other picture from Sir Joshua's brush, is in striking contrast with the mellow, golden tenderness of the 'Mrs. Payne-Gallwey.' 'The Masters Gawler,' lent by Lord Burton, was another familiar work, and 'The Earl of Shannon' (Mrs. Morland Agnew) a dignified representation of a statesman. Lord Rosebery's 'Samuel Johnson,' a variant of the National Gallery picture, needs no description. More novel was the portrait of 'Richard Stonehewer' (the Earl of Jersey). A sparkling vivacity marks the portrait of 'Miss Ridge' (Sir Charles Tennant), daughter of John Ridge, of the Irish Bar, an intimate of Goldsmith's and Sir Joshua's circle; while the unfinished 'Lady Dover' (Mr. T. O. Lloyd), and the 'Marchioness of Thomond' (Mr. Carl Meyer) are both unusually interesting works. In addition to these Sir Charles Tennant lent his famous full-length of little Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick, better known under the title of 'Collina,' a splendid example of

his painting of children.

To lovers of Gainsborough the two portraits of 'Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor,' belonging to Mr. George W. Taylor, must have made an irresistible appeal. Mrs. George Holt's 'Viscountess Folkestone' was another Gainsborough of rare beauty, more restrained in the handling of the face, and of deliciously silvery tones in its colour scheme. Lord Rosebery's 'Lady Margaret Fordyce' has been seen in exhibition rooms before, but familiarity does not lessen its beauty. The head of 'Quin,' the actor, lent by his Majesty the King, is a striking study of character, while the unfinished portrait of the 'Duke of Cumberland,' also from Windsor, is of great value to students who are anxious to gain knowledge of the master's methods. Gainsborough's most elegant, somewhat flattering manner, is well exemplified in Lord Iveagh's 'George IV. when Prince of Wales.' It was placed next to a full-length of his unhappy Queen, Caroline of Wolfenbüttel, an important portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from the Victoria and Albert Museum. The best example of Lawrence, however, was the Miss 'Croker' in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, in which the painter's peculiar gifts are seen at their highest and most assured point of expression.

London Exhibitions.

DURING October some thirty exhibitions were arranged in various London galleries. The month's art-orgie was contributed to by the opening of the following exhibitions: those of Societies like the British Artists and the Oil Painters; of Sketch Clubs such as the Modern, the Black Frame, the London—at this last was 'The White Maid of Avenel' and a study of trees by Mr. Frederick Sandys; of winter shows at Messrs. Tooth's, McLean's, Shepherd's, and the Goupil Gallery, and of thirty-two etchings by Corot, Millet, Daubigny, Jacque, at Gutekunst's; of one-man shows, among them of drawings by Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Alberto Pisa at the Fine Art Society's; of studies and sketches in oil of Old Paris and the Seine, broadly and pleasantly treated, by Mr. J. M. S. Crealock, at the Walker Gallery; of water-colours by Mr. Aubrey Waterfield, a new-comer deserving of welcome, at the Woodbury Gallery; of illustrations to Kipling's 'Jungle Book,' by the talented young draughtsmen, Maurice and Edward Detmold, at the Dutch Gallery.

It is to be hoped that undue advantage will not be taken of the relaxation of the rule which made works before publicly seen ineligible for the Society of Oil Painters' exhibitions. Included in the twenty-first exhibition, arranged in the autumn instead of after Christmas, in order, perhaps, not to clash with that of the International Society at the New Gallery, are several conspicuous pictures not new to us. It is regrettable that Mr. Brangwyn, following Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, has resigned from a society whose roll of members is none too strong; on the present occasion, too, Mr. Byam Shaw is an absentee. Were it not for works by a few Scotsmen the exhibition would have relatively little to attract. Sir George Reid sends 'Durham,' whose reproduction he courteously permits (p. 382). The parallel railway lines of the foreground, repeated by those of the nervous telegraph wires overhead, essentially of to-day, are apt introductions to the ancient city beyond, out of whose pearly smoke-mists rises the pale grey-towered cathedral, glint of fitful sunlight on meadow to the right. Durham, workaday and spiritual, ancient and modern, is shaped with understanding to solemn beauty. Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Summer' (p. 381) is one of the most winsome pictures ever painted by him. In black-and-white the golden ivories, the joyous blue of the shallow creeks, the sunlit sands on which the figures are, the radiance of the sea, even the height of the summer sky, are dimmed to a memory, but it is a memory of summer with sea-birds in glad flight, of summer lyrically apprehended. Identical in title is Mr. John Lavery's large oblong canvas, imperfect, though interesting in parts. Mr. T. Millie Dow's 'Mountains and Valleys' is a more than merely sympathetic view of remote hills, observed through an envelope of mist. By Mr. D. Y. Cameron are 'A Norman Castle,' marred by the dun-coloured sequence of rounded hills, and a church interior, 'St. Gervais,' finely perceived, a welcome celebration of austere beauty. The society is fortunate in being able to show Mr. Watts' sweetly-serious study of 'Jill,' a white-smocked girl seen against an expanse of blue-green country. For the rest, there are noticeable pictures by landscapists like Messrs. J. Aumonier, A. G. Bell, J. S. Hill, Alfred Withers, by foreigners



Summer.
By Leslie Thomson.

such as M. Garrido, by native artists as dissimilar as Sir J. D. Linton, Messrs. John Fulleylove and H. M. Livens.

The 120th exhibition of the Society of British Artists contains between four and five hundred "performances" in oil, water-colour, pen-and-ink. Mr. Cayley Robinson sends nothing, which is unfortunate; the President, Sir Wyke Bayliss, is loyal to his church interiors; most members are too loyal to their particular conventions, remain well content, apparently, to dispense with new and vivid impressions, and instead to follow half somnolently paths already overtrodden. Mr. F. Foottet's view of the Foreign and India Office is an interesting attempt, in the manner of Monet, to state the pictorial problem in terms of green, yellow, mauve, and he here succeeds much better than in 'To Morning,' which aims to illustrate Blake's Invocation to the virgin Light. By M. Emil Fuchs is a sketch for his portrait of the King; by Mr. W. Graham Robertson a low-toned 'Lavender's Blue,' less good decoratively than some previous essays; by Mr. J. D. Fergusson a charming 'Evening in the Bay, Aberdour'; by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove 'The Dusty Road, Holland,' fluently accomplished; by one of his pupils, Mr. Hans Trier, a big 'Venice.' Mr. Paul Paul's 'Road to the Village,' broadly and quietly seen, unobtrusively handled, is among the most welcome things in Suffolk Street (p. 382).

At Messrs. Tooth's there are flower studies of sovereign beauty by Fantin, examples of worth by Rousseau—his contemplative landscape is generously pleasure-giving—Corot, Jacque, Schreyer, as well as by many popular living artists. The *clou* of the show, in the esteem of many, is Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's 'Picture Gallery, Ancient Rome,' exhibited at the 1874 Academy. To say the least, it is an extraordinarily skilled work on a much larger scale—the figures, on a canvas 88 in. by 67 in., are about half life-size—than Sir Lawrence now paints. At Messrs. McLean's the 'Brittany Interior' of L'Hermitte, with its beautiful painting of striped blue drapery, Isabey's 'Market Place at Rouen,' and several neo-classical pictures by Mr. J. W. Godward, are conspicuous. The feature at the Goupil Gallery is a series of impressionistic views of North Wales, of its hills, shores, old-time towns, estuaries, by Mr. Robert Fowler, of Liverpool; in addition there call for remark Mr. George Henry's 'Dame au Chapeau Noir,' a group of decoratively-treated landscapes by Mr. José Weiss, and quietly envisaged scenes by Mr. Peppercorn.

"If a man can draw, he can draw anything." Thus said Charles Keene, and Whistler took the same view. The art of each, just because it compasses its end, is not to be translated into words. It must suffice here to say that at Obach's a delightful exhibition of 249 Whistler etchings, representing all periods, were hung, in white mounts inlaid with strips of walnut wood, on lemon-yellow walls, dado and frieze painted white. Thus perfectly circumstanced, Whistler stood out anew as a master-etcher, of distinctive vision, of surety and subtlety of touch. At the Leicester Gallery, too, Mr. Mortimer Menpes' well-known collection of Whistler etchings, dry-points and lithographs opened early in November. The portrait of Whistler's mother, said to



Durham.

By Sir George Reid, R.S.A.

be a unique impression, is but one of several great rarities included. As to Keene's drawings for *Punch*, at Mr. Van Wisselingh's, many of them are incomparable for observation, flexibility, pictorial summariness.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.

MR. JOHN CALLCOTT HORSLEY, who retired from his R.A.-ship as from his position of treasurer of the Royal Academy some six years ago, on attaining his eightieth year, died on October 19th. He was grandson of Dr. Callcott, the musician, grand-nephew of Sir Augustus Callcott, the artist. Onward from their inauguration in 1870 till age made it impracticable, he was the moving spirit in the Old Masters' Exhibitions. For this every lover of art is indebted to him. Mr. Horsley's objection to the nude in modern art, the subject of a paper, "Is not clothedness a distinct type and feature of our Christian Faith?" read by him before the Church Congress of 1885, is commemorated in Whistler's quip, "Horsley soit qui mal y pense," and in the "Clothes-Horsley" jests of *Punch*. For the rest, Mr. Horsley, once regarded as the best subject painter of his day, and who divided with Sir Henry Cole the credit of inventing the Christmas-card, received six votes for the Presidentship when Lord Leighton was elected in 1878; and he was wont to boast that his



The Road to the Village.

By Paul Paul.

was the vote which defeated Lady Butler when Professor Herkomer was made A.R.A. in the following year.

WE chronicle, too, with regret, the death of Dr. Lippmann, to whose enlightened industry and scholarly enthusiasm the public collection of engravings at Berlin owes so much; of Mr. Wilfrid Joseph Cripps, the well-known authority on old silver plate; of the Right Hon. W. H. Lecky, who was Secretary for Foreign Correspondence and an hon. member of the Academy; and of M. Camille Pissarro, the distinguished French painter, known so well to visitors to the Luxembourg by his pictures included in the Caillebotte Bequest.

THE Watts collection at the Tate Gallery has recently been augmented by two notable works. The large oblong, some 11 by 30 ft., reproduced on this page, presented by the Cosmopolitan Club, represents a scene from Boccaccio's tale of Nostagio degli Onesti. The influences are unmistakably Italian. The positively-coloured work was executed about 1849, from which time dates a group of half-draped figures of girls reclining under trees, exhibited last March at Leighton House. Alluno di Domenico, the fifteenth century Italian artist, painted four cassone panels illustrative of this tale, that showing the marriage feast now being in the collection of Mr. Vernon Watney. The second work, presented by Mrs. Seymour, is the beautiful 'Life's Illusions,' painted in 1849 in the Charles Street studio of the artist, afterwards occupied by the Cosmopolitan Club. "It is in many respects my best picture," wrote Mr. Watts last year.

ON p. 222 there is reproduced a virile study of a ram's head by Matthew Maris, which, as we learn from its owner, the talented marine painter, Herr H. W. Mesdag, was painted at the age of sixteen. We are now enabled to illustrate a still earlier and quite dissimilar picture, 34½ by 26 in., included in the auction sale of November 25th of Messrs. Frederik Muller and Co., Amsterdam. 'The Curé' is seated in a brocade-covered chair beside a table spread with a green cloth, and on the deep-brown cabinet are a blue vase, a candle-stick, a terra-cotta



The Curé.
By Matthew Maris.

Madonna and Child, the wall on which the picture hangs being of grey. The little panel, one of the very earliest known, is signed, and dated 1854. It is unrecognisable as a Matthew Maris, but its authenticity is undoubted.

THE inaugural exhibition of the "Salon d'Automne" was opened in Paris on October 30th. With MM. Albert Besnard and Eugène Carrière as hon. presidents, and the support of many artists of the independent school, the experiment is not uninteresting. Already there is talk of next year's exhibition taking place in the Grand Palais instead of the Petit, in whose lower



Photo. Hollyer.

A Story from Boccaccio.

By G. F. Watts, R.A.

Presented to the Nation by the Cosmopolitan Club.

floor electric light has so often to be requisitioned. It is to be hoped that nothing approximating in extent to the spring Salons will be the result.

AT their Liverpool Galleries, Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Son opened, on October 29th, a charming "Winter Exhibition of English Art," which a local critic epigrammatically described as "a summary of the Royal Academy with the padding and the tedium eliminated." There are thirty-four pictures specially contributed by thirty of the best-esteemed artists of the day, twenty-two of whom are Members or Associates of the Royal Academy. The President is represented by a capital nude study, 'A White Naiad in a Rippling Stream'; and the most notable items of a collection that includes nothing uninteresting are Mr. Frank Dicksee's 'The Duet,' 'Psyche entering Cupid's Garden,' by Mr. Waterhouse; Mr. E. J. Gregory's 'The Wedding Dress'; 'Loch Ness,' by Mr. Watts; and the original study for 'The Widower,' by Mr. Fildes.

THE new library for the Dyce and Forster Collections has been completed at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The books have been transferred, and the Raphael Cartoons may be seen more favourably.

AT a meeting of the Salisbury Memorial Fund the headmaster of Haileybury suggested that the proposed statue of the statesman should take a symbolical form. Some persons regarded Rodin's famous 'Balzac' as a sack-like attempt to symbolise the great French romancist. In Mr. Whistler's case a butterfly would be the symbol. There is much difference of opinion as to the apt symbolising of the late Prime Minister.

MR. HENRY HOLIDAY has recently exhibited in his studio stained glass windows in preparation for St. Cuthbert's (Willesden), St. Leonards (St. Andrews, Scotland), and for Old Cleeve, Somerset.

THAN the keeper of the National Gallery of British Art the country has no more capable or interested warden of public treasure. Charles Holroyd, then, is to be cordially congratulated on the Knighthood conferred upon him by the King, as one of the birthday honours. Born in 1861, he studied at the Slade School of Fine Art, where later he became an assistant professor. There followed delightful days and months in Italy, so that not only Rome, Venice, Florence, and their pictures, are familiar to Sir Charles Holroyd, but more remote places, whither he went, often with Mr. Berenson as companion. Sir Charles, a Fellow of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, is one of the most scholarly and able of our younger etchers. Although he seldom exhibits, Sir Charles Holroyd is, too, a practiced painter. An artist himself, his keepership of the Tate Gallery is quite admirable. As to letters, Sir Charles is responsible for a monograph on Michael Angelo, opening with his atmospheric translation of Ascanio Condivi's "Life" of the master.

THE Mulready Prize (p. 316), offered by the Society of Arts under the terms of the Mulready Trust, has been awarded to Mr. Thomas Corrie Derrick, of Queen's Road School of Art, Bristol.

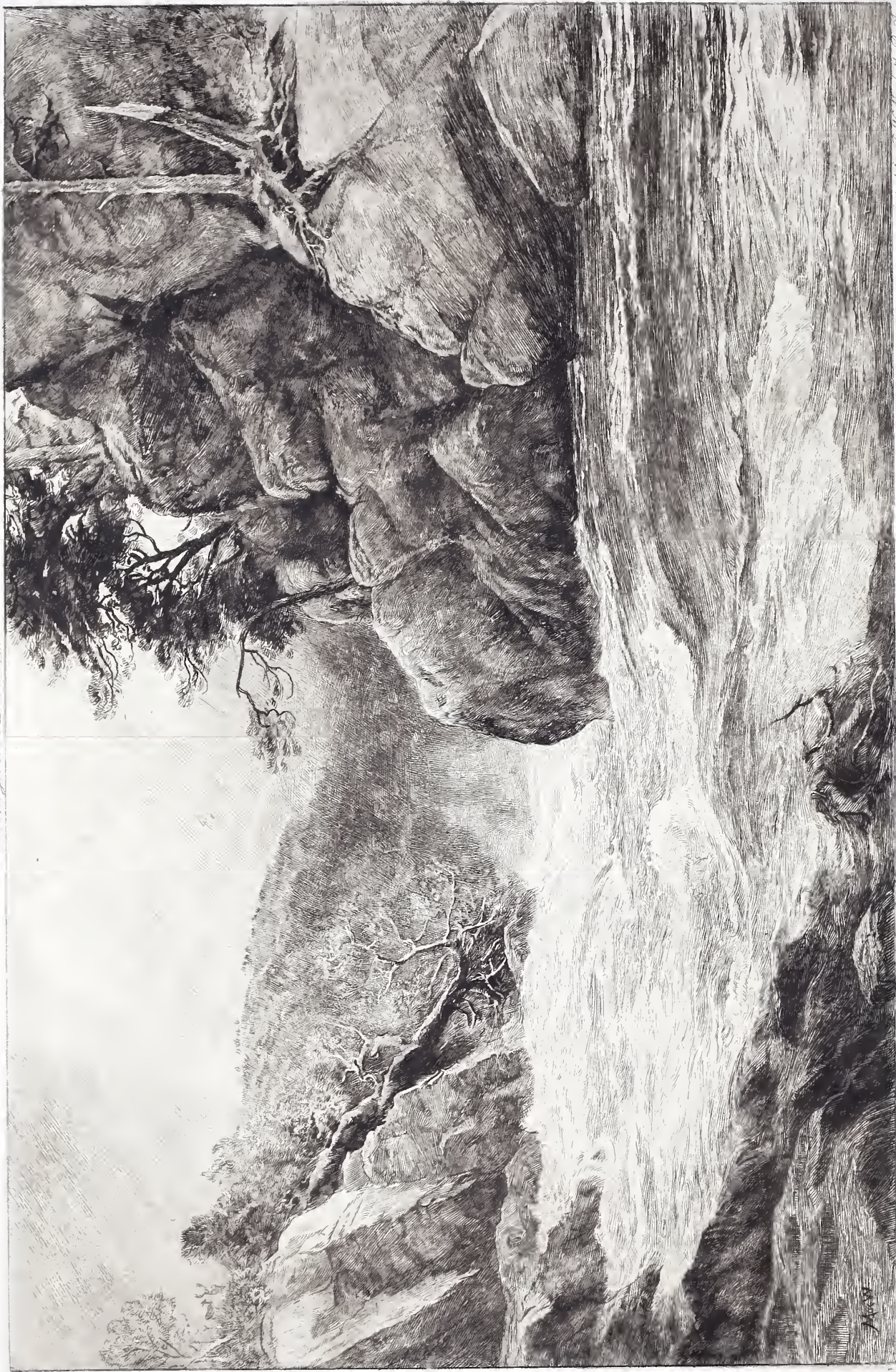
A MEETING of subscribers to the National Art Collection Fund was held on November 11th, Lord Balcarres, M.P., in the chair.

Reviews.

"**Fra Bartolomeo della Porta**," by Fritz Knapp (Wilhelm Knapp). The author, already known by his life of Piero di Cosimo, has a true, even profound, understanding of his subject, but he is not equally successful in arranging his ideas. The work is almost entirely criticism, and the account of the painter's works is divided into periods, which account for themselves properly as the reading proceeds, but no general plan of the work is given, and the critical remarks are flung somewhat abruptly at the reader's head. There are copious indices which would be most useful if perfectly accurate. That of the drawings at the British Museum is far from being so—a magnificent drawing, a study for the 'Appearance of the Madonna to St. Bernard,' and another for the 'St. Mark' of the Pitti Palace, being entirely unmentioned, either in the indices or the text. The same title is not always used to denote the same work; there are misprints needing correction, and there should have been some attempt to reconcile the statements that the painter was born in 1472 and was six years old in 1480. Besides Fra Bartolomeo himself accounts are given of his co-workers, including Mariotto Albertinelli.

"**Architettura Italiana**," by Prof. A. Melani (Hoepli). This compilation is excellent on its own scale. All possible styles to be found in Italy are described in concise essays, followed by an enumeration of nearly all the buildings of any importance in each, with brief descriptions. The accounts are accurate and well balanced. The whole work is sternly compressed, and from this the plates, otherwise good for the most part, suffer particularly. Those on the Campo Santo and Baptistry of Pisa should hardly appear in their present place, and that of the ruined Venetian campanile we consider out of place altogether.

At this time of the year we receive many publications of more or less topical interest. From Raphael House comes a selection of **Cards and Calendars** of quaint invention and excellent finish. No one can hope to instruct Messrs. Tuck in the art of preparing Greeting Cards, but we confess to a dislike of the quotations which so often complicate selection. No doubt the Postcard series will prove acceptable on this account. If quotations must be used, it seems possible to choose less compromising examples. The **Postcard Painting Book**, with originals by **Hilda Cowham**, is amusing, and will give delight in the nursery, as will, of course, **Father Tuck's Annual**. A book on Santa Claus, the **Night Before Christmas**, made into a book and illustrated by **W. W. Denslow** (Heinemann), will also be favoured by children. The dominant blue colouring of the illustrations is happily conceived. **Children of the Village**, a book of pictures by **Maud Beddington**, with prose sketches by "I. F." (Dent), recalls the work of Kate Greenaway, though not possessing its distinction. Miss Beddington's compositions are animated but seem to lack vigour. This book and **Three Naughty Elves**, by **Eleanor March** (Liberty), have been through the press of Edmund Evans. Both are intended to interest children, and are written in suitably simple language.



Engraved by J. Mac Murtrei. 1840

Engraved by J. Mac Murtrei. 1840

From the picture in the Collection of George M. Culloch, Esq.

"The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods."

Chen. Affair. N. B.



In the Track of a Hurricane.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of W. Lockett Agnew, Esq.

John MacWhirter, R.A.

By William Macdonald Sinclair, D.D., Archdeacon of London.

CHAPTER I.

THE ARTIST'S LOVE OF NATURE.

RUSKIN, in his *Modern Painters*, has divided Landscape Painting into four orders—the Heroic, the Classical, the Pastoral, and the Contemplative. Of the Contemplative, he says that “It is devoted principally to the observance of the powers of Nature, and to the record of the historical associations connected with landscapes illustrated by, or contrasted with, existing states of human life It admits of every variety of subject, and requires, in general, figure incident, but not of an exciting character. It was not developed completely until recent times. Its principal master is Turner.” Of this school John MacWhirter is one of the most popular and powerful of modern exponents; and these principles, thus laid down by the great Art critic, are illustrated in all his works.

Later on, in speaking of the aims of the true Landscape Painter, the same acute writer observes that he must always have two great and distinct ends; the first to include in the spectator's mind the faithful conception

of any natural objects whatsoever; the second, to guide the spectator's mind to those objects most worthy of its contemplation, and to inform him of the thoughts and feelings with which these were regarded by the artist himself. In attaining the first end the painter only places the spectator where he stands himself; he sets before him the landscape, and leaves him. The spectator is alone. He may follow out his own thoughts as he would in the natural solitude; or he may remain untouched, unreflecting, and regardless, as his disposition may incline him; but he has nothing of thought given to him; no new ideas, no unknown feelings forced on his attention or his heart. The artist is his conveyance, not his companion—his horse, not his friend. But in attaining the second end, the artist not only *places* the spectator, but *talks* to him; makes him a sharer in his own strong feelings and quick thoughts; hurries him away in his own enthusiasm; guides him to all that is beautiful; snatches him from all that is base; and leaves him more than delighted—ennobled and instructed, under the sense of not only having beheld a new scene, but of having held communion with a new mind, and having been endowed for



The Lord of the Glen.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the line engraving by E. P. Brandard and A. Willmore.

By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas.

a time with the keen perception and the impetuous emotion of a nobler and more penetrating intelligence.

It is because MacWhirter belongs to this higher class that he has achieved his recognised position of esteem and popularity. He is not a mere transcriber of beautiful scenes in Nature, but is essentially an interpreter. Many men can choose a lovely view and give a faithful record of it. Even a photographer can, by great care and patience, and attention to light and shade, fix an impression of charm which gives satisfaction, and is useful, at any rate, as a centre of association. But MacWhirter approaches the visible creation as the treasure-house of all our ideas of magnificence, mystery, splendour, beauty, grace, and idealism; of the infinite suggestiveness of contrast; of the endless variety of glory in which the awful and mysterious Power which lies behind Nature has chosen to be revealed to human eyes. He is, in short, not merely a faithful limner with a strong and sympathetic sense of colour, but an introspective poet

NOTE.—‘The Lord of the Glen’ and ‘The Lady of the Woods’ were the first of Mr. MacWhirter’s compositions to be reproduced on an important scale. The idea originated with Mr. Arthur Lucas, who has done so much to popularise such publications of the highest class. After considerable trouble and expense the prints were issued in 1882. A special value is attached to these prints, because they are among the last productions of the old school of line engravers associated with J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The art had practically fallen into desuetude. Neither Brandard nor Willmore would take up such a large work on his own responsibility, and it was only when Brandard suggested that Willmore and he should collaborate that the work was commenced. This history of the joint production of ‘The Lord of the Glen’ explains the triple signature of the plate. It is well to remark that E. P. Brandard (1819–1898) was a younger brother to R. Brandard (1805–1862), as was Arthur Willmore (1814–1888) to J. T. Willmore, Associate-Engraver R.A. (1800–1863), all of whom, as well as John Saddler (1813–1892), were at one time at work for Turner.

who himself sees, and suggests to the spectator those “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.”

The contrast between the beautiful transcript and the poetic interpretation is further explained by Ruskin with words that are not less helpful in appreciating the ideals and characteristics of MacWhirter. “Each of these different aims of art will necessitate a different system of choice of objects to be represented. The first does not, indeed, imply choice at all, but it is usually united with the selection of such objects as may be naturally and constantly pleasing to all men, at all times; and this selection, when perfect and careful, leads to the attainment of the pure ideal. But the artist aiming at the second end selects his objects for their meaning and character, rather than for their beauty; and uses them rather to throw light upon the particular thought he wishes to convey, than as in themselves objects of unconnected admiration. . . . Art, in its second and highest aim, is not an appeal to constant animal feelings, but an expression and awakening of individual thought; it is therefore as various and as extended in its efforts as the compass and grasp of the directing mind.” So we find our painter, who has been an earnest traveller in the most beautiful parts of the world, not only awing us with the mystery of the Highlands of his own native land, but just as enthusiastic amidst the exultant blues of the Mediterranean or the exquisite flower-spangled slopes of the Alps, which seem to sing of the profusion of loveliness in which Nature rejoices in her choicest moods; touching the chords of human sadness by the pathos of lonely strands and wild



The Lady of the Woods.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the line engraving by John Saddler.

By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas.



The Valley of the Spey.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Copyright: Virtue and Co.



Vu Maggia, Locarno.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

heaths, or by the mingled joys and sorrows of crowded city life as he shows us the twinkling lights and misty shades of a great northern capital. And if at times he repeats a success, and, urged by its popularity, gives us variations of the most fascinating native of Highland woods, it is not merely the silver birch itself that he reproduces, but the tree in different surroundings and circumstances as the emblem of the marvellous and unapproachable grace with which Nature wins the heart of those who have eyes to see.

It is the quiet seriousness and deep devotion to Nature from the beginning possessing the mind of MacWhirter which have made him so great a favourite with cultured English people, who, when they cannot afford original

paintings, rejoice in the engravings and black and white reproductions which are the nearest approach they can obtain to the reality of the original. And though the wonderful power of colour is lost, tone is there, and suggests it. Living in so beautiful a country as their own, and in so busy and unquiet an age, the English people love landscape as a nearer ascent to the ideal and the divine than can easily be found in a method of living which tends to congregate more and more in cities. Such thoughts have well been suggested by another Scotsman, a friend of MacWhirter's, the poetic novelist of the West Highlands, William Black :—

“ Our time is all too short for probing the mysteries of the human heart. We are very likely grasping a Will-o'-the-wisp in staking our happiness on anything so fleeting and unstable as human affection. . . . But if the beautiful things of Nature can become our friends and loved ones, then securely year after year can we greet the reappearance of the flowers. We shall grow old, but year after year there will come up the primrose and the hyacinth, and the snowdrop ever young. Day after day we can welcome the wonder of the dawn. . . . The friend whom we have trusted may disappoint and betray us ; loving eyes may grow cold and find others more responsive than our own ; but he who has chosen the winds and the seas and the colours of the hills for play-mates and constant companions need fear no change. The most beautiful human face may fade ; nay, death may step in and rob us of our treasure ; but the tender loveliness of the sunrise remains, and the scent of summer woods, and the ripple of the rivulet down



Loch Coruisk.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



NEWARK TOWER, ON THE YARROW.

By J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

through the spacious meadows. Only this companionship has to be wooed before it can be won; this secret voice has to be listened for. . . . Friend may prove false; but there is no discordant note in the music of the lark. And even those who have to linger in the fight until perhaps they are sore stricken with toil and wear, may find solace in retiring to these solitudes and seeking out these secret companions, letting the seasons go by peacefully to the appointed end, when they too shall see the new heavens and the new earth, of which all earth's loveliness is but the type—'Then are they glad because they are quiet: so He bringeth them unto their desired haven.'"

It is such thoughts as these that form the keynote to some of MacWhirter's finest work—'The Sleep that is Among the Lonely Hills'; 'Over the Sea from Skye'; 'The Silence that is in the Solemn



Lake of Geneva, from Chexbres; "Clear, placid Leman."

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Woods'; 'The Rugged Hills of Skye'; 'Dark Loch Coruisk'; 'Loch Seavaig'; 'Alpine Meadows'; 'Flowers on the Alps'; 'A Flowery Path'; 'Mount Etna'; 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood'; 'Over the Border'; 'Lake of Geneva'; 'Romantic Switzerland.' It is Nature as the kindly friend of man

that he sees, the veil of the Hidden Thought of the Unseen Power, the revealer of Beauty to the sons of men, the magic Enchantress that shows her divine origin by the infinity of the variations of loveliness which she daily and hourly weaves. The painter with the poet's mind, even if he cannot probe the whole mystery, can catch and fix us thoughts which are too shadowy and fleeting for the general mass; and so his work becomes not only a true satisfaction to the eye, but an inspiration to the soul, and a lasting consolation to the heart.



A Highland Auction.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

CHAPTER II.

WORK AND METHODS: SKETCHES, COMPOSITIONS, COLOUR SCHEMES, BLACK AND WHITE DRAWINGS, ETCHINGS.

WITH this catholic sympathy for Nature, MacWhirter has painted in many countries. He prefers Scotland and Italy, but has no decided preference for either of these two against the other, and would find it difficult to choose between them.

His love of art was born with him, and he began almost as a child to carry a note-book. At the present day he would not feel comfortable without one in his pocket. As the best landscape effects are fleeting, he has found it the secret of success to cultivate the landscape memory. "Always carry a note-book," is the first sentence in his "Hints to Students on Landscape Painting in Water Colour." "You cannot begin to train your memory too soon. The finest effects will vanish before you have time to copy them. They must, therefore, be noted down and afterwards reproduced from memory." Turner was once called by a landlord at an inn, who wished to describe him, "the man with the pencil"; and the description is equally applicable to MacWhirter. "Where there is not time both to draw and to paint," he says, "devote all the time to drawing; and before your impression of the colour fades, try to reproduce it, either over your outline, or otherwise. After some practice in this way, you will be able to summon up

before your mind's eye all sorts of effects and beautiful things that you have seen. . . . All landscape painters are born with a good memory" (otherwise they would not have the gift for their art). "It must, however, be trained. Take rapid notes of all sorts of things." (In giving this advice he is describing the experience of his own methods.) "You should sit down for days (or weeks, if you like) before a tree or a root of a tree, and get all the detail and beauty you can into your drawing. Paint also ferns, mosses, bits of stick, smooth and rough stones, rocks, etc. Study flowers especially; not flowers in vases, but growing either in gardens or by the wayside or hillside. By flowers I mean, of course, also weeds and leaves of all kinds. If you continue filling up note-books with studies such as I have indicated, as well as with studies of clouds, mountains, etc., you will be able with the knowledge thus acquired to paint a *distinct* impression of a scene which has passed away. There are two kinds of impressionists—those who seem to receive only a vague and blurred impression (some of the works of these artists are, however, very delightful), and those who receive a more powerful impression, who see all that the others see, while at the same time they can also remember and reproduce colour, detail, texture, etc. Turner was the greatest impressionist in landscape painting."

MacWhirter has a very large number of such note-books. His earlier studies are marvellously minute and careful; innumerable drawings of botanical objects, weeds, flowers, trees, tree-tops, church towers or picturesque buildings standing out in dark shadow against lucid skies. Ruskin



Affric Waters.

A black-and-white drawing by J. MacWhirter, R.A.

bought a considerable number of them, and used a set of them, as examples of minute foreground detail, in his lectures to art students at Oxford. MacWhirter and others of his fellow-students in Edinburgh, such as McTaggart, Orchardson, and Hugh Cameron, formed a little sketching club, the productions of which were sent round; and it was a common thing to ask for MacWhirter's 'Twilight.'

When the memory has thus been trained, and the eye disciplined, another important maxim must be observed. "Individuality is the only valuable thing in Art. Turner admired and studied Claude, but his own strong personal genius came through. So it is with all genuine artists: with advantage they may study the work of their eminent forerunners; but, confronted with Nature, the personal inspiration of the moment will cause forgetfulness of other artists' creations, however magnificent they may be."* "I do not recommend the copying of many pictures. There is this risk, that when you go to Nature you will see with another's eyes. You must look and see for yourself. It is better to be individual, and fail, than to follow too closely in the footsteps of another. Of course, you can learn much by looking well at great works, and taking mental notes; and, indeed, it can do no harm, but only good, to copy *parts* of a great picture, if only to find out how thoroughly the great master works."† "There is this difference between genius and imitation: one catches another's gift; the other, in the face of Nature, forgets his master, and is himself." Keeley Halswelle may perhaps be mentioned as one who was at first an imitator, and afterwards was more himself. At first he was wholly dominated by Hook or John Phillip, and

would reproduce the influences of Italy or

Spain; later on, when he felt the enchantment of the 'Thames, he achieved a style of his own.

In planning his scheme for a picture, MacWhirter arrives very quickly at a subject, but in execution takes a long time, and gives much trouble to preparation. His landscapes were never, of course, exact reproductions of a view seen at a particular moment; but while the view gives the main idea, experience in composition, the stores of memory, and the power of impression and imagination contribute as much, or more, to the result. He finds it best to lay in his picture in neutral tints, but never quite succeeds, as the colour gets more and more pronounced as the composition progresses. For various details he makes elaborate sketches, which he works into the subject in the course of its completion. A picture standing lately in his studio, which was to have been called 'The White Queen,' had not that name been claimed by the purchaser of a smaller picture, had still to go to Scotland for the finishing of its effects, and the comparison of its details with the actual facts of Nature.

As to what the picture is to represent, he tells his student in no hesitating language that "if he is to be a landscape painter worthy of the name, he must do more than merely select a pretty scene and sit down and paint it. He must study the *moods* of Nature. His picture must be *a moment of the day*, and should suggest peace or unrest, quiet or storm, joy or sadness, glory or gloom."

I would venture to say that no modern landscape painter feels the joy of colour more keenly than MacWhirter. Here again his principles are expounded by Ruskin. "The business of a painter is to paint. If he can colour, he is a painter, though he can do nothing else; if he cannot colour, he is no painter, though he may



The Three Graces.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the Etching by David Law, R.E.

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A Pen and Ink Sketch.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

* MacWhirter's "Hints to Students."

† *Ibid.*

do everything else. But it is, in fact, impossible, if he can colour, but that he should be able to do more; for a faithful study of colour will always give power over form, though the most intense study of form will give no power over colour to colour well requires real talent and earnest study, and to colour perfectly is the rarest and most perfect power an artist can possess. Every other gift may be erroneously cultivated, but this will guide to all healthy, natural and possible truth; the student may be led into folly by philosophers, but he is always safe if he holds the hand of a colourist." * . . . "Of all God's gifts to the sight of man, colour is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn. We speak rashly of gay colour and sad colour, for colour cannot at once be good and gay. All good colour is in some degree pensive; the loveliest is melancholy, and the purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most. . . . What we have seen of the use of colour by the poets will help to confirm this truth; but,

* "Modern Painters," iv., v. iii., § 24.



A Pencil Sketch in Switzerland.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

perhaps I have not yet enough insisted on the simplest and readiest to hand of all proofs—the way, namely, God has employed colour in His creation as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent, and most precious; while for things precious only in material uses, or dangerous, common colours are reserved. Consider for a



Edinburgh from Salisbury Crags.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



*From the picture in the Collection
of Herbert Morgan, Esq., of
Alderley Edge; by permission of
Messrs. Tins, Agnew & Sons.*

A WINTER FAIRY.

By J. MacWHIRTER, R.A.

little while what sort of a world it would be if all flowers were grey, all leaves black, and the sky *brown*. Imagine that as completely as may be, and consider whether you would think the world any whit more sacred for being thus transfigured into the hues of the shadows of Raphael's Transfiguration. Then observe how constantly innocent things are bright in colour; look at a dove's neck, and compare it with the grey back of a viper. . . . Take a wider view of Nature, and compare generally rainbows, sunrises, roses, violets, butterflies, birds, gold-fish, rubies, opals and corals, with alligators, hippopotami, lions, wolves, bears, swine, sharks, slugs . . . fogs, and corrupting, stinging, destroying things in general, and you will feel then how the question stands between the colourists and the chiaroscurists—which of them have Nature and life on their side, and which have sin and death. . . . All men, completely organised and justly tempered, enjoy colour; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart; it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent sign and seal of perfection in them; being associated with *life* in the human body, with *light* in the sky, with purity and hardness in the earth,—death, night, and pollution of all kinds being colourless.” *

And so MacWhirter vindicates his own love of colour. “If Italy is the land of light, Scotland is certainly the land of colour. The grey olive, the vine, and the stone-pine and white walls of Italy require sunshine to show them to advantage; but Scotland has colour when there is no sun, and gloom and cloud often aid the beauty and grandeur of the Highland landscape. Millais compared Scottish colour to a wet pebble—he meant that the green mosses, the dark pine, the golden birch, the blue hills and the richness of the

* “Modern Painters,” iv., v. iii., §§ 23, 24.



Girgenti, Sicily.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

heather and bracken made such a glorious combination of rich juicy colour, that all other countries seemed dry by comparison.” †

MacWhirter quotes two passages from Ruskin which illustrate his own enthusiasm for the colour of flowers and the colour of clouds.

“Under the dark quietness of the undisturbed pines, there sprang up, year by year, such company of joyful flowers as I know not the like of, among all the blessings of the earth. It was springtime, too, and all were coming forth in clusters, crowded for very love; there was room enough for all, but they crushed their leaves into all manner of strange shapes, only to be nearer to each other. There was the wood anemone, star after star, closing now and then into nebulae; and there was the oxalis, troop by troop, like virginal processions of the *mois de Marie*, the dark vertical clefts in the limestone choked up with them as with heavy snow, and touched with ivy on the edges, ivy as light and lovely as the vine; and ever and anon a blue gush of violets and cowslip-bells in sunny places; and in the more open ground, the vetch, and comfrey, and mezereon, and the small sapphire buds of the *Polygala Alpina*, and the wild strawberry, just a blossom or two, all showered amidst the golden softness of deep, warm, amber-coloured moss.” “This,” says MacWhirter, “is a bit of excellent foreground painting—true in light and shadow, and sparkling in colour.”

And this is the passage he quotes on the colour of clouds, a passage the spirit of which is breathed by many of his own pictures:—

“And then wait yet for one hour, until the East again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains rolling against

† “Landscape Painting in Water Colours,” p. 56.



A Highland Washing.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

*Spindrift.*

By permission of the Trustees of the Royal Holloway College.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

it in darkness—like waves in a wild sea—are drowned one by one in the glory of the burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow kindling downwards, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; thus long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar smoke up to the heavens; the rose light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through the purple lines of lifted cloud; casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing vault beyond vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of all this, tell me who has best delivered this His message

unto men." "Of course," adds MacWhirter, "Ruskin means Turner—the greatest of all the painters of light and colour in sky and clouds." But in insight into the vision MacWhirter also shares.

It has been already said that he has always been a most diligent sketcher, and that his early studies were exceedingly minute. As years went on he naturally gave himself a freer hand, and we have rapid and telling illustrations of Glen Affric, the fairy-like region rising out of the beautiful Strath-Glass in Inverness-shire; the birches of that glen which he has made famous; Loch Benevie, St. Mary's Loch, Constantinople, Santa Sophia, and impressions for larger pictures. Between 1863 and 1887 he furnished illustrations for new editions of several of the poets. "The Poetical Works of Beattie and Goldsmith" was illustrated by MacWhirter, Hay, and Vallance—MacWhirter confining himself to Beattie. "Poems for the Young," from Wordsworth, was illustrated by MacWhirter and Pettie; of these drawings MacWhirter did forty-two out of fifty. Edgar Allan Poe's "Poetical Works" was illustrated by MacWhirter and about six others. MacWhirter contributed four out of about twenty-seven, namely, "The Coliseum," "The Sleeper," "To the River," and "The Lake." He also worked on a volume of poems on Scotland called "Caledonia," selected from Scott, Burns, and Ramsay. He contributed two out of about thirty-two illustrations of the "Song of the Three Children" (*Benedicite omnia opera*), with a quotation from Daniel iii. 23 on the title-page; * as well as illustrations for "The Picturesque Mediterranean" and "The Land of Scott."

His etchings have also formed part of his success. THE ART JOURNAL has published 'By the Loch Side' (1882), and 'Stirling Castle' (1888). An etching by him with the title 'By Silver Streams where Throstles Call,' appeared in "The Abdication," by Scott Moncrieff.

*Palm Trees at Bordighera.*

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

* MacWhirter's subjects were: "O ye winds of God," and "O ye mountains and hills."

The following pictures are in public galleries:—The Tate has 'June in the Austrian Tyrol'; the Birmingham Corporation, 'Autumn in the Isle of Arran'; the Liverpool, 'There is a Silence in the Solemn Woods.' The Holloway College possesses 'Night' and 'Spindrift.' Burlington House has as his Diploma work, deposited on his election as Royal Academician, 'Nature's Archway' (p. 12).

Some of his more important pictures have already been mentioned. When we glance down the list of those that have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, what a noble record is presented of loyalty to Nature, insight into beauty, the joy of colour, lofty imagination, faithful work and happy achievements! To run over merely the names recalls many a delightful impression. They may be divided into seven classes:—I., *The Highland*; II., *The Generally Scottish*; III., *The Italian*; IV., *Pictures from other Countries*; V., *Domestic and Subject*; VI., *Trees*; VII., *Flowers*.

I. *The Highland*.—'Loch Coruisk: Isle of Skye'; 'Daybreak: A Wind came up out of the Sea'; 'Into the Depths of the Forest'; 'The Isle of Skye, Moonlight'; 'Night, most glorious Night'; 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood'; 'Spindrift'; 'The Source of a River'; 'A Valley of the Sea'; 'A Highland Solitude, Glencoe'; 'Mountain Tops'; 'Ossian's Grave'; 'Corrie, Isle of Arran'; 'The Windings of the Forth'; 'A Forest Solitude'; 'Loch Scavaig: Isle of Skye'; 'The Track of a Hurricane'; 'Iona'; 'Corrie Burn'; 'Winter Morning';



Papyrus Bushes on the Anapas, Syracuse.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

'Autumn Evening'; 'Misty Gleams: Loch Hourn'; 'Shores of Iona'; 'Autumn'; 'A Glimpse of Loch Katrine: Autumn'; 'Home of the Trout'; 'A Highland Bay'; 'The Mainland from Arran'; 'Over the Sunlit Sea'; 'A Highland Storm'; 'Subsiding Flood'; 'Fair Strathspey'; 'Twixt the Gloaming and the Mirk'; 'Glen Affaric'; 'Evening in the Forest: Guisachan'; 'Bonnie Scotland'; 'The Sleep that is Among the Lonely Hills'; 'Affaric Water: Looking up'; 'Affaric Water: Looking down'; 'Morning in the



Greek Theatre, Taormina.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



Nature's Archway (Diploma Work).

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

Isle of Arran'; 'Dark Loch Coruisk'; 'The Silver Strand: Loch Katrine'; 'Over the Sea from Skye'; 'The Silence that is in the Solemn Woods'; 'The Rugged Hills of Skye'; 'The Silent Night.'

II. *Landscapes generally Scottish.*—'Old Edinburgh: Night'; 'Desolate: the Fisherman's Haven'; 'Over the Border'; 'The Vanguard'; 'Edinburgh from Salisbury Crags'; 'Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel'; 'Edinburgh: the New Town'; 'Edinburgh: the Old Town.'

III. *Italian.*—'Temple of Vesta: Rome'; 'Summer Evening: Venice'; 'A Rainy Day: Venice'; 'Arch of Titus and Coliseum: Rome'; 'Harbour of Genoa'; 'Mount Etna from the Greek Theatre: Taormina'; 'Florence from San Miniato: Evening'; 'The Temple of Girgenti: Sicily'; 'Val d'Aosta'; 'Lake of Geneva from Chexbres'; 'Val Maggia: Locarno'; 'Lake of Geneva above Vevey.'

IV. *Landscapes from England and Other Countries.*—'Sunset Fires'; 'The Home of the Grizzly Bear'; 'Constantinople and the Golden Horn from Eyoub'; 'Bolton Abbey and Woods'; 'In the Rhone Valley'; 'Romantic Switzerland: Bignasco.'

V. *Domestic and Subject Pictures.*—'A Great While Ago the World Began' (a forlorn donkey by the sea); 'Out in the Cold' (a pathetic donkey locked out of its stable on a snowy night); 'Strayed Sheep'; 'A Highland Pastoral'; 'Sunday in the Highlands'; 'A Highland Auction'; 'A Highland Harvest';

'A Sermon by the Sea'; 'Otium cum Dignitate'; 'Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came.' These pictures all show a strong and keen sense of humour and pathos which might have led the painter into the field so splendidly occupied by Wilkie had not pure landscape bound him with a stronger enchantment.

VI. *Trees.*—In this branch of landscape it might almost be said that MacWhirter had taken out a patent, so complete and admirable is his sympathy with the glory and gracefulness of the kingdom of trees. Of tree-painting he writes as follows: "Claude Lorraine, Poussin and Turner—landscape painters of the first rank—painted trees in a masterly way, and with great appreciation of their beauty; but the first two named rarely varied their type. Titian also, in his backgrounds, painted trees in a noble way; but Turner was the first who individualised. The tree on the left side of 'Crossing the Brook' is a true Scotch fir, and the bare branches in the 'Frosty Morning' are admirably drawn; the stone pines, olives, etc., in 'Childe Harold' and 'Bay of Baïæ' are very distinctly characterised. *But there is much room for new study in this direction.* The smooth grey of the beech stem, the silky texture of the birch, and the rugged pine and oak, etc., should all be carefully noted; *there is nothing in landscape art more fascinating than tree-drawing.*"

'The Lady of the Woods'; 'The Three Graces'; 'The Last Days of the Autumn'; 'The Lord of the Glen'; 'Il Penseroso'; 'Nature's Mirror'; 'The Three Witches'; 'Birch Wood near the Sea'; 'Silver Birches'; 'The Fairy of the Glen'; 'Old Sherwood: Winter Evening'; 'Nature's Archway'; 'Beauty and the Beast'; 'Golden October';



The Ghost's Walk.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



A Fallen Giant.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Purchased for the Municipal Art Gallery, Pietermaritzburg, Natal.

'A Winter Fairy'; 'Crabbed Age and Youth'; 'A Monarch'; 'A Nameless Dell'; 'Golden Leaves'; 'A Fallen Giant'; 'The Three Kings: Sherwood'; 'A White Queen: Strathspey'; 'Scotch Firs: Rothiemurchus.'

VII. *Flowers*.—I have quoted already what Ruskin has said about flower-painting, and MacWhirter's own opinion of the inexhaustible charm of their beauty and brightness.

'Nemo me Impune Lacessit'; 'June: Where the Bee Sucks'; 'May'; 'Roses and Rabbits'; 'June in the Austrian Tyrol'; 'Quis Separabit? The Shamrock, The Rose, The Thistle'; 'Flowers on the Alps: Anemone and Gentian'; 'Alpine Meadows'; 'A Flowery Path: Switzerland in June.'

CHAPTER III.

INSPIRATIONS FROM THE POETS.

IN speaking of different orders of poets, and insisting on the cultivation of those only who are highest and best, it has been truly said by Ruskin that "there are few thoughts likely to come across ordinary men, which have not already been expressed by greater men in the best possible way; and it is a wiser, more generous, and more noble thing to remember and point out the perfect words, than to invent poorer ones, wherewith to encumber temporarily the world." * "To remember and point out the perfect words"—painters have often felt this; and MacWhirter's interpretation of Nature is so akin to that of the higher class of poets, the creative and reflective, that it is perfectly natural to him to give the keynote to his

* "Modern Painters," iii. iv., note to ch. xii.



May.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



June: "Where the bee sucks."

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

pictures in the choice and pregnant phrases of those who have learnt to express the moods of Nature by clear, terse, suggestive words. His favourites are Shakespeare, Scott, Byron, Chatterton, Burns, and Longfellow.

I do not think Ruskin is right in limiting the sympathy of Shakespeare with Nature. He argues that Shakespeare was too great to think about it: "He could be allowed no mountains; nay, not any supreme natural beauty. He had to be left with his kingcups and clover, pansies, the passing clouds, the Avon's flow, and the undulating hills and woods of Warwick; nay, he was not to love even any of these in exceeding measure, lest it might make him in the least overrate their power upon the strong, full-fledged minds of men." † On the contrary, scattered throughout the plays are exquisite hints of landscape, absolutely sympathetic with Nature, and not unequal in insight to the creations of any other department of that mighty genius. MacWhirter has a collection of these passages, and employs them with effect. The song in "Twelfth Night,"

"A great while ago the world began,
With hey ho! the wind and the rain,"

with the well-known refrain, "For the rain it raineth every day," gives the keynote to the picture of the forlorn animal standing shelterless by the seashore in a storm, type of inevitable misery. The delightful song, "Where the bee sucks," ‡ sums up a lovely picture of June flowers—wild roses in a field with brambles and beehives. The Three Witches in "Macbeth" add point to a picture (Royal Academy, 1886) entitled also 'The Weird Sisters' (p. 16).

† "Modern Painters," iv., pt. v. ch. xx, §§ 28, 30.

‡ "Tempest," Act V., Scene I.

'Crabbed Age and Youth,' from "The Passionate Pilgrim," explains the contrast of the aged tree and its youthful companion in a Royal Academy picture of 1899 (p. 28).

Longfellow's description of Morning gives the meaning of one of his most subtle pictures, 'Daybreak' (1870):—

"A wind came up out of the sea
And said, 'O mists make room for me.'
It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail on
Ye mariners, the night is gone !'
And hurried landward, far away,
Crying, 'Awake ! it is the day !'
* * * * *

It crossed the graveyard with a sigh,
And said, 'Not yet ! In quiet lie.'"

Milton's marvellous delineation of Moonrise is the theme of one of the pictures of 1903, 'The Silent Night':—

" Till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty at length—
Apparent queen—unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the night her silver mantle threw."

The gladsomeness of early morning among the hills could hardly be more exquisitely suggested than by the lines appended to 'Mountain-tops' (1881):—

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund
day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops."

And again Poet and Painter are at one in the picture of 'The Isle of Skye' of 1872, and the beautiful lines of Scott:—

"The evening mists with ceaseless change
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,
Now left their foreheads bare."

Both give their version of the wonderful harmonies of Nature, the tenderness of atmospheric effects on the ruggedness of majestic dignity, the suggestion of the mitigation of awfulness by partial veiling, and sympathetic ministrations.

The misery of unconcealed dreariness and untempered sorrow are portrayed in the two great pictures of Loch Coruisk, at an interval of thirty years (1869 and 1899); and both are aptly characterised by Scott:—

"But here, above, around, below,
On mountain, or in glen,
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power
The weary eye may ken;
For all is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone."*

A kindred note of passion for aloof loneliness, which sometimes is a characteristic of human nature, is struck by the picture 'Ossian's Grave' in 1882, and from the quotation from Ossian's poems:—

"By the stone of Mora I shall fall asleep.
The winds whistling in my grey hair shall not awaken me.
Depart on thy wings, O wind !
Thou canst not disturb the rest of the Bard."

Burns and the painter meet again in the sense of fascination

* "Lord of the Isles."



Golden Leaves.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co., London, W.

that is given by the idea of the weird, Titanic power that is always behind even the gentlest smiles of earth: the 'Highland Storm' of 1893 is fittingly accompanied by the strong line,

"Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast."

One of the loveliest scenes in Scotland is given in 'The Silver Strand: Loch Katrine' (1899); and is emphasised by one of the most beautiful touches in Scott's prolific imagery:—

"So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream."†

When you look at the painter's delineations of Edinburgh, the most picturesque of all cities, your appreciation of its consolidated strength and noble outline is quickened by Scott's vigorous description, which is the motto of 'Edinburgh, from the Salisbury Crags' in 1887:—

Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
Piled deep and massy, close and high
Mine own romantic town;‡

† "Lady of the Lake."

‡ "Marmion."



Three Kings: Sherwood.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

or by the parallel lines which characterise 'Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel' in 1888:—

... When looking forth
I view the Empress of the North,
Set on her hilly throne.

Few can have seen the capital of the Northern kingdom without being struck by the quality of *queenliness* which she presents.

THE ART JOURNAL of 1865, in speaking of MacWhirter's work that year at the Royal Scottish Academy, says:—"No artist can represent the heather bell, the daisy, or the little gems of the Alpine Flora with such artistic grace as he; and he has given the widest scope to this fancy in his large picture of 'The Exile's Garden,' in which he has placed on canvas that wonderful specimen of word-painting, the deserted garden in Hood's 'Haunted House.'"

I may close these notes on sympathy between Poet and Painter by one or two of MacWhirter's quotations on the life and beauty of trees. Here we may go back as far as Homer. Ruskin has remarked that "Homer seems to have attached a pleasant idea, for the most part, to forests; regarding them as sources of wealth and places of shelter; and we find constantly an idea of sacredness attached to them, as being haunted especially by the gods, . . . and so the wood is evidently regarded with great affection by Sophocles, for in a passage which is always regarded by readers

of Greek tragedy with peculiar pleasure, the aged and blind Œdipus, brought to rest "in the sweetest resting-place" in all the neighbourhood of Athens, has the spot described to him as haunted perpetually by nightingales, which sing "in the green glades and in the dark ivy, and in the thousand-fruited, sunless and windless thickets of the god." . . . After this come the usual staples of landscape—narcissus, crocus, plenty-of-rain, olive-trees."

It is not so much the shelter of the woods that enchants people in our milder climate in the North, as their joyousness, freshness, beauty and mystery. "The merry green-wood" is a common expression in ballads and the older poets. From one of them MacWhirter quotes the idea of the exceeding gaiety of blossoming trees in spring (1880, 'May') :—

"There saw I eke the fresh hawthorne
In white motley that so sweet doth smell."

And at the other end of the leafy season there is for us the same sense of the glory of colour; for his picture 'Autumn' (1889) he takes the congenial and most expressive line of Chatterton:—

"With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf."

There is another aspect of trees which impresses MacWhirter, and must be common to all who love woodlands, and that is the sublime majesty of an ancient oak or fir, which for centuries has been weathering storm and blast, and still looks out upon the world in calm strength, type of a venerable and long-tried institution, or of a strong, vigorous life that has seen stress and combat. So the painter thinks of the 'Three Kings: Sherwood'; and the poet gives him kindred words:—

"The monarch oak, sole king of forests all."

Painter and poet live in a happy dreamland; but the dream is of truth and beauty, with glimpses of insight into the secret thought of the Creation. So Emerson writes: "The Masters painted for joy, and knew not that virtue had gone out of them; they could not paint the like in cold blood. The Masters of English Lyric wrote their songs so; it was a fine efflorescence of fine powers."



The Weird Sisters.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.

AN ALPINE MEADOW
BY J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRTH — EDUCATION — EARLY INFLUENCES — ARTISTIC
TRAINING—STUDIES—MIGRATION TO LONDON.

JOHN MACWHIRTER was born on March 27th, 1839, at Slateford, near Edinburgh. His father was Mr. George MacWhirter, paper manufacturer, of Colinton, Edinburgh, a descendant of an old stock settled in Ayrshire (one of the five Ayrshire martyrs, whose monument stands between Ayr and Maybole, bore the same name), who was himself a skilful draughtsman, a botanist, geologist, and an enthusiastic lover of Nature. John's maternal uncles were great travellers, the most distinguished being the late Major Gordon Laing, who was murdered by natives, after penetrating into the interior of Africa in an attempt to discover the source of the Niger. Heredity is always interesting. From his father the painter inherited a taste for Art and natural objects; from his mother's family a love of travel, which he has used for the purposes of his work.

It was the intention of Mr. George MacWhirter to put his son into business. John was thirteen years old when



Canal at Bruges.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

his father died, and thereupon left his school at Peebles. He had already made a telling sketch of Neidpath Castle. The schoolmaster was a distant relation by marriage, and took the lad to Edinburgh to be interviewed by Oliver and Boyd, the well-known booksellers in Princes Street, with a view to an engagement. One of the partners said: "He looks an intelligent boy, though under the usual age. Try him." So he was bound apprentice for five years. He may have been an intelligent boy, but he turned out a bad bookseller. Not to put too fine a point upon it, after six months he bolted. A painter he would be, and his confidence in himself was justified, for he began to exhibit at the Royal Scottish Academy when only fourteen years of age.

He at once entered the Art Schools, known as those of the Board of Manufactures, where so many of the Scots artists have studied successfully. The Antique and the Life Schools were at that time under the superintendence respectively of Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., and John Ballantine. Among MacWhirter's fellow-students were John Hutchison, the sculptor (now Treasurer of the Royal Scottish Academy), who was the most intimate of his companions, John Pettie, W. Q. Orchardson, Peter Graham, William MacTaggart,



The Coast of Arran.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Hugh Cameron, and others. Lauder himself was an eminent painter of figures and subjects. MacWhirter speaks of him as a fine, ideal, dreamy sort of man. It has been rightly said that "the Lauder method was not scholastic, but educative. He made no attempt to impress himself upon his pupils, to fetter them by rules, and move them into uniformity by the enforcement of mechanical methods. He took them as he found them, however fashioned and endowed, and directed his efforts to the development of such gifts as they possessed. He encouraged them in the search for means and ways of self-expression. . . . Standing amongst Lauder's pupils, one feels how little in Art can be lent that is worth borrowing, and that which is worthy of imitation is inimitable. Better, probably, than his own fast-fading works, his students keep the Master's memory green, and mark the most brilliant period in the history of his own decadent school. Such a body of gifted men—men of all degrees of talent and genius—clustering round one Master is a rare phenomenon. That they have immeasurably enriched British Art cannot be gainsaid. That their coming in a group marks an epoch in the progress of Scots Art goes without saying. Of wider interest and deeper significance is the part they have played in conferring something of a distinctive character upon the British Art of the Victorian era. Amongst them, however, is a resting-place from the battles of the schools, and a starting-place for later endeavour."

The same writer,* in appraising Lauder and his pupils,

* Edward Pinnington, in THE ART JOURNAL.



On the Neckar, near Heidelberg.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



A Winter Song.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

speaks thus of MacWhirter (he has just been characterising Pettie):—

“With MacWhirter we enter upon a new train of ideas. He is the travelled and versatile student of Nature. He paints everything pertaining to the life of the world (*i.e.*, the earthly creation), from wild flowers to the grace of the silvery birch and sweet-smelling hawthorn. With the nonchalance of courage and energy he seeks the snowy pass, in which he plants his ‘Vanguard,’ and the rocky solitude over which the riven and storm-scarred ‘Monarch of the Glen’ presides. He oscillates between simple beauty and vasty grandeur, between realistic truth and suggestions of the ideal. His ‘Sermon by the Sea’ is of the order of paintings which tempt us to read into them more than the artist thought. The painted scene becomes an allegory. The real sermon is more eloquent than pastoral homily While portraying the form of Nature MacWhirter makes us conscious of another life, of another and commanding Presence; and landscape art goes no higher than when it takes us out into the open, and asks,

‘Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?’”*

From early boyhood MacWhirter never relaxed in his close and reverent devotion to Nature. From the age of fourteen, when he made his choice for life, he studied her

* Tennyson, “The Higher Pantheism.”



The Blackbird's Song.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

moods and methods with constant and patient faithfulness. Every day he would go out in the morning, with perhaps only a penny roll in his pocket, and sit beside the bed of a river, or before a bramble bush or birch-tree, and work out the beauty of detail and master all the variety of flower and tree growth. This beauty has given him constantly new inspiration. In his boyhood it was the beauty of flowers and trees that he recognised, and in his mature years, whilst reproducing scenes of sublimity, grandeur, and splendour on a wider scale, he has gone back also to his early love in the painting of flower-fields and birch-trees.

About the age of fifteen he paid a visit to the Isle of Skye, having only £3 in his pocket, with the object of making sketches there; but he found the material to be beyond his young and undeveloped powers. About this time he began exhibiting at the Royal Scottish Academy, being probably the youngest exhibitor in years of all his contemporaries. His first R.S.A. pictures were ‘Old Cottage at Braid’ (1854) and ‘On the Water of Leith’ (1855). He began travelling early, and is still a wanderer, as full of enthusiasm as ever in finding out new spots for



Roses and Rabbits.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

painting, and in revisiting old and favourite places after the long lapse of years. After the period of work in town, he finds each time in the first glimpse of the Alps, or of the Italian lakes, or of old-world towns, or of backwoods and highlands generally, the fresh renewal of the joyous feeling of youth. His first glimpse of the Continent was when he was sixteen years old. He wandered with a friend through the antique German towns, the Tyrol, and the Salzkammergut. The result of this tour was the exhibition of a picture of the Gossau-see at the Royal Scottish Academy, which was purchased by the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, a body no longer in existence.

Since that early expedition, MacWhirter has journeyed on the Continent every year; and few men have maintained throughout life a greater enthusiasm for travel. In one of these early years he spent six months in Rome in company with Hutchison the sculptor, each working at his own special art. MacWhirter occupied his time in the Campagna, and among the ruins, and painted several elaborate pictures—among others, the Coliseum seen through the Arch of Titus, and a small picture of the Temple of Vesta (which was his first exhibit at the Royal Academy). In other years he has

visited Sicily twice, Constantinople, Norway, Switzerland. Across the Atlantic he has painted a picture of the Golden Gate at San Francisco, and has seen and sketched the great trees of the Yosemite Valley.

What were the influences in the early days that had the most lasting effect upon him? The study under Lauder consisted mainly of drawing from the antique and life, and

though all the while he felt himself a landscape painter, he never regretted going through this careful training. All the while he was in Lauder's school he never missed a day from January to December in painting about the Water of Leith, near which he was born, or on the Pentland Hills. The main result of Lauder's teaching was thoroughness in work and dependence on individuality. Another influence was that of Horatio MacCulloch (he lived from 1805 to 1867). He did not know him personally, only enough for recognition in the street. A stronger influence was that of Millais (born 1829, died 1896), who at this time was producing his exquisite black



A Ruskin Sketch.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



Ruskin Sketches.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

and white illustrations for *Good Words* and other publications; (I can remember what fascination they had for me when I was a boy;) and Millais constantly contributed pictures to the Royal Scottish Academy Exhibitions, for which the young artists of the day looked eagerly, each year, in expectation of instruction and the inspiring note of genius; Ruskin and Turner, it need hardly be added, were also in his mind.

In 1867, when only twenty-eight years old, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. This, to so young a man, was the greatest possible encouragement, and the highest available distinction. That year he had exhibited seven pictures, six of which were views of Rome and its neighbourhood. The impression they made at the time on the critic of *THE ART JOURNAL* was as follows:—"Among



June in the Austrian Tyrol (Chantrey Funa purchase).

By permission of Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

the most promising artists of the Scottish School . . . is Mr. John MacWhirter. The young painter has drawn his inspirations not only from the beautiful scenery of his own country, but also from the wild, romantic, and almost weird landscape of Norway; and he has wisely studied in Rome, where it is impossible to fail in getting information and improvement in the technical details of his art. His pictures of the 'Arch of Titus' and of 'The Campagna' deservedly excite much attention, but it is in his remarkable power to delineate woodland and rocky scenery that his talent is most conspicuous. In a small picture—'The Barberini Pine: Rome, Sunset'—his wonderful talent for tree-painting is unmistakably shown; but not to the same extent as in his 'Old Mill in Norway,' where so true are the trees, shrubs and flowers, that they would satisfy the botanist, while at the same time they are all that Art can wish. Mr. MacWhirter feels and expresses the genius of each tree, but he makes no effort to give its microscopic details; he is essentially an artist, and not a copyist."

In 1865, his first picture was hung at the Royal Academy in London: it was 'The Temple of Vesta: Rome,' and was sent from Edinburgh. His second Royal Academy picture was in 1868, the last year that



Lyle Akin, Skye.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

the Annual Exhibition was held in Trafalgar Square. It was 'Old Edinburgh: Night.' The view was from George the Fourth Bridge. When painting it, he had in mind the strong and pathetic description by Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus," and thought that Carlyle might have been looking at that very scene. An Edinburgh address, and one in Kentish Town, London, were given in the catalogue of that year; at every subsequent exhibition MacWhirter's pictures have been hung.

Meantime the diligent accumulation of materials by sketching continued. These have been arranged in scrap-books, of which the painter possesses a large number. The contents are indexed under such headings as these: Animals, Anchors, Boats, Birds' Nests, Bridges, Castles, Cottages, Churches, Flowers, Foreign Towns, Gateways, Graveyards, Harvest-fields, Mountains, Moonlight Scenes, Market-places, Meadows, Rainbows, Sea, Sky, Shells, Shrines, Spray, Snow, Stained Glass, Sundials, Trees, Waterfalls, Windmills.

About 1869 the painter himself followed his pictures from Edinburgh to London, where he has since lived. By this time he felt he had strength enough to deal with the superb scenery of the Isle of Skye, from which in earlier years he had shrunk; in 1869 he sent to the Royal



Venice.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



Constantinople and the Golden Horn.
By J. MacWhorter, R.A.



Lake of Como.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Academy a large landscape, 'Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye,' where—

All is rocks at random thrown,
Black waves, bare crags, and banks of stone.*

It was characterised in *THE ART JOURNAL* as "one of the grandest landscapes of the year." Besides Scott's famous verses, that weird scene, glorious in gloominess, is vividly described in Black's "Daughter of Heth."

The picture of 1870 was called 'Daybreak,' and the subject was suggested by Longfellow's exquisite song—

A wind came up out of the sea
And said, O mist make room for me.

It was a beautiful ideal, and *THE ART JOURNAL* noted that it was poetically treated, and showed some fine passages, especially the leading motive—the movement of the stormy clouds as they clear away before the rising wind, and "cross the graveyard with a sigh."

* Scott.

It was about this time that MacWhirter's first contact with Ruskin took place, to which allusion has been made before. When on the tour in Norway he had painted a number of water-colour drawings of wild flowers, some of which still hang on the walls of Mrs. MacWhirter's drawing-room. Mr. E. Fox White, fine art dealer and art publisher, borrowed the scrap-book containing these studies, which are striking evidence of the painter's extraordinarily careful and sympathetic attention to details of Nature. Ruskin was then living at Denmark Hill, and there Mr. Fox took them; but the great critic could not see them at the time. Mr. Fox left them, and soon afterwards some correspondence passed, expressing the Professor's enthusiastic appreciation: "I must state how much I am obliged to you for forcing me to see this wonderful work. I have never seen anything like it." (He compared it with the work of Albert Dürer.) "Could you interview the artist and see if he will allow me to take this book of studies to Oxford to show the students what foreground study should be?" So they went to Oxford. Of these Norway flower sketches Noël Paton secured two, some of them remained with the painter (and are reproduced on p. 19), the others Ruskin bought, and at present they are in a glass case in the Oxford School of Art. Strange to say, however, MacWhirter never had any direct communication with Ruskin. For some years he went every spring to Switzerland to paint the field flowers in the high places. His picture, 'June in the Austrian Tyrol' (p. 19), which was bought by the Chantrey Fund, was painted from sketches made at Gosau, where he had travelled as a boy.

Every year now MacWhirter's pictures attracted appreciative attention. In 1871 there were two—one 'The Depths of the Forest,' where a horseman is riding into the gloom of the pines, which was placed very near Millais' famous 'Chill October.' In 1872 there was a large canvas, 'The Isle of Skye,' of which *THE ART JOURNAL* said that it was "a grand, daring, and powerful composition, most suggestive as a piece of romantic painting, where one saw 'the evening mists with ceaseless change' rolling over and



Near Menaggio: Lake of Como.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

*Val d'Aosta.**By J. MacWhirter, R.A.*

beneath the range of lofty mountains, now almost hiding them, and now 'leaving their foreheads bare'—a noble landscape. It had for a companion 'Moonlight,' a scene painted with much tenderness of feeling."

In this same year MacWhirter added greatly to his permanent happiness for life by a fortunate marriage with Miss

*Lake of Como.**By J. MacWhirter, R.A.*

Catherine Menzies, daughter of Professor Menzies, of the University of Edinburgh, who has shared his career with the most complete sympathy, and been the companion alike of travel and work. It should here be mentioned that the painter's sister, Agnes MacWhirter, was an admirable painter of still life, and exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Royal Scottish Academy. Her first R.A. picture was hung in 1870, and came from the same address as her brother's. Delicate health, however, prevented her from taking a prominent place as a water-colour painter. The daughter of MacWhirter (whose portrait by Alma-Tadema was at the New Gallery in 1890) is married to Charles Sims, a young artist whose work is often shown at the Royal Academy and elsewhere.

Interesting pictures followed. Individual notice of all of them would be beyond the limits of this sketch, but what was said in these earlier years of London life is important in showing the painter's growth. In 1873 there were two pictures, 'Desolate' and 'The Fisherman's Haven.' "The latter, a large canvas, showed some fishing-boats, as they made for the harbour, passing a coast on which stood a church in the midst of a churchyard. Possibly the artist intended by this introduction to point indirectly to the latter as the 'haven' of rest when the fisherman's life-work was done." * The two works of 1874 were specially mentioned by THE ART JOURNAL, one of them particularly "from the appeal that it made to the feelings of ordinary humanity. A miserable-looking donkey stands 'Out in the Cold'—the title—at the doorway of a ruined hut, possibly intended for his stable, but which he

* THE ART JOURNAL.



Highland Cattle.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



The Vanguard.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the Etching by C. D. Murray.

By permission of Mr. Robert Dunthorne.

cannot enter, for the rickety door has been closed by the wind, and the drifting snow has blocked it up, and the poor, disconsolate, patient animal looks wistfully and ruefully at his accustomed place of refuge from the inclement weather. . . . The colour is admirably treated, and the sense of complete isolation given by the outline of the animal against the bland background of deep snow is well marked" (p. 26).

In 1875 there were three. The first had for its title the motto of the Order of the Thistle, "Nemo me impune lacessit," in allusion to the national emblem, "of which numerous specimens appear in the picture, mingled with creeping brambles, dog-roses, and other wild shrubs of spontaneous growth in forest brake and glade; and amongst this mass of uncultivated productions of Nature are beautiful specimens of butterflies disporting. The picture is full of that detail which may be designated as the artist's 'early love.' . . . "The last of the three was a grand landscape, about seven feet wide—a scene on the River Tummell—bearing as its title—

'Land of the mountain and the flood.'

. . . . At the base of a range of cloud-capped mountains a river, of comparatively narrow width in its ordinary condition, has by some vast accession of waters widened itself till it has overflowed the banks, and is now rushing tumultuously, and foaming itself white with rage over the huge boulders which strive

in vain to impede its progress, while producing no other result than to create numerous lesser cataracts, that help to give force and picturesque grandeur to the scene—one not often presented on canvas with such power of truth."

In 1876 was welcomed the first of the series of birch-trees, 'The Lady of the Woods,' "truly ladylike in form and carriage, rearing her tender branches with golden leaves, against the blue sky. All the background is painted in beautiful harmony and keeping—a delicious scene, most suggestive of quietude and repose, with all its details most conscientiously presented."



Ossian's Grave.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

Such work as this, so welcome and so notable, was sure to have a speedy reward; and in 1879 MacWhirter was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Next year his old friends in Edinburgh conferred on him the distinction of Honorary Membership of the Royal Scottish Academy. He remained A.R.A. fourteen years, and became R.A. in 1893, being elected together with Henry Woods and Henry Moore, the popular sea-painter, who died in 1895. The three vacancies were created by the deaths of Thomas Woolner the sculptor, and John Pettie the subject painter; and by the retirement of Thomas Faed, who died seven years afterwards, in 1900. On the same occasion J. W. North was elected an Associate in place of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who resigned.

So the years went on, crowned with success and popularity, producing each



MISTY GLEAMS, LOCH HOURN.

By J. MACWHIRTER, R.A.

its own variety of admirable and beautiful work. Almost the only two transcripts he made from English scenery were 'Sunset Fires' and 'Nature's Mirror,' both in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1883, and both painted on the Royal Common in Surrey. The contributions of each year will be seen in the chronological list in the appendix, and besides illustrating the quiet fruitful life and the mind constantly replenished at Nature's noblest fountains, will bring back many a familiar friend of former days, which had inevitably impressed itself on the memory, and had helped to give the particular Exhibition its special character and distinction.

In 1900 he wrote for Messrs. Cassell an excellent Manual on Landscape Painting in Water-Colours, from



The Wind and the Rain.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

which several extracts have been made in this sketch: one of a series on Practical Art. As to his friends, besides the artist comrades of his youth (Orchardson, b. 1835, Peter Graham, b. 1836, Pettie, b. 1839, Hutchison, MacTaggart, etc.), and the Royal Academicians and Associates since his election, MacWhirter has been on intimate terms with William Black, Sir Walter Besant, George Macdonald,

Bret Harte, and most of the novelists of the time. He never met Robert Louis Stevenson, who was eleven years his junior, and lived mostly abroad. There was a strong artistic affinity in early days between MacWhirter and Peter Graham; and it is curious that MacWhirter began by painting cattle, Graham trees. Each in maturity has adopted the other line.



A Pinewood by the Sea.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the Etching by Francis Walker.

By permission of Mr. Thos. McLean.



A Glimpse of Loch Katrine.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

From the Etching by David Laing.

By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell.

*Otium cum Dignitate.**By J. MacWhirter, R.A.**By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, London, W.*

Some years ago Mr. Flockhart, F.R.I.B.A., built for Mr. MacWhirter a beautiful house at 1, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood (the principal quarter of artists in London), in the style of the Italian Renaissance, with lofty, spacious studio and pleasant rooms. It is immediately opposite the memorial to Onslow Ford, R.A., the sculptor. In the small library at the entrance to the studio are portraits of his chief friends—Orchardson, Pettie, Sir Noël Paton, Sir George Reid, Peter Graham, T. Graham, Farquharson, Calderon, W. E. Lockhart, Alfred Gilbert, etc. The men of the past whom he most admires are over the mantelpiece in the studio itself: Burns in the middle, with Leighton and Martineau on one side, Turner and Carlyle on the other. Here he dispenses a most genial and kindly hospitality, especially the annual dinner to show the pictures of the year to a select circle of private friends.

There are three good portraits of himself; one by John Pettie, R.A., about 1870; another by Wolfram O. Ford, exhibited at the R.A. in 1901; the third by Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A., in 1902.

what I have aimed at, because it seems to me foolish and wrong not to express our indebtedness to genius until it can no longer hear the willing voice of admiration. Here again Ruskin gives us the right note: "Let us not forget that if honour be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. . . . The lesson which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations. . . . Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has tuned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."* THE ART JOURNAL has not been remiss in this respect; it has produced monographs during lifetime on Leighton, Millais, Alma-Tadema, Meissonier, Hook, Rosa Bonheur, Birket Foster, Briton Riviere, Von Herkomer, Holman Hunt, Burne-

* "Modern Painters" I., sec. i., ch. i., §5.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE endeavoured in the previous chapters to give some account of the life, work, ideals, and surroundings of a genuine and enthusiastic painter of landscape, in whom a multitude of lovers of Nature and students of art take a keen and sustained interest. I have not been asked to criticise his pictures or to explain his technique, and I have not attempted to do so; that would need a scientific knowledge to which nothing but professional experience could warrant a claim. There are also things that can be said in appreciation of a man who has gone to his rest which cannot well be uttered while he is living and working in full vigour amongst us. But it has been a privilege to me to do

*Out in the Cold.**By J. MacWhirter, R.A.**By permission of Merton Russell Cotes, Esq.,
East Cliff Hall, Bournemouth.*



A Flowery Path.
By J. MacWhirter, R.A.



Crabbed Age and Youth.

By J. MacWhirter, R.A.

*By permission of Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Limited,
Publishers of the Photogravure.*

Jones, Fildes, Watts, Stone, Poynter, Orchardson, Crane, Lady Butler, William Morris, Peter Graham, Tenniel, Leader, Rossetti, W. Richmond, and Alfred Gilbert. To know more of the thoughtful idealist in landscape and devout student of Nature who is the subject of this sketch, to be reminded of his many-sided work, and to recall the delight which he has given in the years gone by, will, I am confident, be a welcome opportunity to all who value living British art.

We leave him in his pleasant, spacious home among the gardens of north-west London, a vigorous and kindly Scot, an enthusiastic supporter of Scottish traditions and institutions, happy in his domestic life, surrounded with friends, blessed with an even temper, cheerfulness, and good health, and producing year by year admirable and characteristic additions to the long gallery of past achievements. I am not going to sum him up: but I think in addition to the idealism and variety of sympathy, of which I have already spoken, I should say that two of the leading notes in his work are truthfulness of colour and unflagging industry. His veracity of tone can hardly, perhaps, be fully gauged by those who do not know the Highlands, Italy, or the Swiss uplands; but I would

only instance the warm purple blue of the Cuchullin mountains in the Skye picture of this year (1903). To one who had no experience of that glorious scenery it might seem exaggerated; but the truth is that there is a peculiar richness about the colouring of that chain, standing as it does in an atmosphere perpetually washed by rain, and between two seas toned in deep hues, which is hard to match in other parts of the North. And as to industry, it is essential to greatness in painting, as in other kinds of eminence. "If we were to be asked abruptly," says Ruskin, "and required to answer briefly, what qualities chiefly distinguish great artists from feeble, we should answer, I suppose—first, their sensibility and tenderness; secondly, their imagination; and thirdly, their industry. Some of us might, perhaps, doubt the justice of attaching so much importance to this last character, because we have all known clever men who were indolent, and dull men who were industrious. But though you may have known clever men who were indolent, you never knew a *great* man who was so; and during such investigation as I have been able to give to the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever looms so large upon me—no law remains so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and law that they are all great workers: nothing concerning them is matter of more astonishment than the quantity they have accomplished in

the given length of their life; and when I hear a young man spoken of as giving high promise of genius, the first question I ask about him is always—Does he work?"* From the days of diligent sketching in boyhood to the present hour, MacWhirter has both by precept and example encouraged, to the very utmost of his power, honest, strenuous work. And in the honoured and permanent place which he holds amongst British landscape painters he has a great reward. Long may he continue his high calling of presenting Nature in her most charming as well as her most impressive forms!

LIST OF WORKS EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(The page numbers indicate the works reproduced.)

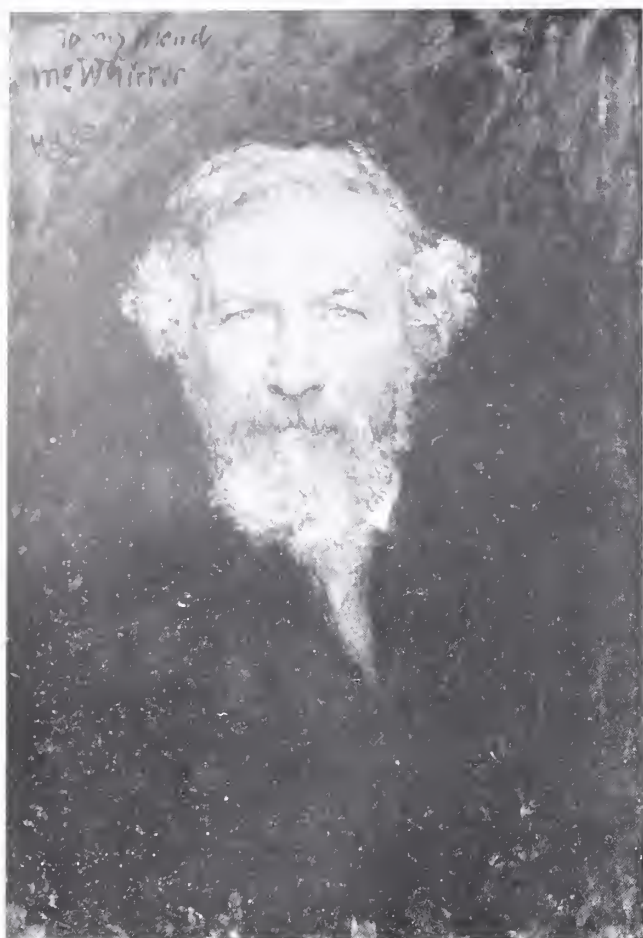
- 1865. Temple of Vesta, Rome.
- 1865. Old Edinburgh: Night.
- 1869. Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye.
- 1870. Daybreak.
- 1871. Into the Depths of the Forest.
- The Wind and the Rain (p. 25).

* "The Two Paths." Lect. '4.



Exterior View of Mr. MacWhirter's House.

W. Flockhart, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.

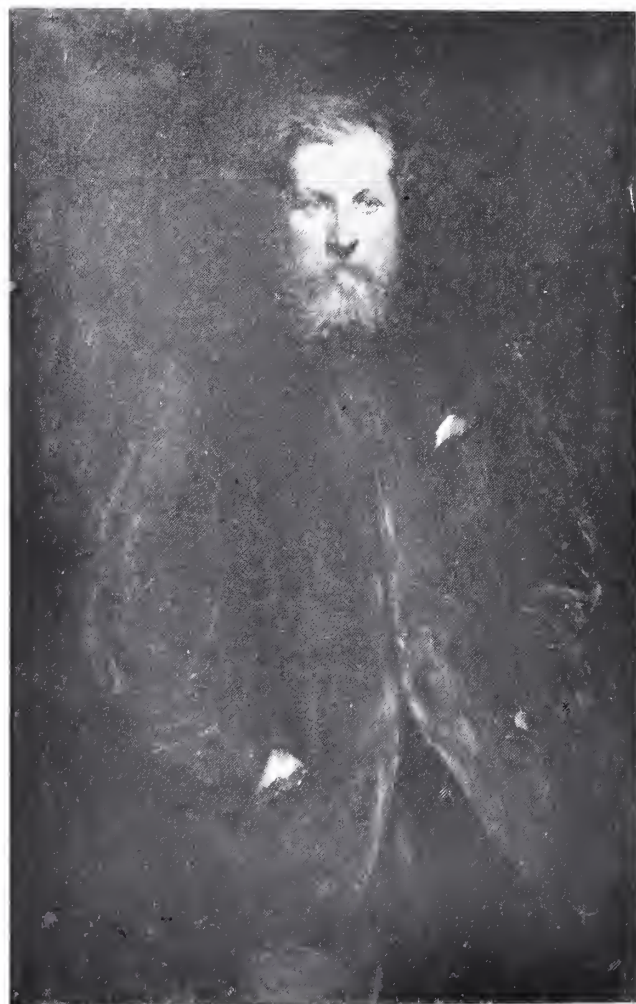


John MacWhirter, R.A.

By Professor von Herkomer, R.A.

- 1872. The Isle of Skye.
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- 1873. Desolate.
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- 1874. Out in the Cold (p. 26).
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- 1875. "Nemo me Impune Lacessit."
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John MacWhirter, R.A.

By John Pettie, R.A.



THE LATE P. H. CALDERON.
THE LATE JOHN PETTIE.

THE LATE T. FAED.

MR. J. FARQUHARSON.
MR. TOM GRAHAM.

MR. PETER GRAHAM.
MR. BRITON RIVIERE.

The Library of the Artist.

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ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.**
1854. Old Cottage at Braid.
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 A Study.
 1870. Harvest by the Sea.
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 " Cauld Blaws the Blast across the Moor."
 1871. Standing Stones on Machrie Moor.
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 1874. The Fisherman's Haven.
 1875. Glencoe.
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 Heather.
 1876. St. Martin's Cross, Iona.
 1878. Thunderstorm on the Prairie.
 Salt Lake City, Utah.
 1880. The Three Graces.
 1882. A Valley by the Sea.
 1883. Ossian's Grave.
 1885. A Sermon by the Sea.
 The Windings of the Forth.
 1887. The Three Witches.
 1888. Edinburgh from Salisbury Crags.
 1891. Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine.
 The Afterglow.
 1894. Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel.
 1896. June in the Austrian Tyrol.
 1897. Otium cum Dignitate.
 1900. Dark Loch Coruisk.



The Bromsgrove Guild of Applied Art.

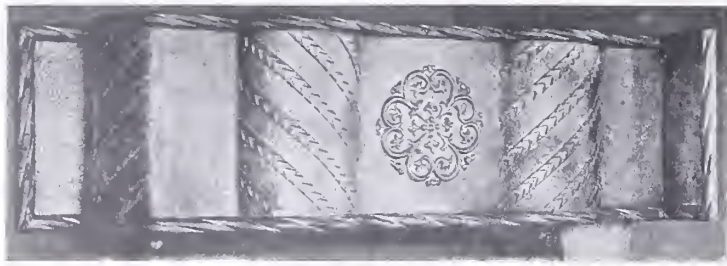
In August, 1893, the late W. E. Gladstone distributed the prizes at the National Workmen's Exhibition, and in an address referred to the value of diversified effort. An interesting simile was given. The statesman said that in his youth, in the days of stage coaches, the road which killed the largest number of horses was the Slough Road. No doubt many people in his audience were curious to know why, that road being for nearly 30 miles a dead level. It might be supposed that it was easier work for the animals; but, on the contrary, facts proved that an up-and-down course was better for them.

The same argument may be applied to human work. Downhill, easy progress refreshes for the uphill strenuous effort, and far more is accomplished than on a path of dead-level monotony. Likewise, it may be taken for granted that, always with a fixed motive, a change of occupation tends towards efficiency. In the case of a



SILVER TROWEL USED BY H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

Executed by the Bromsgrove Guild.



DECORATED LEAD CISTERN.
By the Bromsgrove Guild.

mediaeval buildings. A serious effort is being made to uphold this neglected British industry, the accompanying illustrations being simple examples of some of the Guild's productions. Lead, a ductile and malleable metal, which acquires an agreeable black tarnish by exposure, can be advantageously used for statues, fountains, garden cisterns, and in many other purely ornamental ways than for accessory use in buildings. There seems no reason to believe that this branch of art should not again form one of the important artistic concerns of Great Britain, if architects did but realise the fact that modern iron spouting, painted as it may be, is the one discordant effect which spoils the best efforts of the best men.

As regards their work in jewellery, the endeavour of the Guild workers is to create something more decoratively homogeneous than is obtained by a little quick handicraft: to make, by a beautiful decorative use of the figure in metal or enamel, an ornament which will be a source of pleasure and pride to the

craftsman relief may be felt either by working in another medium or by instructing and collaborating with a fellow craftsman. It is because of the opportunities for such intercourse that artificers, who work together under good organisation, possess advantages which, except in a few rare instances of great personal initiative, are more or less lost to the individual.

The BROMSGROVE GUILD is an example of the success of this system of artistic co-operation. Artists of peculiar experience and reputation, acting as specialists in the various branches of allied and applied art, each control their own department. Commissions come through a co-operative organisation which is responsible for good business arrangements—important factors in works which demand the due fulfilment of promises, sometimes overlooked by artists.

During the short time of about five years the Guild has been connected with many important schemes of decoration in this country and abroad. Those who have utilised the productions of its workshops and studios include architects and others whose names as patrons or clients sufficiently guarantee the high character of the work executed. At the present time much important public and private work is being executed in the Metropolis, in the great provincial towns, and in country dwellings of all kinds. In the metal shops of the Guild great attention is being paid to the judicious introduction of figure work into decoration, the old traditions, as regards excellence of execution and beauty of expression, being observed, with just that touch of modern character required for modern needs and uses.

Particular attention must be drawn to the work being done in cast and decorated lead, a material now, happily, being much more re-used, irrespective of cost, to supplant its base substitute, a long-accustomed evil, the nightmare of most modern buildings, egg-shell iron. For anything but purely sanitary use lead has been practically ignored in modern times, yet for many centuries it was employed in every building, undoubtedly with advantage, evidence of considerable skill still remaining in many



LEAD WORK.
By the Bromsgrove Guild.

possessor. To produce work of imperishable splendour is the aim of every true artist; whether the work of the Guild, of any other association, or of any individual artist, will survive the melting-pot is a matter for conjecture. Ruskin bitterly regretted the destruction caused by changes in fashion, and bid people observe that so long as fashion influenced the manufacture of plate and other things there could be no goldsmiths' art in this country.

The simple, restrained modelled-plaster work is already well enough known, so illustrations need not be included here.

It is suggested that anyone interested in this work shall communicate with the Secretary, who will be pleased to arrange a visit to the workshops. Emphasis will there be given to the good work performed in the studios of the BROMSGROVE GUILD.



EMBROIDERED PANEL.
By the Bromsgrove Guild.

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